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CHARACTERISTICS

OF

Men, Manners, Opinions, Times.

B 968

BY

The Right Honourable

ANTHONY, EARL of SHAFTESBURY.

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WITH MARGINAL ANALYSIS, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

REV. WALTER M. HATCH, M.A.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

LONDON:

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THIS EDITION

OF

'THE CHARACTERISTICS,'

A MONUMENT

TO IMMUTABLE MORALITY AND TO CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY,

WHICH HAS SURVIVED MANY CHANGES OF OPINION

AND REVOLUTIONS OF THOUGHT,

Is Dedicated

(WITH PERMISSION)

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

OF HIS KINDNESS IN FURNISHING THE PRESENT EDITOR WITH MATERIALS

WHICH MAY GIVE TO THESE VOLUMES

FRESH INTEREST AND VALUE.

OXFORD: *September* 1865.

CHARACTERISTICS.

VOLUME I.

I. A Letter concerning ENTHUSIASM.

II. *Sensus Communis*, an Essay on the Freedom of WIT and HUMOUR.

III. *Soliloquy*, or Advice to an AUTHOR.

Printed first in the Year M.DCC.XIII.

TREATISE I.

A

LETTER

CONCERNING

ENTHUSIASM

TO

MY LORD SOMMERS.

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? HOR. *Sat.* I.

Printed first in the Year M.DCC.VIII.

'What is Enthusiasm? What can it be
But thought enkindled to a high degree?
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,
Right or not right, with equal ardour burn...
Men may be eager, though their views be wrong,
And hence the reason why the greatest foes
To true religious earnestness are those
Who fire their wits upon a different theme,
Deep in some false enthusiastic scheme. . . .
That which concerns us, therefore, is to see
What species of enthusiasts we be;
On what materials the fiery source
Of thinking life shall execute its force.'

DR. THOMAS BYROM.

CONCERNING ENTHUSIASM.[1]

MY LORD, September 1707.

NOW you are returned to . . . . and before the season comes which must engage you in the weightier matters of state, if you care to be entertained a while with a sort of idle thoughts, such as pretend only to amusement, and have no relation to business

[1] The word 'enthusiasm,' which is now used in a *good* sense, and applied almost exclusively to a moral elevation of the consciousness, was used by Shaftesbury and his contemporaries to express an unhealthy excitement of the religious imagination. Cf. GLANVILLE (Ser. 10): '*When heated melancholy hath kindled the busy and active fancy*, the enthusiast then talks of illuminations, new lights, revelations, and many wonderful fine things that are ascribed to the Holy Spirit.' Again, WARBURTON (*Div. Leg. App.*) says, 'Enthusiasm is that temper of mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment. In this dis-

or affairs, you may cast your eye slightly on what you have before you, and if there be any thing inviting, you may read it over at your leisure.

The old custom of invoking the Muses at the beginning of a work

It has been an established custom for poets, at the entrance of their work, to address themselves to some *Muse*; and this practice of the ancients has gained so much repute, that even in our days we find it almost constantly imitated. I cannot but fancy, however, that this imitation, which passes so currently with other judgments, must at some time or other have stuck a little with your Lordship, who is used to examine things by a better standard than that of fashion or the common taste.[1] You must

ordered state of things, enthusiasm, when it happens to be turned upon religious matters, becomes fanaticism, and this in its extremes begets the fancy of our being peculiar favourites of heaven.' LOCKE (*Hum. Und.* iv. 19) places it in direct opposition to *reason*; but it must be remembered that originally ἐνθουσιασμὸς was used for the philosophic illumination of the *whole nature* (ὅταν ἡ ψυχὴ ὅλη ἐλλάμπηται ὑπὸ τοῦ θεοῦ, as Suidas says), and so involved reason as its first cause.—ED.

[1] Why did the ancients invoke the Muses? It was not certainly because they believed in divine inspiration; yet it was not, on the other hand, merely through literary affectation. It was possibly nothing more than conventional symbolism, the meaning of which was forgotten or had passed away. All poetry was at first religious poetry. Poetical and religious imagination would run into one another, and the accretions of sentiment in one direction or another were not likely to be closely scrutinised, nor could their respective provinces be clearly defined. LEIBNITZ has some criticisms on this subject: 'L'auteur de la lettre croit même que l'imagination d'être inspiré par les Muses donnoit effectivement quelque enthousiasme au poëte. Cela peutêtre arrivé à quelques-uns; mais Homère et Virgile, les meilleurs poëtes héroïques des anciens, n'y ont guères été sujets, et ils ne disent que un mot en passant des Muses au commencement de leurs poëmes. Cependant on va ici jusqu'à imputer aux poëtes

certainly have observed our poets under a remarkable constraint, when obliged to assume this character; and you have wondered, perhaps, why that air of *enthusiasm*, which sits so gracefully with an ancient, should be so spiritless and awkward in a modern. But as to this doubt, your Lordship would have soon resolved yourself; and it could only serve to bring across you a reflection you have often made, on many occasions besides—That truth is the most powerful thing in the world; since even fiction[1] itself must be governed by it, and can only please by its resemblance. The appearance of reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented; and to be able to move others, we must first be moved ourselves, or at least seem to be so, upon some probable grounds. Now, what possibility is there that a modern, who is known never to have worshipped Apollo, or owned any such deity as the Muses, should persuade us to enter into his pretended devotion, and move us by his feigned zeal in a religion out of date? But as for the ancients, it is known they derived both their religion and polity from the Muses' art. How natural therefore must it have appeared in any, but especially a

has an air of enthusiasm which is unreal in a modern.

païens qu'ils pouvoient bien avoir été persuades de la réalité de ces Muses, et de leur inspiration, parce que les hommes réussissent admirablement bien à se tromper, quand ils donnent dans quelque chimère: s'il y en a eu de si crédules, je n'en sai rien, mais au moins leurs invocations ne le prouvent point, et il n'y a point d'apparence que Lucrèce, par exemple, ait cru une Déesse Vénus, quoiqu'il l'ait invoquée au commencement de son ouvrage.'—In the second volume of the *Recueil des diverses pièces sur la philosophie*, par M. Des Maizeaux, Amsterdam, 1720.—ED.

[1] See Treatise II. iv. 3; and Treatise VI. i.

poet of those times, to address himself in raptures of devotion to those acknowledged patronesses of wit and science! Here the poet might with probability feign an ecstasy, though he really felt none; and supposing it to have been mere affectation, it would look, however, like something natural, and could not fail of pleasing.

Indeed, this enthusiasm may have only been assumed, at first, by an unconscious fiction.

But perhaps, my Lord, there was a further mystery in the case. Men, your Lordship knows, are wonderfully happy in a faculty of deceiving themselves, whenever they set heartily about it; and a very small foundation of any passion will serve us, not only to act it well, but even to work ourselves into it beyond our own reach. Thus, by a little affectation in love-matters, and with the help of a romance or novel, a boy of fifteen, or a grave man of fifty, may be sure to grow a very natural coxcomb, and feel the *belle passion* in good earnest. A man of tolerable good-nature, who happens to be a little piqued, may, by improving his resentment, become a very fury for revenge. Even a good Christian, who would needs be over-good, and thinks he can never believe enough, may, by a small inclination well improved, extend his faith so largely, as to comprehend in it not only all scriptural and traditional miracles, but a solid system of old-wives' stories. Were it needful, I could put your Lordship in mind of an eminent, learned, and truly Christian Prelate you once knew, who could have given you a full account of his belief in *Fairies*. And this, methinks, may serve to make appear, how far an ancient poet's faith might possibly have been raised, together with his imagination.

The belief in the Muses has its counterpart in the belief in Fairies, which many good people are known to hold.

But we Christians, who have such ample faith ourselves, will allow nothing to poor heathens. They must be infidels in every sense. We will not allow them to believe so much as their own religion, which we cry is too absurd to have been credited by any besides the mere vulgar. But if a Reverend Christian Prelate may be so great a volunteer in faith, as, beyond the ordinary prescription of the Catholic Church, to believe in *Fairies*, why may not a heathen poet, in the ordinary way of his religion, be allowed to believe in *Muses*?[1] For these, your Lordship knows, were so many divine persons in the heathen creed, and were essential in their system of theology. The goddesses had their temples and worship, the same as the other deities; and to disbelieve the Holy Nine, or their Apollo, was the same as to deny Jove himself, and must have been esteemed equally profane and atheistical by the generality of sober men. Now, what a mighty

[1] Shaftesbury's argument is this: 'The *grounds* for believing in Muses are as strong (or as weak) as those for believing in Fairies. Many excellent people believe in Fairies; therefore many excellent people may have believed in Muses.' The flaw in the argument seems to be that it makes the 'faith' of the ancients to be a body of arbitrary opinion, dependent on will and imagination. On the contrary, ancient faith was but the unconscious poetry of the religious instincts; gods and goddesses but the concentrated expression, in the picture language of symbolism, of human feeling or aspiration. When brought to the test of conscious reflection, in order to become, if possible, 'beliefs,' the old ideas passed away with the poetry out of which they had sprung. The belief in Fairies, on the other hand, has its roots in the irrational exercise of imagination; it is taken up and laid down at the capricious bidding of the will, and has no real relation to the primitive or religious instincts.—ED.

advantage must it have been to an ancient poet to be thus orthodox; and by the help of his education, and a good-will into the bargain, to work himself up to the belief of a divine presence[1] and heavenly inspiration? It was never surely the business of poets in those days to call Revelation in question, when it evidently made so well for their art. On the contrary, they could not fail to animate their faith as much as possible, when by a single act of it, well enforced, they could raise themselves into such angelical company.

The appeal to the Muses was like the appeal of an actor to his audience.

How much the imagination of such a presence must exalt a genius, we may observe merely from the influence which an ordinary presence has over men. Our modern wits are more or less raised by the opinion they have of their company, and the idea they form to themselves of the persons to whom they make their addresses. A common actor of the stage will inform us how much a full audience of the better sort exalts him above the common pitch. And you, my Lord, who are the noblest actor, and of the noblest part assigned to any mortal on this earthly stage, when you are acting for liberty and

[1] '*Belief* in a divine presence' is surely a conception which is distinctively Christian, and out of the range of pagan ideas. The 'divine presence' to a pagan was nothing higher than a conventional formula, the fossil-like remains of an unrealized symbolism. Aspiration may carry a man's view above his ordinary conceptions; but it expires by its own effort. An idea which depends on the will is a very different thing to that settled habit of soul which is the basis of religious belief: in a word, pagan 'invocations' were merely the refinements of art, not the expression of a religious life. Cf. C. O. MÜLLER, *Scientific Mythology*, cap. xii.—ED.

mankind, does not the public presence, that of your friends, and the well-wishers to your cause,—add something to your thought and genius? Or is that sublime of reason, and that power of eloquence, which you discover in public, no more than what you are equally master of in private, and can command at any time, alone, or with indifferent company, or in any easy or cool hour? This indeed were more godlike, but ordinary humanity, I think, reaches not so high.

Or like the appeal of an Author to his Patron.

For my own part, my Lord, I have really so much need of some considerable presence or company to raise my thoughts on any occasion, that, when alone, I must endeavour by strength of fancy to supply this want, and in default of a Muse, must inquire out some great man of a more than ordinary genius, whose imagined presence may inspire me with more than what I feel at ordinary hours. And thus, my Lord, have I chosen to address myself to your Lordship, though without subscribing my name, allowing you as a stranger the full liberty of reading no more than what you may have a fancy for, but reserving to myself the privilege of imagining you read all with particular notice, as a friend, and one whom I may justifiably treat with the intimacy and freedom which follows.

SECTION II.

Prevalence and necessity of general criticism in all departments of life and conduct.

IF the knowing well how to expose any infirmity or vice were a sufficient security for the virtue which is contrary, how excellent an age might we be presumed to live in![1] Never was there in our nation a time known, when folly and extravagance of every kind were more sharply inspected or more wittily ridiculed. And one might hope at least from this good symptom, that our age was in no declining state, since whatever our distempers are, we stand so well affected to our remedies. To bear the being told of faults, is in private persons the best token of amendment. It is seldom that a public is thus disposed. For where jealousy of state, or the ill lives of the great people, or any other cause, is powerful enough to restrain the freedom of censure in any part, it in effect destroys the benefit of it in the whole. There can be no impartial and free censure of manners where any peculiar custom or national opinion is set apart, and not only exempted from

[1] What are the conditions of society which admit of, or even call, for satire? Is it a healthy or a morbid state? Rome in the age of Juvenal suggests the reflection that the sense of moral degradation is no security for moral improvement. A vice when satirized is apt to be defended, or perhaps admitted by the general consciousness as 'a fact of experience,' which all think it well to deplore, but few attempt to remove.—ED.

criticism, but even flattered with the highest art. It is only in a free nation, such as ours, that imposture has no privilege and that neither the credit of a court, the power of a nobility, not the awfulness of a Church, can give her protection, or hinder her from being arraigned in every shape and appearance. It is true, this liberty may seem to run too far.[1] We may perhaps be said to make ill use of it.——So every one will say, when he himself is touched, and his opinion freely examined. But who shall be judge of *what* may be freely examined, and *what* may not? *where* liberty may be used, and *where* it may not? What remedy shall we prescribe to this in general? Can there be a better than from that liberty itself which is complained of? If men are vicious, petulant, or abusive, the magistrate may correct them; but if they reason ill, it is reason still must teach them to do better. Justness of thought and style, refinement in manners, good-breeding, and politeness of every kind, can come only from the trial and experience of what is best. Let but the search go freely on and the right measure of every thing will soon be found. Whatever humour has got the start, if it be unnatural, it cannot hold; and the ridicule, if ill placed at first, will certainly fall at last where it deserves.

Criticism must stand or fall by the test of experience.

[1] There is one point of view in which the repugnance to ridicule seems just. Men fear lest the appeal should lie with those who are not so much thoughtful as clever and humorous, and so a verdict be given on superficial grounds. From the nature of the case, ridicule must seize upon broad and salient features, and these will often appear to the student capricious or unscholarly. Ridicule may be a powerful instrument, but often it will be found not fine enough for true artistic discrimination.—ED.

Nervous horror, in some men, of criticism or ridicule.

I have often wondered to see men of sense so mightily alarmed at the approach of any thing like ridicule on certain subjects, as if they mistrusted their own judgment. For what ridicule can lie against reason ?[1] Or how can any one of the least justness of thought endure a ridicule wrong placed? Nothing is more ridiculous than this itself. The vulgar, indeed, may swallow any sordid jest, any mere drollery or buffoonery; but it must be a finer and truer wit which takes with the men of sense and breeding. How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?—O! say we, the subjects are too grave.—Perhaps so. But let us see first whether they are *really* grave or no; for in the manner we may conceive them, they may peradventure be very grave and weighty in our imagination, but very ridiculous and impertinent in their own nature. Gravity is of the very essence of imposture. It does not only make us mistake other

In reality ridicule can only be applied to what does not rest upon a basis of reason.

[1] Ridicule *per se* is a two-edged weapon that is apt to cut both ways; and so Shaftesbury's argument must be accepted with a certain mental reservation—that ridicule can only be applied rightly by the well-trained and *refined mind*, the 'common sense' of the best educated part of the community. LEIBNITZ'S criticisms on this point are fair enough: '*Le ridicule*, dit-on, *ne peut tenir contre la raison.* Cela seroit vrai si les hommes aimoient plus à raisonner qu'à rire. Mais *le faux ridicule*, ajoute-t-on, *n'éblouïra que le vulgaire.* Je réponds que le vulgaire a plus d'étendue qu'on ne pense; il y a quantité de gens polis qui sont peuple par rapport au raisonnement. Souvent même les plus raisonnables se laissent aller au plaisir de rire plus qu'il ne faut. Nous avons de l'indulgence pour ce qui nous donne du plaisir, et n'aimons point à l'examiner à la rigueur; outre qu'il n'est point raisonnable d'abandonner le peuple à l'erreur, et de permettre facilement qu'il soit ébloui.'—ED.

things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself. For even in common behaviour, how hard is it for the grave character to keep long out of the limits of the formal one? We can never be too grave, if we can be assured we are really what we suppose. And we can never too much honour or revere any thing for grave, if we are assured the thing is grave, as we apprehend it. The main point is, to know always true gravity from the false. And this can only be, by carrying the rule constantly with us, and freely applying it not only to the things about us, but to ourselves. For if unhappily we lose the measure in ourselves, we shall soon lose it in every thing besides. Now, what rule or measure is there in the world, except in the considering of the real temper of things, to find which are truly serious, and which ridiculous? And how can this be done, unless by applying the ridicule, to see whether it will bear?[1] But if we fear to apply this rule in *any* thing, what security can we have against the imposture of formality in *all* things? We have allowed ourselves to be formalists[2] in one point; and the same formality may rule as it pleases in all other.

Thus of imposture and formalism ridicule is the only test.

It is not in every disposition that we are capacitated to judge of things. We must beforehand

But ridicule presupposes

[1] See Treatise II. i. 1.

[2] By 'formalism' seems to be meant the tendency in philosophy to confound classification for analysis, formulæ for knowledge; and in religion an undue tenacity of the conventional phraseology, or the stereotyped opinions of the day. In another aspect it will be the attempt to substitute the mysterious for the rational, the technical in place of what is purely intelligible.—ED.

a certain evenness of temper and rightness of mind.

judge of our own temper, and accordingly of other things which fall under our judgment. But we must never more pretend to judge of things, or of our own temper in judging them, when we have given up our preliminary right of judgment, and, under a presumption of gravity,[1] have allowed ourselves to be most ridiculous, and to admire profoundly the most ridiculous things in nature, at least for ought we know; for having resolved never to try, we can never be sure.

[2] Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.[3]

Yet somehow ridicule

This, my Lord, I may safely aver, is so true in itself, and so well known for truth by the cunning

[1] Cf. LEIBNITZ: 'On peut dire avec raison que la gravité convient à l'imposture, mais je ne voudrois point dire qu'elle y est essentielle; la badinerie n'y convient pas moins, tout ce qui amuse et détourne la veuë du point dont il s'agit, est propre à tromper; cependant on reconnoit ici que nos ne pouvons jamais être trop graves, pourvu que le sujet soit réellement grave ou solide; mais on prétend en même tempsque lors qu'il y a lieu d'en douter, on se peut donner carrière pour s'en mocquer, tout le monde ne sera pas de cet avis; il faut choisir le parti le plus sûr, et comme on ne doit point maltraiter les masques, on ne doit tourner en ridicule que les doctrines dont le peu de solidité est assez reconnu; et pendant qu'on doute, il est bon d'etre réservé. Car de vouloir avec notre auteur que pour découvrir si une chose est solide ou non, il faut se servir de la pierre de touche du ridicule, et voir si le sujet en est susceptible ou non, ce n'est point recommander un bon moïen, il n'y a rien au monde qu'on ne puisse tourner en ridicule, au moins par quelque chose d'emprunté, que le hasard ou la coutume y peut joindre.'—*Op. cit.*—ED.

[2] As Churchill says of B. Jonson:—

'His comic humour kept the world in awe
And Laughter frightened Folly more than Law.'

YONGE, *ad loc.*—ED.

[3] HOR. *Sat.* I. x. 14.

formalists of the age, that they can better bear to have their impostures railed at, with all the bitterness and vehemence imaginable, than to have them touched ever so gently in this other way. They know very well that as modes and fashions, so opinions, though ever so ridiculous, are kept up by solemnity, and that those formal notions, which grew up probably in an ill mood, and have been conceived in sober sadness, are never to be removed but in a sober kind of cheerfulness, and by a more easy and pleasant way of thought. There is *a melancholy* which accompanies all enthusiasm.[1] Be it love or religion (for there are enthusiasms in both), nothing can put a stop to the growing mischief of either, till the melancholy be removed, and the mind at

is less tolerated even than bitterness and hostility.

[1] It must be borne in mind that Shaftesbury is using 'enthusiasm' in a bad sense, as a form of a disordered imagination. ISAAC TAYLOR (*Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 7) protests against any other use. 'To apply an epithet,' he says, 'which carries with it an idea of folly, of weakness, and of extravagance, to a vigorous mind efficiently as well as ardently engaged in the pursuit of any substantial and important object, is not merely to misuse a word, but to introduce confusion among our notions and to put contempt upon what is deserving of respect. Where there is no error of imagination, no misjudging of realities, no calculations which reason condemns, there is no enthusiasm, even though the soul may be on fire with the velocity of its movement in pursuit of its chosen object. . . . . If the objects which excite the ardour of the mind are substantial, and if the mode of pursuit be truly conducive to their attainment, if, in a word, all be real and genuine, then it is not one degree more, or even many degrees more of intensity of feeling that can alter the character of the emotion. Enthusiasm is not a term of measurement, but of quality.' See a very interesting poem on *Enthusiasm* by Dr. THOMAS BYROM (A.D. 1751), who defends its *rational* character.—ED.

liberty to hear what can be said against the ridiculousness of an extreme in either way.

It was heretofore the wisdom of some wise nations to let people be fools as much as they pleased, and never to punish seriously what deserved only to be laughed at, and was, after all, best cured by that innocent remedy. There are certain humours in mankind which, of necessity, must have vent. [1] The human mind and body are both of them naturally subject to commotions; and as there are strange ferments in the blood, which in many bodies occasion an extraordinary discharge, so in reason,

The ailments of the mind are not unlike the ailments of the body: they work them-

[1] The disadvantages and follies of superstition are a trite subject with moralists. But there is a side on which the subject might seem capable of philosophical explanation—the *necessity* for superstition. The combination of emotion and metaphor, of material imagery and spiritual truth, is, in different degrees in different minds, but in *all* more or less, a necessary consequence of having our 'treasure in the earthen vessels' of an imperfect reason. There is a passage in a Letter of FATHER NEWMAN to DR. PUSEY (Longmans, 1866) which seems to fall in exactly with Shaftesbury's view. He says (p. 83): 'It is impossible to draw the line clearly between truth and error, right and wrong. This is ever the case in concrete matters that have life. Life in this world is motion, and involves a continual process of change. Living things grow into their perfection, into their decline and death. No rule of art can suffice to stop the operation of this natural law in the material world or in the human mind. We can indeed encounter disorders, when they occur by external antagonisms and remedies; but we cannot eradicate the process itself out of which they arise. Life has the same right to decay as it has to wax strong. . . . . *The religion of the multitude is ever vulgar and abnormal; it will ever be tinctured with fanaticism and superstition, while men are what they are. A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion* . . . . you may beat religion out of men, and then their excesses will take a different direction; but if you make use of religion to improve them they will make use of religion to corrupt it.'—ED.

too, there are heterogeneous particles which must be thrown off by fermentation. Should physicians endeavour absolutely to allay those ferments of the body, and strike in the humours which discover themselves in such eruptions, they might, instead of making a cure, bid fair perhaps to raise a plague, and turn a spring ague, or an autumn surfeit, into an epidemical malignant fever. They are certainly as ill physicians in the *body-politic*, who would needs be tampering with these mental eruptions, and, under the specious pretence of healing this itch of superstition, and saving souls from the contagion of enthusiasm, should set all nature in an uproar, and turn a few innocent carbuncles into an inflammation and mortal gangrene.

selves off if left alone.

We read in history,[1] that Pan, when he accompanied Bacchus in an expedition to the Indies, found means to strike a terror through a host of enemies, by the help of a small company, whose clamours he managed to good advantage among the echoing rocks and caverns of a woody vale. The hoarse bellowing of the caves, joined to the hideous aspect of such dark and desert places, raised such a horror in the enemy, that in this state their imagination helped them to hear voices, and doubtless to see forms too, which were more than human, whilst the uncertainty of what they feared made their fear yet greater, and spread it faster by implicit looks than any narration could convey it. And this was what in after times men called *a panic*. The story indeed

Influence of imagination: the fabled origin of panics.

[1] POLYÆNI *Strateg.* lib. I. cap. 2.

gives a good hint of the nature of this passion, which can hardly be without some mixture of enthusiasm, and horrors of a superstitious kind.

Common nature of all panics.

One may, with good reason, call every passion *panic* which is raised in a multitude, and conveyed by aspect, or, as it were, by contact or sympathy. Thus, popular fury may be called panic, when the rage of the people, as we have sometimes known, has put them beyond themselves; especially where religion has had to do.[1] And, in this state, their very looks are infectious. The fury flies from face to face, and the disease is no sooner seen than caught. They who, in a better situation of mind, have beheld a multitude under the power of this passion, have owned that they saw in the countenances of men something more ghastly and terrible than at other times is expressed on the most passionate occasions. Such force has society,[2] in ill as well as in good passions, and so much stronger any affection is for being social and communicative.[3]

[1] See § 6 and Treatise VI. ii. 2 (notes).

[2] See Treatise II. ii. 2, and Treatise IV. b. ii. pt. ii. 2, 1.

[3] Shaftesbury hits upon a truth that is too often ignored. The beliefs of men are rarely the result of strict or logical investigation, but of sentiment and imagination, which are mainly nursed by sympathy, and are only accidentally acted upon by reason. Thus much the very nature of the case might have led us to expect: religion appeals to the *moral* nature of man, and the moral nature is dependent for its growth and expansion on the sympathy and support which it meets with from without. The surroundings, however, which determine a man's character are not generally commensurate with the whole of the society in which a man lives, but are narrowed to the dimensions of the smaller society with which he is thrown into immediate contact. Hence the inherent vitality and intolerant exclusiveness of sects and sectaries.—ED.

Thus, my Lord, there are many panics in mankind, besides merely that of fear. And thus is religion also panic, when enthusiasm of any kind gets up, as oft, on melancholy occasions, it will; for vapours naturally rise, and in bad times especially, when the spirits of men are low, as either in public calamities, or during the unwholesomeness of air or diet, or when convulsions happen in nature, storms, earthquakes, or other amazing prodigies: at this season the panic must needs run high, and the magistrate of necessity give way to it. For, to apply a serious remedy, and bring the sword, or *fasces*, as a cure, must make the case more melancholy, and increase the very cause of the distemper. To forbid men's natural fears, and to endeavour the overpowering them by other fears, must needs be a most unnatural method. The magistrate, if he be any artist, should have a gentler hand, and instead of caustics, incisions, and amputations, should be using the softest balms, and, with a kind sympathy, entering into the concern of the people, and taking, as it were, their passion upon him, should, when he has soothed and satisfied it, endeavour, by cheerful ways, to divert and heal it.

The causes of religious panics: (i.) Depression; (ii) Unknown portents;

and so they require sympathetic, not repressive, handling.

This was ancient policy; and hence, as a notable author[1] of our nation expresses it, it is necessary a

[1] HARRINGTON, whose theory is thus discussed by LEIBNITZ (*op. cit.*):—'On fait bien d'approuver le sentiment de M. Harrington lors qu'il veut dans son *Oceana* qu'il y ait un culte public établi par les loix. M. Harrington, Anglois qui a vécu sous Charles I et un peu au-delà du rétablissement de Charles II, a fait un roman ou plutôt une espèce d'Utopie dans sa langue, intitulée: *Oceana*, où il décrit une république telle qu'il croïoit convenir à la Grande-Bretagne, isle située dans l'océan; mais notre auteur ne donne

people should have a *public leading* in Religion. For to deny the magistrate a worship, or take away a National Church, is as mere enthusiasm as the notion which sets up persecution. For why should there not be public walks as well as private gardens? Why not public libraries as well as private education and home-tutors? But to prescribe bounds to fancy and speculation,[1] to regulate men's apprehensions, and religious beliefs or fears, to suppress by violence the natural passion of enthusiasm, or to endeavour to ascertain it, or reduce it to one species, or bring it under any one modification, is in truth no better sense, nor deserves a better character, than what the

To prescribe laws for religious enthusiasm as foolish as to prescribe laws for love.

point ici une raison suffisante de l'établissement d'un culte public. "Quoi!" dit-on, "n'y auroit-il pas des promenades publiques aussi bien que des jardins particuliers; des bibliothèques publiques aussi bien que des bibliothèques particulières?" Ce raisonnement tend seulement à prouver que la chose *se peut*, mais non pas qu'elle *se doit*; les promenades et les bibliothèques sont agréables et utiles, mais le culte public est nécessaire, parce que le culte de Dieu est nécessaire; plusieurs particuliers qui participent au culte public n'en auroient aucun, s'il n'y en avoit point du public.'—ED.

[1] DR. NEWMAN describes (*l. c.* p. 84) the anomalies of the religious consciousness with characteristic feeling and power:—'Religion acts on the affections; who is to hinder these from gathering in their strength and growing wild? They are not gifted with any connatural principle within them which renders them self-governing and self-adjusting. They hurry right on to their object, and often in their case it is, "more haste and worse speed." Their object engrosses them and they see nothing else; and of all passions love is the most unmanageable. Nay more; I would not give much for that love which always observes the proprieties, and can move about in perfect good taste, under all emergencies. . . . . *Burning thoughts and words are as open to criticism as they are above it.*'—ED.

comedian [1] declares of the like project in the affair of love—

Nihilo plus agas
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

Religious toleration in antiquity and

Not only the visionaries and enthusiasts [2] of all kinds were tolerated, your Lordship knows, by the ancients, but, on the other side, philosophy had as

[1] TERENCE, *Eun.* act 1, sc. 1.

[2] The attitude of the state to religion in antiquity is apt to be misapprehended. Pagan religions were essentially and distinctively *family* religions. A man's gods were part of his patrimony and private property. So far from wishing to proselytise or induce others to believe in the Gods they themselves believed in, the ancients guarded their cults with extraordinary fidelity and exclusiveness. The idea of communicating their worships with other families was entertained only to a very limited extent, and simply with a view to prevent the extinction of those of their worships. The ancients were therefore, in a paradoxical sense, '*tolerant*' from the peculiar nature of their Gods. It would, however, be more just to say, that the idea of 'toleration' in its true meaning was one entirely out of the range of pagan conceptions. 'Toleration' implies a creed, and the possibility of speculative differences in connexion with that creed. But the ancients had no creed, but only certain private and personal traditions which they perpetuated from selfish motives. There was, therefore, no *concession* of any kind in the matter. As for their boasted merit of letting every one hold his own beliefs,—that was a state of things arising from the sheer narrowness and intensified selfishness of their religion. In face of such a religion Christianity was most rightfully and necessarily *intolerant* to the utmost, in the very degree of its unselfishness and universality. If the Christians had had the merit of 'toleration,' not only must the world have remained unconverted, but Christianity itself must have lost all that made it fit to be the religion of humanity. Even now, toleration is logically an impossibility to a Christian; it is but a compromise which philosophy has made between doubt and faith. For a further examination of this question the reader is referred to an admirable work by FUSTEL DE COULANGES, *La Cité antique* (Paris, 1864).—ED.

its advantages to the state.

free a course, and was permitted as a balance against superstition; and whilst some sects, such as the Pythagorean and latter Platonic, joined in with the superstition and enthusiasm of the times, the Epicurean, the Academic, and others, were allowed to use all the force of wit and raillery against it. And thus matters were happily balanced. Reason had fair play; learning and science flourished. Wonderful was the harmony and temper which arose from all these contrarieties. Thus superstition and enthusiasm were mildly treated, and being let alone, they never rose to that degree as to occasion bloodshed, wars, persecutions, and devastations in the world. But a new sort of policy, which extends itself to another world, and considers the future lives and happiness of men rather than the present, has made us leap the bounds of natural humanity, and, out of a supernatural charity, has taught us the way of plaguing one another most devoutly. It has raised an antipathy[1] which no temporal interest could ever do, and entailed upon us a mutual hatred to all eternity; and now *uniformity in opinion* (a hopeful project!) is looked on as the only expedient against this evil. The *saving of souls* is now the heroic passion of exalted spirits, and is become in a manner the chief care of the magistrate, and the very end of government itself.[2]

The issues of the world to come ought not to be a part of practical statesmanship.

[1] See Treatise VI. ii. 1, 2.

[2] It is curious that the arguments against persecution are generally drawn not from the inherent wrongfulness of the thing in itself, but from its failure to accomplish its own end. ('Fanatique, la force qui veut imposer la foi, *n'engendre que l'opiniâtreté, la*

If magistracy should vouchsafe to interpose thus much in other sciences, I am afraid we should have as bad logic, as bad mathematics, and in every kind as bad philosophy, as we often have divinity in countries where a precise orthodoxy is settled by law. It is a hard mattter for a government to settle wit. If it does but keep us sober and honest, it is likely we shall have as much ability in our spiritual as in our temporal affairs; and, if we can but be trusted, we shall have wit enough to save ourselves, when no prejudice lies in the way. But if honesty and wit be insufficient for this *saving* work, it is in vain for the magistrate to meddle with it, since, if he be ever so virtuous or wise, he may be as soon mistaken as another man. I am sure the only way to save men's sense, or preserve wit at all in the world, is to give liberty to wit. Now wit can never have its liberty, where the freedom of raillery is taken away; for against serious extravagancies, and splenetic humours, there is no other remedy than this.

The magistrate does not judge of matters of science: why then of matters of religion?

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haine, la malédiction et la guerre de toutes les guerres la plus féroce et la plus implacable.') If persecution could be quite certain to cure the nations of the leprosy of unbelief, how few there would be to discountenance it! But there are two main facts which ever confront the persecutor. (1) Error is an attitude of mind not of will; and is therefore involuntary. (2) Error can never be absolutely defined; or rather it is impossible to fix the precise amount of individual colouring which will completely deface the image of truth. The infinite capabilities of the human mind completely baffle the intellectual casuistry that would first identify the processes of thought with the expressions of language, and then judge of the validity of the thought by the accidents of its expression.—ED.

Why not treat all enthusiasms in the same manner?

We have indeed full power over all other modifications of spleen. We may treat other enthusiasms as we please. We may ridicule love or gallantry, or knight errantry, to the utmost; and we find that, in these latter days of wit, the humour of this kind, which was once so prevalent, is pretty well declined. The Crusades, the rescuing of Holy Lands, and such devout gallantries, are in less request than formerly. But, if something of this militant religion,[1] something of this soul-rescuing spirit and saint-errantry prevails still, we need not wonder, when we consider in how solemn a manner we treat this distemper, and how preposterously we go about to cure enthusiasm.

Yet who would think of restraining the enthusiasm of poets or of lovers.

I can hardly forbear fancying, that if we had a sort of inquisition, or formal court of judicature, with grave officers and judges, erected to restrain poetical licence, and in general to suppress that fancy and humour of versification, but in particular

[1] 'The soul-rescuing spirit' has, however, an aspect in which it is associated with the noblest feelings in human nature. 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul alive:'—for in that act are involved unselfishness, patience, gentleness, charity, and some of the finest characteristics of humanity. The feeling of a man 'who would wish himself to be accursed for his brethren's sake,' is one of which both religion and morality may well be proud. Shaftesbury was not the man to ignore such qualities, or to disparage their beauty; but he is thinking of another feature in the spectacle of conversion which is both true and important. Every soul must in a way fight *its own battle*, by purity, by aspiration, and by love. A change of *opinion* is not necessarily a change of *life*. Sympathy and brotherly union may go a great way to quicken the deeper and sublimer emotions; but conversion, if it be really such, is a complete change of heart, of which no analysis can trace the process.—ED.

that most extravagant passion of love, as it is set out by poets, in its heathenish dress of Venuses and Cupids; if the poets, as ringleaders and teachers of this heresy, were, under grievous penalties, forbid to enchant the people by the vein of rhyming; and if the people, on the other side, were, under proportionable penalties, forbid to hearken to any such charm, or lend their attention to any love-tale, so much as in a play, a novel, or a ballad, we might perhaps see a new Arcadia arising out of this heavy persecution: old people and young would be seized with a versifying spirit: we should have field-conventicles of lovers and poets: forests would be filled with romantic shepherds and shepherdesses, and rocks resound with echoes of hymns and praises offered to the powers of love. We might indeed have a fair chance, by this management, to bring back the whole train of heathen gods, and set our cold northern island burning with as many altars to Venus and Apollo, as were formerly in Cyprus, Delos, or any of those warmer Grecian climates.

Surely to proclaim a crusade against poetry or love would be to increase the evil a thousand fold.

SECTION III.

Cheerfulness and calm of mind essential requisites for religious inquiry.

BUT, my Lord, you may perhaps wonder, that having been drawn into such a serious subject as Religion, I should forget myself so far as to give way to raillery and humour. I must own, my Lord, it is not merely through chance that this has happened. To say truth, I hardly care so much as to think on this subject, much less[1] to write on it,

[1] The relation of melancholy to asceticism is generally the relation of cause and effect. Gloom and religious awe are the natural conditions from which melancholy and the desire of self-annihilation arise. The law by which men are disposed to project their own emotions so as to give them an ideal existence, impels them also to regard such emotions as that of fear, anticipation of ill, &c., as religious states to be fostered for their own sake. As a consequence, they are sometimes dwelt upon *exclusively*; and the emotions of cheerfulness and thankfulness are ignored and forgotten. Herein lies the weakness and mistake of asceticism: it leaves no room for the development of other religious states besides its own. The majesty and awfulness of Almighty God are, from the very nature of things, calculated to draw out in the minds of those who contemplate them feelings of deepest humility and dread. Anything akin to levity would be, in contemplation of those attributes, a most insane mockery. But assuredly the religious mind sees in life and nature traces of other and more glorious attributes—love, goodness, and providential care; and these traces supply the answer to all ascetic or puritanical conceptions of man and his destiny, in giving a just balance and proportion to the whole complex nature of the religious and moral life.—ED.

without endeavouring to put myself in as good humour as is possible. People indeed who can endure no middle temper, but are all air and humour, know little of the doubts and scruples of Religion, and are safe from any immediate influence of [1]*devout melancholy* or *enthusiasm*, which requires more deliberation and thoughtful practice to fix itself in a temper, and grow habitual. But be the habit what it will, to be delivered of it at so sad a cost as inconsiderateness or madness, is what I would never wish to be my lot. I had rather stand all adventures with Religion, than endeavour to get rid of the thoughts of it by diversion. All I contend for, is to think of it *in a right humour*; and that this goes more than half-way towards thinking

But good humour must be distinguished from thoughtlessness.

[1] 'The influence of devout melancholy' has, however, a just and powerful sway over masses of men to whom other influences are closed. 'Gloomy superstition springs up involuntarily in the human mind, depraved as it is and exposed to so many pains, wants, and cruelties, and liable withal to death. Man does not become religious by mere force of gratitude: the unnoticed benefits of every hour lead him not to the shrine of the Supreme Beneficence: it is danger and sorrow that drive him to the altar. The necessities and miseries of the animal frame—the confusion and misrule that prevail in the social system—the stifled sense of guilt in every bosom and the boding of future punishment, as well as the hatreds which woe and oppression cherish, are active and pungent elements working in the soul with incomparably more force than belongs to the mild sentiments that may be engendered either by the spectacle of the order and beauty of the material world, or by the fruition of the common goods of life.'—TAYLOR, *History of Fanaticism*, p. 877. It must be remembered that the terrible wars and persecutions of the Cevennes, and the miseries consequent thereon, were the historical antecedents of the 'devout melancholy' of the French prophets against whom Shaftesbury is writing.—ED.

rightly of it, is what I shall endeavour to demonstrate.

Rightly applied, good humour is likely to foster a true conception of the all-beneficent Creator.

Good humour is not only the best security against enthusiasm, but the best foundation of piety and true Religion; for if right thoughts and worthy apprehensions of the Supreme Being are fundamental to all true worship and adoration, it is more than probable that we shall never miscarry in this respect except through ill humour only. Nothing beside ill humour, either natural or forced, can bring a man to think seriously that the world is governed by any devilish or malicious power. I very much question whether any thing, besides ill humour, can be the cause of Atheism. For there are so many arguments to persuade a man in humour, that, in the main, all things are kindly and well disposed, that one would think it impossible for him to be so far out of conceit with affairs, as to imagine they all ran at adventures; and that the world, as venerable and wise a face as it carried, had neither sense nor meaning in it. This, however, I am persuaded of, that nothing beside ill humour can give us dreadful or ill thoughts of a Supreme Manager.[1] Nothing

Ill humour apt to cause atheism.

[1] Atheism is too often regarded simply as an *intellectual* state, or else as a *moral* state, and assumed to be the result of a bad life. It has, with greater justice been described as 'the philosophy of despair.' The contradictions between life and truth, the seeming triumph of ill, the crushing laws of what seems to be an irresistible fate, bring with them to some men a sense of sadness and gloom that makes them to despair of good, and finally to deny it. Cf. ECCLES. iv.: 'I considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors was power,

can persuade us of sullenness or sourness in such a Being, beside the actual forefeeling of somewhat of this kind within ourselves; and if we are afraid of bringing good humour into religion, or thinking with freedom and pleasantness on such a subject as GOD, it is because we conceive the subject so like ourselves, and can hardly have a notion of majesty and greatness, without stateliness and moroseness accompanying it.

Good humour disposes men to see the light of God's presence everywhere.

This, however, is the just reverse of that character, which we own to be *most divinely good*, when we see it, as we sometimes do, in men of highest power among us. If they pass for truly *good*, we dare treat them freely, and are sure they will not be displeased with this liberty. They are doubly gainers by this goodness of theirs. For the more they are searched into, and familiarly examined, the more their worth appears; and the discoverer, charmed with his success, esteems and loves more than ever, when he has proved this additional bounty in his superior, and reflects on that candour and generosity he has experienced. Your Lordship knows more perhaps of this mystery than any one. How else should you have been so beloved in power, and out of power so adhered to, and still more beloved?

Real goodness can stand any test, and is appreciated accordingly.

Thank Heaven! there are even in our own age some such examples. In former ages there have

To bear censure or ca-

but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead that are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.'

Dumny without resentment, a mark of moral greatness.

been many such. We have known mighty princes, and even emperors of the world, who could bear unconcernedly, not only the free censure of their actions, but the most spiteful reproaches and calumnies, even to their faces.[1] Some perhaps may wish there had never been such examples found in heathens; but, more especially, that the occasion had never been given by Christians. It was more the misfortune indeed of mankind in general, than of Christians in particular, that some of the earlier Roman Emperors were such monsters of tyranny, and began a persecution, not on religious men merely, but on all who were suspected of worth or virtue. What could have been a higher honour or advantage to Christianity, than to be persecuted by a *Nero*? But better princes, who came after, were persuaded to remit these severe courses. It is true, the magistrate might possibly have been surprised with the newness of a notion. which he might pretend, perhaps, did not only destroy the sacredness of his power, but treated him and all men as profane, impious, and damned, who entered not into certain particular modes of worship,[2] of which there had been formerly so many thousand instituted, all of

The attitude of the Roman Emperors to the Christian Church.

[1] Shaftesbury forgets that, whatever may have been the merit of individuals of exalted character in pagan times the Christians are the only people who consider it a *positive duty* to bear injuries or insults or calumnies. Cf. COL. iii. 12: 'Put on therefore, as the elect of GOD, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, *kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another and forgiving one another*, if any man have a quarrel against any.' What is there like this in pagan ethics?—ED.

[2] The ancient worships of Rome may have been 'compatible,'

them compatible and sociable till that time. However, such was the wisdom of some succeeding ministries, that the edge of persecution was much abated, and even that prince,[1] who was esteemed the greatest enemy of the Christian sect, and who himself had been educated in it, was a great restrainer of persecution, and would allow of nothing further than a resumption of church-lands and public schools, without any attempt on the goods or persons even of those who branded the state religion, and made a merit of affronting the public worship.

It is well we have the authority of a sacred author in our Religion, to assure us, that the *spirit*

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but they certainly were not *sociable*, their relation being that of mutual exclusion. A Roman or a Greek scorned to communicate his worships with 'a barbarian,' or a person of another nation. Nay, more: each family was guarded and careful in the manner in which they shared their cults with other families akin to them. This 'partition wall' of a narrow exclusiveness was only broken down by Christianity; and, in fact, the triumph of Christianity was directly owing to its intolerance. If Christianity had not been intolerant, it must have been *exclusive*, and so unfitted to spread throughout the world. 'L'unité de Dieu et l'immortalité de l'âme n'étaient pas des nouveautés. Les magistrats romains n'étaient guère en mesure de distinguer, sur ces grandes questions, la doctrine platonicienne de la doctrine chrétienne; mais ils furent frappés et troublés de la prétention affichée par ces nouveaux venus, *de ne croire qu'à leur Dieu, de ne servir que lui, et de mépriser toutes les idoles.* Ces sénateurs, indifférents ou incrédules, s'écrièrent: "Ce sont des athées!" En effet, les chrétiens étaient athées, ils ne croyaient pas aux dieux de Rome! Ils se mettaient, par cette intolérance, en dehors de la loi. S'il n'avait été question que de faire place à JÉSUS-CHRIST dans le Panthéon, la politique du sénat n'aurait pas refusé une si légère satisfaction à la province de Judée.'—*La Liberté*, par JULES SIMON, II. p. 380 et passim.—ED.

[1] See Treatise VI. ii. 2 (note).

of love[1] *and humanity is above that of Martyrs.*

The spirit of the Martyrs.

Otherwise, one might be a little scandalized, perhaps, at the history of many of our primitive Confessors and Martyrs, even according to our own accounts. There is hardly now in the world so good a Christian, (if this be indeed the mark of a good one), who if he happened to live at Constantinople, or elsewhere, under the protection of the Turks, would think it fitting or decent to give any disturbance to their Mosque-worship. And as good Protestants, my Lord, as you and I are, we would consider him as little better than a rank enthusiast who, out of hatred to the Romish idolatry, should, in time of High Mass (where Mass, perhaps, was by law established), interrupt the Priest with clamours, or fall foul on his images and relics.

The conduct of French Prophets.

There are some, it seems, of our good brethren, the French Protestants, lately come among us, who

[1] 1 COR. xiii. 3. The spirit of love may be *above* that of the Martyrs and yet not *destructive* of it. Christians who have persecuted one another have done so doubtless in many cases through *love* of one another. Love involves real interest in others, and consequently is incompatible with that spirit of indifference which toleration implies. But if Christians persecuted through love, the pagans persecuted through a selfish fear; and it is the *motive* which determines 'the quality of the action.' In modern times if people are 'tolerant,' it is not on a principle of right, but from considerations of the extreme *folly* and uselessness of persecution. Men are equally interested in the spread of what they consider to be truth, but they adopt other and wiser tactics to secure their end. Experience has shown that mere raids or insults, or demonstrations against other people, are sure to defeat their own end. Moral influence, conciliation, rational evidence, general education, and the silent contact with higher minds, are now recognized as the only effective agents in the spread of religion.—ED.

are mightily taken with this primitive way. They have set afoot the spirit of martyrdom to a wonder in their own country, and they long to be trying it here, if we will give them leave, and afford them the occasion :—that is to say, if we will only do them the favour to hang or imprison them ; if we will only be so obliging as to break their bones for them, after their country-fashion, blow up their zeal, and stir afresh the coals of persecution.[1] But no such grace can they hitherto obtain of us. So hard-hearted we are, that, notwithstanding their own mob are willing to bestow kind blows upon them, and fairly stone them now and then in the open street;

Englishmen too wise to give them the advantage of persecution.

[1] The reader is referred to the account of the French Prophets at the end of this volume. There is a curious handbill in the Bodleian, which is a quaint parody of the Prophets in the pillory. The following extracts are taken from it:—'The Pillory Disappointed, or the False Prophets' Advancement.—Elias Marion, the head French Prophet, his speech on the scaffold at the Royal Exchange in Cornhill on Tuesday, the 2nd of December [1707]. Oh! you British infidels, why won't you believe the moon's made of green cheese? Why won't you believe the foolishness of preaching according to the Scriptures? Why will you not believe my prophecies and lies which cost you nothing, rather than buy a cobbler's almanack year after year stuffed with nothing else? Oh! foolish generation, who hath bewitched you? Who has hardened your hearts against us that come to tell you more in an hour than you will find true in an age? . . . Oh! the heavenly temple in Barbican, how art thou laid waste and made a wilderness by wild beasts of the forest and raga-muffens of the desart! How are thy once glittering windows shattered in pieces, and thy inward sanctuary made habitation for owls and cricket-bats those ominous creatures of ill-luck! To conclude: let us still endeavour to cheat fools, oblige knaves, impose on the wise, and plague our betters;' (to which the rest of the false prophets cried, 'Amen, oh! oh!') —ED.

though the priests of their own nation would gladly give them their desired discipline, and are earnest to light their probationary fires for them, we Englishmen, who are masters in our own country, will not suffer the enthusiasts to be thus used. Nor can we be supposed to act thus in envy to their *phœnix* sect, which it seems has risen out of the flames, and would willingly grow to be a new Church by the same manner of propagation as the old one, whose *seed* was truly said to be *from the blood of the Martyrs.*

Contempt the surest remedy for extravagance.

But how barbarous still, and more than heathenishly cruel, are we tolerating Englishmen! For, not contented to deny these prophesying enthusiasts the honour of a persecution, we have delivered them over to the cruellest contempt in the world. I am told for certain, that they are at this very time[1] the subject of a choice droll or puppet-show at Barthlemy fair.[2] There, doubtless, their strange voices

[1] *Viz. A.D.* 1707.

[2] The appeal to 'the passions of the multitude' is, however, too dangerous to be of general application. Things sacred and true are liable to be treated in the same way. In particular 'the mischievous abuses of this *scandalous* Bartholomew Fair' were such as to induce the citizens of London to petition (in 1708) the Lord Mayor to limit the Fair to three days instead of fourteen. 'The disorders and mischiefs of this Fair, as now unnecessarily and perniciously prolonged,' so their petition runs, 'are public and notorious, and need no proof; yea, they are trying and intolerable, and call for speedy redress. Everybody knows it to be a mere carnival, a season of the utmost disorder and debauchery, by reason of the booths for drinking, music, dancing, stage-plays, drolls, lotteries, gaming, raffling, and what not. By which it is made a mere riot, an open scene of lewdness and licentiousness, in which

and involuntary agitations are admirably well acted, by the motion of wires and inspiration of pipes. For the bodies of the prophets, in their state of prophecy, being not in their own power, but (as they say themselves) mere passive organs, actuated by an exterior force, have nothing natural, or resembling real life, in any of their sounds or motions; so that, how awkwardly soever a puppet-show may imitate other actions, it must needs represent this passion to the life. And whilst Barthlemy fair is in possession of this privilege, I dare stand security to our National Church, that no sect of enthusiasts, no new venders of prophecy or miracles, shall ever get the start, or put her to the trouble of trying her strength with them, in any case.

Caricature as a weapon of persecution.

Happy it was for us, that when Popery had got possession, Smithfield was used in a more tragical way. Many of our first Reformers, it is feared, were little better than enthusiasts, and God knows, whether a warmth of this kind did not considerably help us in throwing off that spiritual tyranny. So that had not the priests,[1] as is usual, preferred the

Advantages of persecution to the Reformers.

multitudes of cheats, panders, and ruffians ply their utmost craft and power to delude, debauch, and destroy all they can.' Cf. also *The Rehearsal* (No. 345) for Aug. 7, 1708.

[1] Shaftesbury scarcely does justice here to the religious and benevolent motives that may sometimes have actuated the spirit of persecution. There are, indeed, few writers who are fairly *just* to persecutors. FROUDE is an exception. He seems to regard the spirit of persecution as, in its time and place, almost a *virtue*. He says (*History of England*, ii. p. 72) in reference to Sir Thomas More: 'The philosopher of the Utopia, the friend of Erasmus, whose life was of blameless beauty, whose genius was cultivated to

love of blood to all other passions, they might, in a merrier way, perhaps have evaded the greatest force of our reforming spirit.[1] I never heard that the ancient heathen were so well advised in their ill purpose of suppressing the Christian Religion in its first rise, as to make use, at any time, of this Barth-

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the highest attainable perfection, was to prove to the world that the spirit of persecution is no peculiar attribute of the pedant, the bigot, or the fanatic, but may coexist with the fairest graces of the Christian character. The lives of remarkable men usually illustrate some emphatic truth. Sir Thomas More may be said to have lived to show that the test of sincerity in a man who professes to regard orthodoxy as an essential of salvation, is not the readiness to endure persecution, but the courage which will venture to inflict it.'—ED.

[1] It cannot be too strongly urged that persecution, if not in modern times, was once a sign of moral earnestness and intensity of faith. In matters for which men *cared* they were essentially tenacious, in proportion to the importance of the objects involved. Thus it was in ancient states: for their citizenship, for their liberty, for the memory of their ancestors, for all, in a word, that was precious to them, they were most tenacious. Nay, further; the notorious intolerance of philosophical schools affords a striking parallel to the sectarian bitterness of Christian Churches, and suggests the thought, it was only an historical accident that the parallel was not closer. Bigotry is a term involving something like want of education and refinement; but imagine the rivalries of the pagan philosophers spread over a wide area and appealing to the masses, and there will be the *conditions* ready for a display of 'bigotry' and organized persecution, even at Athens. The ancient philosophers who framed 'constitutions' were as thoroughly convinced of the perfectness and ideal fitness of their schemes for the regulation of life and conduct as were the Mediæval Churchmen of the necessity and universality of their Creeds. Toleration is only an *historical* virtue—the late growth of intellectual compromise and moral refinement. In less cultivated ages it would only have marked the absence of intellectual vigour and of moral earnestness.—ED.

lemy-fair method. But this I am persuaded of, that, had the truth of the gospel been any way surmountable, they would have bid much fairer for the silencing it, if they had chosen to bring our primitive founders upon the stage in a pleasanter way than that of bear-skins and pitch-barrels.

Religious nations stern and gloomy.

The Jews were naturally a very [1]cloudy people, and could endure little raillery in any thing, much less in what belonged to any religious doctrines or opinions. Religion was looked upon with a sullen eye, and hanging was the only remedy they could prescribe for any thing which looked like setting up a new revelation. The sovereign argument was, '*Crucify, crucify.*' But, with all their malice and inveteracy to our SAVIOUR, and His Apostles after Him, had they but taken the fancy to act such puppet-shows in His contempt, as at this hour the Papists are acting in His honour, I am apt to think they might possibly have done our Religion more harm than by all their other ways of severity.

Instances in the treatment of S. Paul.

I believe our great and learned Apostle found less advantage from the easy treatment of his Athenian antagonists than from the surly and cursed spirit of the most persecuting Jewish cities.[2] He

[1] Our author having been censured for this and some following passages concerning the Jews, the reader is referred to the notes and citations in Treatise VI. ii. 1 and 3. See also Treatise III. iii. 1.

[2] What advantage he made of his sufferings, and how pathetically his *bonds* and *stripes* were set to view, and often pleaded by him, to raise his character, and advance the interest of Christianity,' any one who reads his Epistles, and is well acquainted with his manner and style, may easily observe.

made less improvement of the candour and civility of his Roman judges, than of the zeal of the synagogue, and vehemence of his national priests. Though when I consider this apostle as appearing either before the witty Athenians, or before a Roman court of judicature, in the presence of their great men and ladies, and see how handsomely he accommodates himself to the apprehensions and temper of those politer people, I do not find that he declines the way of wit or good humour, but, without suspicion of his cause, is willing generously to commit it to this proof, and try it against the sharpness of any ridicule which might be offered.

But though the Jews were never pleased to try their wit or malice this way against our Saviour or

[1] This seems a questionable statement. Doubtless St. Paul was 'all things to all men,' but it would be difficult to find an approach to 'wit and good humour' in his writings. Indeed he seems to cut away the possibility of it. The following passages bear very strongly in another direction: 1 COR. i. 21: 'For after that in the wisdom of GOD the world by wisdom knew not GOD, it pleased GOD by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock and unto the Greeks foolishness. But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, CHRIST the power of GOD and the wisdom of GOD. Because the foolishness of GOD is wiser than men, and the weakness of GOD is stronger than men.' Again, 1 COR. ii. 4: 'My speech and preaching was *not with persuasive words of man's wisdom*, but in demonstration of the SPIRIT and of power:' and v. 14: '*The natural man receiveth not the things of the* SPIRIT OF GOD, *for they are foolishness unto him*; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned' (*ψυχικὸς ἄνθρωπος οὐ δέχεται τὰ τοῦ πνεύματος τοῦ Θεοῦ· μωρία γὰρ αὐτῷ ἐστι καὶ οὐ δύναται γνῶναι ὅτι πνευματικῶς ἀνακρίνεται*).—ED.

his apostles, the irreligious part of the Heathens had tried it long before, against the best doctrines and best characters of men which had ever arisen amongst them. Nor did this prove in the end any injury, but, on the contrary, the highest advantage to those very characters and doctrines, which, having stood the proof, were found so solid and just.[1] The divinest man who had ever appeared in the heathen world was, in the height of witty times, and by the wittiest of all poets, most abominably ridiculed in a whole comedy writ and acted on purpose. But so far was this from sinking his reputation, or suppressing his philosophy, that they each increased the more for it, and he apparently grew to be more the envy of other teachers. He was not only contented to be ridiculed, but, that he might help the poet as

Historial instance of the persecution of ridicule.

[1] There is a fundamental weakness in the appeal to ridicule which must not be forgotten. It gives an outlet to passion and prejudice; and, consequently, it is an appeal to ignorance and sentiment rather than to knowledge and conviction. Moreover, it estimates a truth by its weakest, instead of its strongest, side; and there are few truths which in some point of view or other may not be made to appear weak or even foolish. Everything in matters of a general bearing depends on the temper in which they are viewed. Socrates, judged of by the verbal cavillings and fine distinctions which were occasionally the accessories of his teaching, might well afford material for a play like 'the Clouds.' But the wiser instincts of educated men have seen that, to be judged fairly, a man must be judged *as a whole*. The accidents of a man may well be open to ridicule, or even to contempt; but if his general bearings and surroundings are sound and good, the appeal to ridicule must be misplaced, even if just *per se*. Ridicule, to be sure of its aim, must be directed by real intelligence and refinement of judgment; otherwise its shaft can only inflict an aimless annoyance.—ED.

much as possible, he presented himself openly in the theatre, that his real figure (which was no advantageous one) might be compared with that which the witty poet had brought as his representative on the stage. Such was his *good humour!* Nor could there be in the world a greater testimony of the invincible goodness of the man, or a greater demonstration, that there was no imposture either in his character or opinions. For that imposture should dare sustain the encounter of a grave enemy, is no wonder. A solemn attack, she knows, is not of such danger to her.[1] There is nothing she abhors or dreads like pleasantness and good humour.

[1] Pleasantness, satire, contempt, good humour—these words seem to run, each into the signification of the other. And yet in truth they are not convertible. Good humour involves a sense of incongruity or contrast, but it implies, consciously or unconsciously, a sense of intellectual superiority combined with a good-natured complacency. Satire also involves a sense of incongruity; but here the sense is deepened into a kind of moral bitterness; and that again in contempt becomes an intellectual aversion. Shaftesbury's meaning is generally obvious enough; but in a semi-philosophical treatise he might well have defined the precise value he attached to each of his terms.—ED.

SECTION IV.

IN short, my Lord, the melancholy way of treating Religion is that which, according to my apprehension, renders it so tragical, and is the occasion of its acting in reality such dismal tragedies in the world. And my notion is, that, provided we treat Religion with good manners, we can never use too much good humour, or examine it with too much freedom and familiarity. For if it be genuine and sincere, it will not only stand the proof, but thrive and gain advantage from hence; if it be spurious, or mixed with any imposture, it will be detected and exposed.

Cheerfulness a gain both to Religion and its votaries.

The melancholy way in which we have been taught religion, makes us unapt to think of it in good humour.[1] It is in adversity chiefly, or in ill health, under affliction, or disturbance of mind, or discom-

Influence of melancholy upon religious emotions.

[1] There seems to be a sort of confusion here between the province of religious principles and ideas, and religious emotions or sentiments. Health or affliction may heighten the religious emotions of terror or gratitude in their various gradations without at all giving a new attitude to the life as the complex result of ideas. To use a metaphor, sorrow or prosperity may change the *colouring* of our lives; but it is education, and habit, and general temperament that will determine the *outline*. Quite as much, therefore, will depend on the rational and intellectual structure of our lives as on the occasional attitude they may assume through the depression or elation of the hour.—ED.

posure of temper, that we have recourse to it; though, in reality, we are never so unfit to think of it as at such a heavy and dark hour. We can never be fit to contemplate any thing above us, when we are in no condition to look into ourselves, and calmly examine the temper of our own mind and passions.[1] For then it is we see wrath, and fury, and revenge, and terrors in the DEITY, when we are full of disturbances and fears *within*, and have, by sufferance and anxiety, lost so much of the natural calm and easiness of our temper.

In order to understand the perfect goodness and love of God, there must be something of goodness and love in our own lives.

We must not only be in ordinary good humour, but in the best of humours, and in the sweetest kindest disposition of our lives, to understand well what *true goodness* is, and what those attributes imply, which we ascribe with such applause and honour to the DEITY. We shall then be able to see best, whether those forms of justice, those degrees of punishment, that temper of resentment, and those measures of offence and indignation, which we vulgarly suppose in GOD, are suitable to those original ideas of *goodness*, which the same Divine Being, or nature under Him, has implanted in us, and which we must necessarily presuppose, in order to give

[1] How far are the religious beliefs of men merely 'deifications' of human emotions? Doubtless, as Shaftesbury points out, the ordinary current of men's thoughts has a tendency to carry with it the religious ideas. But it must also be remembered, that the ideas of Religion and of GOD are of wider range than the ordinary conceptions that refer to life and experience, and consequently are likely to be more permanent and universal, and so enter into the whole complex nature of human existence.—ED.

him praise or honour in any kind. This, my Lord, is the security against all superstition: To remember, that there is nothing in GOD but what is *godlike*, and that he is either not at all, or truly and perfectly good. But when we are afraid to use our reason freely, even on that very question, 'Whether he really *be*, or *not*?' we then actually presume Him *bad*, and flatly contradict that pretended character of goodness and greatness, whilst we discover this mistrust of His temper, and fear His anger and resentment, in the case of this freedom of Inquiry.

The greatest reverence for GOD from the greatest freedom.

We have a notable instance of this freedom in one of our sacred authors. As patient as Job is said to be, it cannot be denied, that he makes bold enough with GOD, and takes His providence roundly to task. His friends, indeed, plead hard with him, and use all arguments, right or wrong, to patch up objections, and set the affairs of providence upon an equal foot. They make a merit of saying all the good they can of GOD, at the very stretch of their reason, and [1]sometimes quite beyond it. But this, in Job's opi-

[1] The awful familiarity which popular sentiment encourages in reference to holy persons and things, repugnant not merely to a right conception but to a proper sense of humility, is most justly denounced by the most spiritual of religious teachers in our times. 'Popular sentiments,' says DR. NEWMAN, 'seem to me like a bad dream. They do but scare and confuse me. I should not be holier, more spiritual, more sure of perseverance, if I twisted my moral being into the reception of them. I should but be guilty of fulsome, frigid flattery towards the most upright and noble of God's creatures [*e.g.* St. Mary], and of stupid flattery too, for it would be like the compliment of painting up a young and beautiful princess with the brow of a Plato and the muscle of an Achilles.'—ED.

nion, is '*flattering* GOD,' '*accepting of* GOD'S *person*,' and even '*mocking Him*.'[1] And no wonder. For what merit can there be in believing GOD, or His Providence,[2] upon frivolous and weak grounds? What virtue in assuming an opinion contrary to the appearance of things, and resolving to hear nothing which may be said against it? Excellent character of the 'GOD *of truth*,' that He should be offended at us, for having refused to put the lie upon our understandings, as much as in us lay, and be satisfied with us for having believed at a venture, and against our reason, what might have been the greatest falsehood in the world, for any thing we could bring as a proof or evidence to the contrary!

The GOD of truth cannot be worshipped 'with lip-service.'

It is [3]impossible that any besides an ill-natured man can wish against the being of a GOD; for this is wishing against the public, and even against one's

A denial of the reason, affectation not belief.

[1] Chap. xiii. 7, 8, 9 and 10.

[2] There are two common dangers in the religious life. Some men have a clear idea of religious science; but in their minds the truths of religion are little better than formulæ which have never been verified or realised by the experience of the religious conscience. There are others whose lives are somehow moulded after a religious pattern, but whose intellectual ideas are the ill-digested products of a chance reflection. Religion and morality are not often blended completely, though on their union depends the ideal perfection of each.—ED.

[3] Cf. MAZZINI (*Works*, iv. p. 231): 'He who can deny GOD, either in face of a starlight night, when standing by the tomb of those dearest to him, or in the presence of martyrdom, is either greatly unhappy or greatly guilty. The first atheist was surely one who had concealed some crime from his fellow-men, and who sought by denying GOD to free himself from the sole witness from whom concealment was impossible, and thus stifle the remorse by which he was tormented.'—ED.

private good too, if rightly understood. But if a man has not any such ill-will to stifle his belief, he must have surely an unhappy opinion of GOD, and believe Him not so good by far as he knows himself to be, if he imagines that an impartial use of his reason, in any matter of speculation whatsoever, can make him run any risk hereafter, and that a mean *denial of his reason*, and *an affectation of belief* in any point[1] too hard for his understanding, can entitle him to any favour in another world. This is being sycophants in Religion, mere parasites of devotion. It is using GOD as the crafty beggars use those they address, when they are ignorant of their quality.[2] The novices amongst them may innocently come out, perhaps, with a 'Good Sir,' or a 'Good, forsooth!' But with the old stagers, no matter whom they meet in a coach, it is always 'Good, your Honour!' or 'Good, your Lordship!' or 'your Ladyship!' For, if there should be really a Lord in the case, we should be undone (say they) for want

[1] But, surely, if a matter is 'too hard for a man's understanding,' scepticism or suspension of judgment is just as premature and irrational as belief or presumption. If the understanding cannot deal with a truth, its reception or rejection must depend on other considerations. A man may fairly anticipate belief even though his understanding *per se* cannot determine its conditions. A man may be considered 'responsible for his belief' on two grounds—either where the universal concurrence of mankind (ὃ πᾶσι δοκεῖ) creates an intelligent presumption, or where the axioms or main truths are admitted, and the question is one of logical deduction. This latter case only is purely rational; but the other has a peculiar validity from the fact, that it is the ground on which we act in the general circumstances of life.—ED.

[2] Treatise VI. ii. 3.

of giving the title; but if the party should be no lord, there would be no offence: it would not be ill taken.

Willingness to believe anything not faith but selfish credulity.

And thus it is in Religion. We are highly concerned how to beg right, and think all depends upon hitting the title, and making *a good guess*. It is the most beggarly refuge imaginable, which is so mightily cried up, and stands as a great maxim with many able men,[1] 'That they should strive to have *faith*, and believe to the utmost; because if, after

[1] 'This maxim of able men' may have more to recommend it than Shaftesbury allows. Suppose it to be posited that the subject-matter of faith is of such a character that reason cannot take direct cognizance of it, then the balance of the mind may fairly and naturally incline to the side of what is *probable*. Where intellectual certainty is not possible, there may still be sufficient presumption or probability to determine the conduct. But the religious emotions are generally spontaneous, and require no subsidiary aid from the reason. Further; a distinction must be made between having a mere opinion and having a belief. If a man has a belief, his reason cannot be at variance with it. A man cannot believe at will, for belief is the complex result of the different states that form the mind. It will, therefore, be of gradual growth; for the heart is concerned no less than the head.

LEIBNITZ approaches the subject from a somewhat different point of view:—'Il me semble,' he says, 'que la maxime n'est pas bien conçuë, il ne s'agit pas tant de la foi que de la pratique. M. Arnaud dans son *Art de penser* et M. Pascal dans ses *Pensées*, soutiennent que le plus sûr est de vivre conformément aux loix de la piété, et de la vertu, parce qu'il n'y aura point de danger de le faire et il y en aura beaucoup de ne le pas faire. Ce raisonnement est bon, il ne donne pas proprement une croïance, mais il oblige d'agir suivant les préceptes de la croïance; car on n'a pas la croïance quand on veut, mais on agit comme l'on veut; ce n'est pas le manque de croïance qui mérite proprement d'être puni, mais la malice et l'obstination; et c'est ce que beaucoup de théologiens reconnoissent expressément.'—ED.

all, there be nothing in the matter, there will be no harm in being thus deceived; but if there be any thing, it will be fatal for them not to have believed to the full.' But they are so far mistaken, that whilst they have this thought, it is certain they can never *believe*, either to their satisfaction and happiness in this world, or with any advantage of recommendation to another. For besides that our reason, which knows the cheat, will never rest thoroughly satisfied on such a bottom, but turn us often adrift, and toss us in a sea of doubt and perplexity, we cannot but actually grow *worse* in our religion, and entertain a *worse* opinion still of a Supreme DEITY, whilst our belief is founded on so injurious a thought of Him.[1]

Those who fail to see the goodness of God in the world are in a state of ignorance and deserving of pity.

"To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is surely the height of goodness, and makes that temper which we call *divine*. In this temper, my Lord (for surely you should know it well), it is natural for us to wish that others should partake with us, by being convinced of the

[1] Is religious error always involuntary? Is it a disease of the soul, the result of natural causes, or is it a crime for which a man ought to be punished? The religious world certainly regards a man as responsible for his belief as for his actions. The opinions of St. Thomas Aquinas still find an unconscious response in attitude of the times: 'Hæreticus est qui falsas opiniones gignit vel sequitur. Item hæresis et secta sunt idem, et *causa est superbia vel cupiditas*.' Again, in reply to the question, 'An hæretici sint tolerandi?' he says 'Non, imo morte puniendi: gravius est fidem corrumpere quam falsificare pecunias, pro quo datur pœna mortis, sed ecclesia ex misericordia non statim condemnat.'—ED.

sincerity of our example. It is natural for us to wish our merit should be *known*, particularly if it be our fortune to have served a nation as a good minister, or, as some prince or father of a country, to have rendered happy a considerable part of mankind under our care. But if it happened, that of this number there should be some so ignorantly bred, and of so remote a province, as to have lain out of the hearing of our name and actions, or, hearing of them, should be so puzzled with odd and contrary stories told up and down concerning us, that they knew not what to think, whether there were really in the world any such person as ourself—should we not, in good truth, be ridiculous to take offence at this? And should we not pass for extravagantly morose and ill-humoured, if, instead of treating the matter in raillery, we should think in earnest of revenging ourselves on the offending parties, who, out of their rustic ignorance, ill judgment, or incredulity, had detracted from our renown?[1]

God is good to the thankless and ungodly.

How shall we say then? Does it really deserve praise to be thus concerned about it? Is the doing good for *glory's sake* so divine a thing? or, is it not diviner, to do good even where it may be thought

[1] Cf. LEIBNITZ (*op. cit.*): 'On a raison de dire qu'un grand homme ne se fâchera pas si quelque ignorant et simple ne connoît point son mérite; et qu'ainsi cela convient encore moins à Dieu. Mais comme un homme qui ne connoît point le bon médecin en est assez puni, parce qu'il n'est point guéri, ainsi il peut arriver par la même raison que ceux qui ne connoissent point les perfections de la Divinité s'en punissent eux-mêmes, parce qu'ils n'en tirent pas le secours qu'ils pourroient attendre de cette connoissance.'—ED.

inglorious, even to the ungrateful, and to those who are wholly insensible of the good they receive? How comes it then, that what is so *divine* in us, should lose its character in the *Divine Being*? and that, according as the DEITY is represented to us, He should more resemble the weak, womanish, and impotent part of our nature,[1] than the generous, manly, and divine?

[1] Treatise III. iii. 3, and Treatise VI. v. 3.

SECTION V.

Knowledge of ourselves a first step to a knowledge of God.

ONE would think, my Lord, it were in reality no hard thing to know our own weaknesses at first sight, and distinguish the features of human frailty, with which we are so well acquainted. One would think it were easy to understand, that provocation, and offence, anger, revenge, jealousy in point of honour or power, love of fame, glory, and the like, belong only to limited beings, and are necessarily excluded a being which is perfect and universal. But if we have never settled with ourselves any notion of what is *morally excellent*, or if we cannot trust to that reason which tells us, that nothing beside what is so can have place in the DEITY, we can neither trust to any thing which others relate of Him, or which he Himself reveals to us. We must be satisfied beforehand that he is *good*, and cannot deceive us. Without this, there can be no real religious faith or confidence. Now, if there be really something previous to revelation, some antecedent demonstration of reason, to assure us that GOD IS, and withal that he is so *good* as not to deceive us, the same reason, if we will trust to it, will demonstrate to us, that GOD is so good as to exceed the very best of us in goodness. And, after this manner,

Belief in moral goodness a foundation for belief in GOD.

we can have no dread or suspicion to render us uneasy; for it is malice only, and not goodness, which can make us afraid.[1]

Essential goodness of the Supreme Being.

There is an odd way of reasoning, but in certain distempers of mind very sovereign to those who can apply it; and it is this: 'There can be no malice but where interests are opposed: a Universal Being can have no interest opposite, and therefore can have no malice.' If there be *a General Mind*, it can have no *particular* interest; but the general good, or good of the whole, and its own private good, must of necessity be one and the same. It can intend nothing besides, nor aim at any thing beyond, nor be provoked to any thing contrary. So that we have only to consider, whether there be really such a thing as *a Mind which has relation to the Whole*, or not. For if unhappily there be no Mind, we may comfort ourselves however that Nature has no malice. If there be really a Mind, we may rest satisfied that it is the best-natured one in the world. The last case, one would imagine, should be the most comfortable, and the notion of a Common Parent less frightful than that of *forlorn nature*, and *a Fatherless world*.[2] Though, as Religion stands

Whether GOD or nature be supreme, the result will be the same as far as 'the good' of things is concerned.

[1] There is a logical flaw in the argument—an unconscious transition from what is 'good' to 'goodness.' But 'goodness' implies *intention* and *will* as antecedent conditions; while 'the good' is a mere result, and does not involve more than a certain adaptation or fitness of things to which it contributes. Thus in its human bearing 'goodness' is a process of sympathy, and arises from the discipline of the feelings and a healthy attitude of soul.—ED.

[2] Surely *good* men would 'tremble' if there were no God. What could satisfy the feeling of religious aspiration, the intense and

amongst us, there are many good people who would have less fear in being thus exposed, and would be easier perhaps in their minds, if they were assured they had only mere *chance* to trust to. For nobody trembles to think there should be no GOD, but rather that there *should* be one. This, however, would be otherwise, if DEITY were thought as kindly of as humanity, and we could be persuaded to believe, that if there really *was* a GOD, *the highest goodness* must of necessity belong to Him, without any of those defects of passion,[1] those meannesses and imperfections which we acknowledge such in ourselves, which, as good men, we endeavour all we can to be superior to, and which we find we every day conquer, as we grow better.

Moral truth a necessary preparation for enquiry into religious truth.

Methinks, my Lord, it would be well for us, if, before[2] we ascended into the higher regions of divinity, we would vouchsafe to descend a little into *ourselves*, and bestow some poor thoughts upon plain honest morals. When we had once looked into ourselves, and distinguished well the nature of *our own* affections, we should probably be fitter judges of *the*

undying passion which possesses the soul to be transfigured into a likeness to the moral nature of GOD in Christ? These religious emotions are as much facts of human nature as the social tendencies, or the desire of esteem, and demand an explanation.—ED.'

[1] 'For my own part,' says honest PLUTARCH, 'I had rather men should say of me, "That there neither is, nor ever was, such a one as Plutarch;" than they should say, "There was a Plutarch, an unsteady, changeable, easily provocable, and revengeful man: ἄνθρωπος ἀβέβαιος, εὐμετάβολος, εὐχερὴς πρὸς ὀργήν, μικρόλυπος,"' κ.τ.λ.—PLUTARCH, *de Superstitione*. See Treatise VI. ii. 3.

[2] Treatise VI. ii. 1 and iv. 1 (note).

divineness of a character, and discern better what affections were suitable or unsuitable to *a Perfect Being*. We might then understand how to love and praise, when we had acquired some consistent notion of what was laudable or lovely; otherwise we might chance to do GOD little honour, when we intended Him the most. For it is hard to imagine what honour can arise to the DEITY, from the praises of creatures who are unable to discern what is praiseworthy or excellent in their own kind.[1]

If a musician were cried up to the skies by a certain set of people who had no ear in music, he would surely be put to the blush, and could hardly, with a good countenance, accept the benevolence of his auditors, till they had acquired a more competent apprehension of him, and could, by their own senses, find out something really good in his performance. Till this were brought about, there would be little glory in the case; and the musician, though ever so vain, would have little reason to be contented.

Praise must be based on a knowledge of what is praiseworthy.

They who affect praise the most, had rather not be taken notice of, than be impertinently applauded.

[1] But there is danger in thus approaching the divine from the side of the human. Is the 'divine' to be a simple reflection of the 'human;' or is there impressed upon the face of nature an absolute beauty which is immediately and instinctively recognized as such by the mind? Then the moral and the religious, the human and the divine, become merely convertible terms—the same truths in different relations. The danger arises from regarding religion and morality simply as matters of intellectual apprehension, to the neglect of their moral and spiritual bearings.—ED.

I know not how it comes about, that He who is ever said to do good the most disinterestedly, should be thought desirous of being praised so lavishly, and be supposed to set so high a rate upon so cheap and low a thing, as ignorant commendation and forced applause.[1]

Only those who are good can praise GOD aright.

It is not the same with *goodness* as with other qualities, which we may understand very well, and yet not possess. We may have an excellent ear in music, without being able to perform in any kind; we may judge well of poetry without being poets, or possessing the least of a poetic vein; but we can have no tolerable notion of goodness, without being tolerably *good*. So that if the praise of a divine being be so great a part of his worship, we should, methinks, learn *goodness*, were it for nothing else than that we might learn, in some tolerable manner, how to *praise*. For the praise of goodness from an unsound hollow heart, must certainly make the greatest dissonance in the world.

[1] Shaftesbury is overstepping the mark. The finite cannot (*ex vi termini*) comprehend the Infinite; yet matter enough for praise may be found in the conscience of the most simple-minded. *Imperfect* praise is one thing; *ignorant* praise quite a different thing. Man as man cannot understand or realize fully the perfect attributes of the Creator; but if GOD be a SPIRIT, and there be in man too a part that is spiritual, there may well be a communion that is not based on knowledge, and that communion is the communion of prayer—'prayer' in its high sense, such as Dean Milman beautifully expresses it: 'not the sudden cry of supplication in the hour of distress, the burst of gratitude in the hour of joy, but prayer as adoration—*the habitual intercourse of the immaterial soul with the immaterial Godhead*.'—ED.

SECTION VI.

Self-knowledge necessary in order to secure religious stability.

OTHER reasons, my Lord, there are, why this plain homespun philosophy, of looking into ourselves, may do us wondrous service, in rectifying our errors in Religion. For there is a sort of enthusiasm of secondhand.[1] And when men find no original commotions in themselves, no prepossessing *panic* which bewitches them, they are apt still, by the testimony of others, to be imposed on, and led credulously into the belief of many false miracles. And this habit may make them variable, and of a very inconstant faith, easy 'to be carried away with every

[1] The contagion of religious emotions, the effect of sympathy upon the imagination, 'the enthusiasm of secondhand,' is a fruitful source of self-deception and unconscious imposture. The *sensational* aspects of the religious life, the love of self-exaltation, the desire of anticipating the verdict of time and the issues of the Judgment Day, conspire to heighten the fire of imagination, and to deaden the power of reason. In proportion to their want of a truly religious education, men love the marvellous; and, more than anything else, they love to see their own personality reflected therein. When, added to this, there be the desire for applause and the sympathy of companions, the passion is increased tenfold. An accident will determine the nature of the surroundings, in the midst of which a man is placed; but when once the force of companionship and the sympathy of common interests is thoroughly realized, nothing can deaden the influence of the religious passion but its own exhaustion.—ED.

wind of doctrine,' and addicted to every upstart sect or superstition. But the knowledge of our passions in their very seeds, the measuring well the growth and progress of enthusiasm, and the judging rightly of its natural force, and what command it has over our very [1] senses, [2] may teach us to oppose more successfully those delusions which come armed with the specious pretext of moral certainty, and matter of fact.

Belief in the Prophets' miracles—the result of evidence or of imagination?

The new prophesying sect I made mention of above, pretend, it seems, among many other miracles, to have had a most signal one, acted premeditately, and with warning, before many hundreds of people, who actually give testimony to the truth of it. But I would only ask, whether there were present, among those hundreds, any one person, who having never been of their sect, or addicted to their way, will give the same testimony with them? I must not be contented to ask, 'whether such a one had been wholly free of that particular enthusiasm?' but 'whether, before that time, he was esteemed of so[3]

[1] See Treatise VI. ii. 1 and 2.

[2] The remarks in the text may be illustrated by a passage from a publication called *Cassandra*, No. ii. (published about this time): 'The spirit of enthusiasm puts out the eye of reason, and destroys the sobriety of religion; leaves a man no principle or rule but that of imagination and impulses; can make him believe that he is in the exaltation of charity, while he is in the very gall of bitterness, and delighting himself in the sin of Ham. . . . *He imitates nothing in the Apostles but their miracles!* turns religion into romance, and will do nothing ordinary!'—ED.

[3] 'A sound judgment and a clear head' are not always safeguards against religious enthusiasm. Curiosity is in some minds sufficiently strong to create an *expectation* of the marvellous; and,

sound a judgment, and clear a head, as to be wholly free of *melancholy*, and in all likelihood incapable of all enthusiasm besides?' For otherwise the *panic* may have been caught, the evidence of the senses lost, as in a dream, and the imagination so inflamed, as in a moment to have[1] burnt up every particle of judgment and reason. The combustible matters lie prepared within, and ready to take fire at a spark, but chiefly in a multitude seized with the same spirit.[2] No wonder if the blaze rises so of a sudden, when innumerable eyes glow with the passion, and heaving breasts are labouring with inspiration, when not the aspect only, but the very breath and exhalations of men are infectious, and

The physical conditions of enthusiasm.

when expectation has been excited, the imagination comes into play, and an unconscious bias is given to the reason, which is eventually carried away, out of and beyond itself, through the sympathy of contagion and the mere force of excitement.—ED.

[1] Cf. ISAAC TAYLOR, *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 34: 'A mere intensity or fervour of feeling does not constitute enthusiasm . . . . But there are devotional exercises that have no other object than to attain the immediate pleasures of excitement. The devotee is not in truth a petitioner, for his prayers terminate in themselves, and when he reaches the expected pitch of transient emotion, he desires nothing more. This appetite for feverish agitations naturally prompts a quest of whatever is exorbitant in expression or sentiment. If the language of humiliation is at all admitted into the enthusiast's devotion, it must so be pointed with extravagance, and so blown out with exaggeration, that it serves much more to tickle the fancy than to affect the heart. Genuine humility would shake the whole towering structure of this enthusiastic pietism; and therefore, in the place of Christian humbleness of mind, there are cherished certain ineffable notions of self-annihilation and self-renunciation, and we know not what other attempts at metaphysical suicide.'—ED.

[2] Treatise VI. ii. 2.

the inspiring disease imparts itself by insensible transpiration. I am not a divine good enough to resolve what spirit that was which proved so catching among the ancient prophets, that even the profane Saul was taken by it.[1] But I learn from Holy Scripture, that there was the evil,[2] as well as the good spirit of prophecy. And I find by present experience, as well as by all histories, sacred and profane, that the operation of this spirit is everywhere the same, as to the bodily organs.

Ecstasy in ancient and modern times.

A gentleman who has writ lately in defence of revived prophecy, and has since fallen himself into the prophetic ecstasies,[3] tells, 'That the ancient

[1] See 1 SAM. x.

[2] See 1 KINGS xxii. 20, &c.; 2 CHRON. xviii. 19, &c.; cf. also JER. xxx. 16: 'Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you: *they speak a vision of their own heart and not out of the mouth of the Lord.*' And especially EZEKIEL xiii. 2–9; and Treatise VI. ii. 3.

[3] According to the Fathers, the true prophets did not see their visions in a state of ecstatic unconsciousness (as the heathen prophets pretended to do). 'St. Jerome writes: "Non loquitur propheta ἐν ἐκστάσει, ut Montanus et Prisca Maximillaque delirant, sed quod prophetat liber est visionis intelligentis universa quæ loquitur" (*Prolog. in Nahum*). And again: "Neque vero ut Montanus cum insanis fœminis somniat prophetæ in ecstasi locuti sunt ut nescierint quid loquerentur et cum alios ërudirent ipsi ignorarent quid dicerent" (*Prolog. in Esai*). Origen (*contra Celsum*, vii. 4) and St. Basil (*Commentary on Isaiah* v.) contrast the prophet with the soothsayer, on the ground of the latter being deprived of his senses. St. Chrysostom draws out the contrast: τοῦτο γὰρ μάντεως ἴδιον τὸ ἐξεστηκέναι, τὸ ἀνάγκην ὑπομένειν τὸ ὠθεῖσθαι, τὸ ἕλκεσθαι, τὸ σύρεσθαι, ὥσπερ μαινόμενον. ὁ δὲ προφήτης οὐχ οὕτως ἀλλὰ μετὰ διανοίας νηφούσης καὶ σωφρονούσης καταστάσεως καὶ εἰδὼς ἃ φθέγγεται, φησὶν ἅπαντα· ὥστε καὶ πρὸ τῆς ἐκβάσεως κἀντεῦθεν γνώριζε τὸν μάντιν καὶ τὸν προφήτην (*Hom.* xxix. *in Epist. ad Corinth.*).'—MR. MEYRICK (in *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. iii. p. 935).—ED.

prophets had the spirit of GOD upon them *under ecstasy*, with divers strange gestures of body denominating them madmen (or enthusiasts), as appears evidently (says he), in the instances of Balaam, Saul, David, Ezekiel, Daniel,' &c. And he proceeds to justify this by the practice of the Apostolic times, and by the regulation which the Apostle[1] himself applies to these seemingly irregular gifts, so frequent and ordinary (as our author pretends) in the primitive Church, on the first rise and spreading of Christianity. But I leave it to him to make the resemblance as well as he can between his own and the Apostolic way. I only know, that the symptoms he describes, and which himself (poor gentleman!) labours under, are as heathenish as he can possibly pretend them to be Christian. And when I saw him lately under 'an agitation' (as they call it), uttering prophecy in a pompous Latin style, of which, out of

Modern prophecy mere caricature and imposture.

[1] 1 COR. xiv.

[2] It is a curious fact in religious history, that the word 'prophecy' is used almost exclusively in its *accidental* connotation of 'prediction.' The prophecy of pagan times was doubtless assumed, and intended to be nothing more than 'inspired prediction.' But in its true Christian sense, prophecy implies something far deeper and more spiritual. It may be well to quote here a passage from DEAN MILMAN'S celebrated sermon on 'Hebrew Prophecy.' We take a narrow view of Hebrew prophecy if we confine and limit it to the more or less distinct anticipation of future events. The function of the prophet was not that of seer alone, the diviner of things hereafter to take place. He was far more than this to his own generation: he was the voice of GOD to admonish, to rebuke, to console, to teach; he was the authorized preacher of GOD'S justice, of GOD'S wisdom, of GOD'S mercy. In the most dismal times, in the most voluptuous times, in the most idolatrous times, in the most careless times, the pro-

his ecstasy, it seems, he is wholly incapable, it brought into my mind the Latin poet's description of the Sybil, whose agonies were so perfectly like these:

> [1] . . . subitò non vultus, non color unus,
> Non comptæ mansêre comæ: sed pectus anhelum,
> Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
> Nec mortale sonans: afflata est numine quando
> Jam propiore Dei . . . .

And again presently after:

> . . . . . immanis in antro
> Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
> Excussisse Deum: tantò magis ille fatigat
> Os rabidum, fera corda domans, *fingitque premendo.*

Which is the very style of our experienced author. 'For the inspired,' says he, 'undergo a probation, wherein the spirit, by[2] frequent agitations, *forms the*

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phet was the great moral power, the remembrancer of GOD's perpetual presence. Under the heaviest tyranny he was the assertor of religious freedom; under the darkest disaster, he and he alone elevated and ennobled the souls of the people; for he raised their thoughts to GOD: he was their comforter, for he opened to them the inexhaustible treasures of Divine goodness. But, besides this, in a sense more nearly approaching to prophecy in its common signification, he was the Voice of GOD, as preannouncing, predeveloping, preexpanding the great truths of morality and religion, which, not before future days, were to attain their full and mature authority. He hailed the dawning of that light, which in GOD's good time was to rise to its meridian; he caught and uttered the first whisper of those verities which erewhile were to be proclaimed on the housetops.'—Ed.

[1] VIRGIL, *Æn.* lib. vi.

[2] Cf. ISAAC TAYLOR'S *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 69: 'In seasons of peculiar excitement it is not enough that the presence of the Holy Ghost should be indicated by unusual commo-

organs, ordinarily for a month or two, before utterance.'

Treatment by the Roman Senate of religious maniacs.

The Roman historian, speaking of a most horrible enthusiasm which broke out in Rome long before his days, describes this spirit of prophecy: 'Viros velut mente capta, cum jactatione fanatica corporis vaticinari.'—Liv. 39. The detestable things which are further related of these enthusiasts, I would not willingly transcribe; but the senate's mild decree in so execrable a case, I cannot omit copying, being satisfied, that though your Lordship has read it before now, you can read it again and again with admiration:—'In reliquum deinde (says Livy) S. C. cautum est, &c. Si quis tale sacrum solenne et necessarium duceret, nec sine religione et piaculo se id omittere posse, apud Prætorem Urbanum profiteretur: prætor senatum consuleret. Si ei permissum esset, cum in senatu centum non minus essent, ita id sacrum faceret; dum ne plus quinque sacrificio interessent, neu qua pecunia communis, neu quis magister sacrorum, aut sacerdos esset.'

Distinction to be made between enthusiasm. and idealization.

So necessary it is to give way to this distemper of *enthusiasm*, that even that philosopher who bent the whole force of his philosophy against superstition, appears to have left room for visionary fancy, and to have indirectly tolerated enthusiasm. For it is hard to imagine, that one who had so little religious faith

tions of the mind; *but convulsions of the body also are demanded in proof of the heavenly agency.* Extravagance becomes gluttonous of marvels; religion is transmuted into pantomime. Delirium and hypocrisy, often found to be good friends, take their turn of triumph, while humility, meekness, and sincerity are trodden down in the rout of impious confusion.'

as Epicurus, should have so vulgar a credulity as to believe those accounts of armies and castles in the air, and such visionary phenomena. Yet he allows them, and then thinks to solve them by his *effluvia* and aerial looking-glasses, and I know not what other stuff; which his Latin poet,[1] however, sets off beautifully, as he does all:

> . . . . Rerum simulacra vagari
> Multa, modis multis, in cunctas undique parteis
> Tenuia, quæ facile inter se junguntur in auris,
> Obvia cum veniunt, ut aranea bracteaque auri.
> . . . . . .
> Centauros itaque, et Scyllarum membra videmus,
> Cerbereasque canum facies, simulacraque eorum
> Quorum morte obita tellus amplectitur ossa;
> Omne genus quoniam passim simulacra feruntur,
> Partim sponte sua quæ fiunt aëre in ipso;
> Partim quæ variis ab rebus cumque recedunt.[2]

Innate disposition to believe in the supernatural.

It was a sign this philosopher believed there was a good stock of visionary spirit originally in human nature. He was so satisfied that men were inclined to see visions, that rather than they should go without, he chose to make them to their hand. Notwithstanding he denied the principles of Religion to be *natural*,[3] he was forced tacitly to allow there was a

[1] But of course the word enthusiasm, when applied to a great poet like Lucretius, carries with it an entirely different train of thought from the mere rhapsodies of the religious dreamer. VOLTAIRE (*Dictionnaire philosophique*, s. v. *Enthousiasme*) has caught the various shades of meaning in the word:—'Qu'entendons-nous par enthousiasme? Que de nuances dans nos affections! approbation, sensibilité, émotion, saisissement, passion, emportement, démence, fureur, rage. Voilà tous les états par lesquels peut passer cette pauvre âme humaine.'—ED.

[2] LUCRETIUS, iv.

[3] Treatise II. iii. 3.

wondrous disposition in mankind towards supernatural objects, and that if these ideas were vain, they were yet, in a manner, *innate*, or such as men were really born to, and could hardly by any means avoid. From which concession, a divine, methinks, might raise a good argument against him, for the truth as well as the usefulness of RELIGION. But so it is: whether the matter of apparition be true or false, the symptoms are the same, and the passion of equal force in the person who is vision-struck. The *lymphatici* of the Latins were the *nympholepti* of the Greeks. They were persons said to have seen some species of divinity, as either some rural deity, or nymph, which threw them into such transports as overcame their reason.[1] The ecstasies expressed themselves outwardly in quakings, tremblings, tossings of the head and limbs, 'agitations,' and (as

Common characteristics of prophetical mania.

[1] There is a sermon by DR. ROBERT SOUTH (on 2 COR. xi. 14: 'And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of Light'), which seems to have been delivered about this time. A passage in it may be quoted as a curious instance of the belief of the time in demoniacal possession. 'The Devil can work upon the soul by an actual ingress and personal possession of the man, so as to move and act him, and, like a kind of vicarious soul, use his body and the several faculties and members thereof, as instruments of the several operations he exerts by them. Upon which account persons so possessed were heretofore called πνευματόφοροι and ἐνεργούμενοι. And if any one here should doubt that a spirit can move and impel a body, since without quantity and dimensions on both sides there can be no contact, and since without contact some think all impulsions impossible—this maxim, if too far insisted upon, would bear as hard upon the soul itself as to its moving the body (allowing it to be a spiritual, immaterial substance —which I hope, in a Christian auditory, needs not to be proved). And now, the premisses thus supposed, *how easy must it be for this*

Livy calls them) *fanatical throws* or convulsions, extemporary prayer, prophecy, singing, and the like. All nations have their lymphatics of some kind or another, and all churches, heathen as well as Christian, have had their complaints against fanaticism.

Polemical attitude often assumed by the Prophets.

One would think the ancients imagined this disease had some relation to that which they called hydrophoby. Whether the ancient Lymphatics had any way like that of biting, to communicate the rage of their distemper, I cannot so positively determine. But certain fanatics there have been since the time of the ancients, who have had a most prosperous faculty of communicating the appetite of the teeth. For since first the snappish spirit got up in Religion, all sects have been at it, as the saying is, 'tooth and nail,' and are never better pleased, than in worrying one another without mercy.

Contagion of fanaticism.

So far indeed the innocent kind of fanaticism extends itself, that when the party is struck by the apparition, there follows always an itch of[1] imparting

spirit to cast any person possessed by him into a kind of prophetic ecstasy, and with other amazing extravagances to utter through him certain sentences and opinions, and in the utterance thereof to intermix some things pious and good, to take off the suspicion and to qualify the poison of the bad. For so the Sibyls used to wait till, at a certain time, the Demons entered into them, and gave answers by them, suspending the natural actings of their souls, and using their bodily organs of speech, with strange, prodigious convulsions, and certain circumstances of raving and unseemly horror attending them.'—*Sermons*, vol. v. p. 119, ed. of 1717.—ED.

[1] The case is moderately and fairly stated by ANTONIUS VAN DALE (*Dissert. de Origine Idolatriæ*, Amst. 1696): 'Erant in prima Ecclesia non tantum homines qui veri essent prophetæ, verum et tales qui, quamvis id falsum esse constaret, se veros esse propheta

it, and kindling the same fire in other breasts. For thus poets are fanatics too. And thus Horace either is, or feigns himself lymphatic, and shows what an effect the vision of the Nymphs and Bacchus had on him.

[1] Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, credite posteri,
*Nymphas*que discentes, ...
Evœ ! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
[2] *Lymphatur* . . . .

(as Hensius reads).

No poet (as I ventured to say at first to your Lordship) can do any thing great in his own way, without the imagination or supposition of a *Divine Presence*, which may raise him to some degree of this passion we are speaking of. Even the cold Lucretius[3] makes use of inspiration, when he writes against it, and is forced to raise an apparition of nature, in a divine form, to animate and conduct him

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perhibebant; erantque illi revera Pseudoprophetæ quod mendaciis suis ita simplices fallerent, ac quandoque seducerent. Erant et ejusmodi Pseudoprophetæ qui non quidem ex animo mendaci atque improbo prophetias confingebant populoque, sive Ecclesiæ, eas obtrudere conabantur: sed qui (ut hodiernorum temporum enthusiastæ) *sibimetipsis, ex nimia superstitione talia persuadebant atque exinde quoque aliis persuadere nitebantur, sua cogitata ac dicta, ut revelationes ac prophetias divinitus datas, esse approbanda.*'—Ed.

[1] Horace, *Od.* II. xviii.

[2] So again, *Sat.* V. i. 97: 'Gnatia lymphis Iratis extructa:' where Horace wittily treats the people of Gnatia as lymphatics and enthusiasts, for believing a miracle of their priests: Credat Judæas Apella.—Hor. *ibid.* See Heinsius and Torrentius; and the quotation in the following notes, ὑπὸ τῶν Νυμφῶν, &c.

[3] Treatise VI. ii. 1.

in his very work of degrading nature, and despoiling her of all her seeming wisdom and divinity:

Alma Venus, cœli subter labentia signa
Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferenteis
Concelebras . . . .
Quæ quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas,
Nec sine te quidquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit lætum neque amabile quidquam:
Te sociam studio scribundis versibus esse,
Quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadæ nostro.[1]

[1] LUCRETIUS, lib. i.

SECTION VII.

Differences between enthusiasm and inspiration sometimes hard to be known.

THE only thing, my Lord, I would infer from all this is, that ENTHUSIASM is wonderfully powerful and extensive; that it is a matter of nice judgment, and the hardest thing in the world to know fully and distinctly, since even Atheism[1] is not exempt from it; for, as some have well remarked, there have been *enthusiastical atheists.* Nor can divine inspiration, by its outward marks, be easily distinguished from it. For inspiration is a real feeling of the divine presence, and enthusiasm a false one. But the passion they raise is much alike. For when the mind is taken up in vision, and fixes its view either on any real object, or mere spectre of divinity, when it sees, or thinks it sees anything prodigious, and more than human, its horror, delight, confusion, fear, admiration, or whatever passion belongs to it, or is uppermost on this occasion, will have something vast, *immane*, and (as painters say) 'beyond life.' And this is what gave occasion to the name of fanaticism, as it was used by the ancients in its original sense, for an apparition transporting the mind.

Enthusiasm

Something there will be of extravagance and fury,

[1] Treatise VI. ii. 2.

concerning knowledge a sort of philosophical inspiration.

when the ideas or images received are too big for the narrow human vessel to contain. So that *inspiration* may be justly called *divine enthusiasm*;[1] for the word itself signifies divine presence, and was made use of by the philosopher whom the earliest Christian fathers called divine, to express whatever was sublime in human passions.[2] This was the

[1] Plato's argument in favour of enthusiasm or madness is thus summed up by DR. THOMPSON in his edition of the *Phædrus* (p. 156). 'Madness is not *per se* an evil. There is a madness of heavenly, as there is one of earthly origin: one which raises a man above, as well as one which sinks him below, his normal self. There is a madness of the seer, a madness of the priest, a madness of the poet, and from these three manifestations of madness have flowed the choicest blessings to mankind. Love, too, is an ecstasy, a sacred rapture, *a madness inspired by heaven.* Its origin is divine, its result the highest bliss.' This love is, in other words, a philosophic *enthusiasm*, 'a rapt and passionate yearning after a truth higher and purer than either the senses or the understanding reflecting on the objects of sense can furnish.' The transition from earthly to heavenly beauty, and the aspiration which is kindled in the breast of the philosopher, is thus exquisitely described by Plato, Phædrus (p. 249 D): *ὅταν τὸ τῇδέ τις ὁρῶν κάλλος, τοῦ ἀληθοῦς ἀναμιμνησκόμενος, πτερῶταί τε καὶ προθυμούμενος ἀναπτέσθαι, ἀδυνατῶν δέ, ὄρνιθος δίκην βλέπων ἄνω, τῶν κάτω δὲ ἀμελῶν, αἰτίαν ἔχει ὡς μανικῶς διακείμενος, ὡς ἄρα αὕτη πασῶν τῶν ἐνθουσιάσεων ἀρίστη τε καὶ ἐξ ἀρίστων τῷ τε ἔχοντι καὶ τῷ κοινωνοῦντι αὐτῆς γίγνεται καὶ ὅτι ταύτης μετέχων τῆς μανίας ὁ ἐρῶν τῶν καλῶν ἐράστης καλεῖται.*—ED.

[2] *Ἆρ' οἶσθ' ὅτι ὑπὸ τῶν Νυμφῶν ἐκ προνοίας σαφῶς ἐνθουσιάσω. . . . . Τοσαῦτα μέν σοι καὶ ἔτι πλείω ἔχω μανίας γιγνομένης ἀπὸ θεῶν λέγειν καλὰ ἔργα*, &c. Phædr. *Καὶ τοὺς πολιτικοὺς οὐχ ἥκιστα τούτων φαῖμεν ἂν θείους τε εἶναι καὶ ἐνθουσιάζειν.* Meno. *Ἔγνων οὖν αὖ καὶ περὶ τῶν ποιητῶν ἐν ὀλίγῳ τοῦτο ὅτι οὐ σοφίᾳ ποιοῖεν, ἀλλὰ φύσει τινὶ καὶ ἐνθουσιάζοντες ὥσπερ οἱ θεομάντεις καὶ χρησμῳδοί.* Apol. In particular as to philosophers, Plutarch tells us, it was the complaint of some of the sour old Romans, when learning first came to them from Greece, that their youth grew enthusiastic with philosophy. For, speaking of one of the philosophers of the

spirit he allotted to heroes, statesmen, poets, orators, musicians, and even philosophers themselves.[1] Nor can we, of our own accord, forbear ascribing to a noble enthusiasm[2] whatever is greatly performed by any of these. So that almost all of us know something of this principle. But to know it as we should do, and discern it in its several kinds, both in ourselves and others, this is the great work, and by this means alone we can hope to avoid delusion. For to 'judge the spirits whether they are of GOD,' we must antecedently judge *our own* spirit, whether it be of reason and sound sense, whether it be fit to judge at all, by being sedate, cool, and impartial, free of every biassing passion, every giddy vapour, or melancholy fume. This is the first knowledge

Reason the only test of enthusiasm and of inspiration.

Athenian embassy, he says, "Ερωτα δεινὸν ἐμβέβληκε τοῖς νέοις ὑφ' οὗ τῶν ἄλλων ἡδονῶν καὶ διατριβῶν ἐκπέσοντες ἐνθουσιῶσι· περὶ φιλοσοφίαν.—PLUT. *in vit. Cat. Major.*

[1] But of course, in Plato, there was 'an order of merit,' a distinction in the different degrees in which the soul had apprehended the divine. Cf. *Phædrus* (p. 248. c): Θεσμός τε Ἀδραστείας ὅδε, ἥτις ἂν ψυχή, θεῷ ξυνοπαδὸς γενομένη, κατίδῃ τι τῶν ἀληθῶν, μέχρι τε τῆς ἑτέρας περιόδου εἶναι ἀπήμονα, κἂν ἀεὶ τοῦτο δύνηται ποιεῖν, ἀεὶ ἀβλαβῆ εἶναι· ὅταν δὲ ἀδυνατήσασα ἐπισπέσθαι μὴ ἴδῃ, καί τινι συντυχίᾳ χρησαμένη λήθης τε καὶ κακίας πλησθεῖσα βαρυνθῇ, βαρυνθεῖσα δὲ πτεροῤῥυήσῃ τε καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν πέσῃ, τότε νόμος ταύτην μὴ φυτεῦσαι εἰς μηδεμίαν θηρείαν φύσιν ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ γενέσει, ἀλλὰ τὴν μὲν πλεῖστα ἰδοῦσαν εἰς γονὴν ἀνδρὸς γενησομέι ου φιλοσόφου ἢ φιλοκάλου ἢ μουσικοῦ τινος καὶ ἐρωτικοῦ, τὴν δὲ δευτέραν εἰς βασιλέως ἐννόμου ἢ πολεμικοῦ καὶ ἀρχικοῦ, τρίτην δὲ εἰς πολιτικοῦ ἢ τινος οἰκονομικοῦ ἢ χρηματιστικοῦ, τετάρτην δὲ εἰς φιλοπόνου ἢ γυμναστικοῦ ἢ περὶ σώματος ἴασίν τινα ἐσομένου, πέμπτην μαντικὸν βίον ἢ τινα τελεστικὸν ἕξουσαν· ἕκτῃ ποιητικὸς ἢ τῶν περὶ μίμησίν τις ἄλλος ἁρμόσει, ἑβδόμῃ δημιουργικὸς ἢ γεωργικός, ὀγδόῃ σοφιστικὸς ἢ δημοτικός, ἐννάτῃ τυραννικός.—ED.

[2] Of this passion, in the nobler and higher sense, see more, Treatise IV. i. 3, 3; and Treatise V. iii. 2, and Treatise VI. ii. 1.

and previous judgment: '*To understand ourselves*,' and know '*what spirit we are of*.' Afterwards we may judge the spirit in others, consider what their personal merit is, and prove the validity of their testimony by the solidity of their brain. By this means we may prepare ourselves with some antidote against enthusiasm. And this is what I have dared affirm is best performed by keeping to good humour. For otherwise the remedy itself may turn to the disease.

And now, my Lord, having, after all, in some measure justified Enthusiasm, and owned the word, if I appear extravagant, in addressing to you after the manner I have done, you must allow me to plead an impulse. You must suppose me (as with truth you may) most passionately yours, and with that kindness which is natural to you on other occasions, you must tolerate your enthusiastic friend, who, excepting only in the case of this over-forward zeal, must ever appear, with the highest respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

TREATISE II.

SENSUS COMMUNIS:

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

FREEDOM

OF

WIT and HUMOUR.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

——*Hâc urget Lupus, hâc Canis*——

HOR. *Sat.* II. *Lib.* 2.

Printed first in the Year M.DCC.IX.

'Reason, an ignis fatuus of the mind,
Which leaves the light of Nature, sense, behind:
Pathless and dangerous, wandering ways it takes,
Through Error's fenny bogs and thorny brakes;
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
To swim with bladders of Philosophy;
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
Till, spent, it leaves him in eternal night.'

LORD ROCHESTER.

SENSUS COMMUNIS.

PART I.

SECTION I.

To defend raillery thought a paradox.

I HAVE been considering, my friend what your fancy was, to express such a surprise as you did the other day, when I happened to speak to you in commendation of *raillery*.[1] Was it possible you should

[1] The influence of mere *names* on the imaginations and opinions of men is strikingly illustrated by the case of 'ridicule,' 'raillery,' 'joking,' 'scoffing,' and kindred terms. Yet negatively raillery, or the sense of ridicule or incongruity, is only the negative aspect of 'conventionality,' or of that habit of society by which the actual conditions of thought and feeling in a given society are invested with a kind of awe. Who does not dread 'singularity'? But who can give a clear idea *why* he thus dreads the ridicule or criticism of his fellows? The feeling seems 'an ultimate fact;' yet perhaps it is but a subtle form of self-love which is fostered by and owes

suppose me so grave a man, as to dislike all conversation of this kind? Or were you afraid I should not stand the trial, if you put me to it, by making the experiment in *my own case.*

Raillery disliked because it cuts both ways.

I must confess, you had reason enough for your caution, if you could imagine me at the bottom so true a zealot, as not to bear the least raillery on my own opinions. It is the case, I know, with many. Whatever they think grave or solemn, they suppose must never be treated out of a grave and solemn way; though what another thinks so, they can be contented to treat otherwise, and are forward to try the edge of ridicule against any opinions besides their own.

Yet perhaps it is well that it should be so; otherwise our own ideas become idols.

The question is, Whether this be fair or no; and whether it be not just and reasonable to make as free with our own opinions as with those of other people? For to be sparing in this case may be looked upon as a piece of selfishness. We may be charged perhaps with wilful ignorance and blind idolatry for having taken opinions upon trust, and consecrated in ourselves certain *idol*-notions,[1] which

its strength to the consciousness of self-respect. It follows that there is a vast amount of latent ridicule vested in the very nature of society which is never called into exercise because the *idea* of it in men's minds becomes *a law to itself.* Change the *name* of 'ridicule' to 'public opinion' and the whole character of the *thing* will seem to be changed also.—ED.

[1] 'Idol-notions' are used in a Baconian sense. Cf. *Nov. Org.* I. 42: 'Idola specus sunt idola hominis individui. Habet enim unusquisque (præter aberrationes naturæ humanæ in genere) specum sive cavernam quandam individuam quæ lumen naturæ frangit et corrumpit.' But Bacon had a sort of Platonic idea in his mind, and hence he sometimes uses the word confusedly—

we will never suffer to be unveiled, or seen in open light. They may perhaps be monsters, and not divinities, or sacred truths, which are kept thus choicely in some dark corner of our minds. The spectres may impose on us, whilst we refuse to turn them every way, and view their shapes and complexions in every light. For that which can be shown only in *a certain light* is questionable. Truth, it is supposed, may bear all lights ; [1] and one of those principal lights, or natural mediums, by which things

almost as equivalent to εἴδωλα of Plato, *Rep.* vii. Cf. *Nov. Org.* I. 124 : Sciant itaque homines quantum intersit inter humanæ mentis idola et divinæ mentis ideas. Illa enim nihil aliud sunt quam abstractiones ad placitum : hæ autem sunt vera signacula Creatoris super creaturas prout in materia per lineas veras et exquisitas imprimuntur et terminantur.'—ED.

[1] Clearness in all lights is practically the Cartesian 'consistency as a test of truth.' The source of most of our errors is want of thoroughness, or of the limitation of conclusions by one another. Viewed in its relation to a particular set of premisses a truth may appear self-evident; yet, for all that, the conclusion may not be true when viewed in the light of general experience and the innumerable modifications and limitations that are suggested by the educated consciousness of mankind. What PLATO says of the dialectician is true also of whoever wishes to have a real and true knowledge : he must fight his way through all possible objections, without making one false step. Cf. *Rep.* 534 B : ἦ καὶ διαλεκτικὸν καλεῖς τὸν λόγον ἑκάστου λαμβάνοντα τῆς οὐσίας ; καὶ τὸν μὴ ἔχοντα, καθ' ὅσον ἂν μὴ ἔχῃ λόγον αὐτῷ τε καὶ ἄλλῳ διδόναι, κατὰ τοσοῦτον νοῦν περὶ τούτου οὐ φήσεις ἔχειν ; Πῶς γὰρ ἄν, ἢ δ' ὅς, φαίην ; Οὐκοῦν καὶ περὶ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ ὡσαύτως· ὃς ἂν μὴ ἔχῃ διορίσασθαι τῷ λόγῳ ἀπὸ τῶν ἄλλων πάντων ἀφελὼν τὴν τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ ἰδέαν, καὶ ὥσπερ ἐν μάχῃ διὰ πάντων ἐλέγχων διεξιών, μὴ κατὰ δόξαν ἀλλα κατ' οὐσίαν προθυμούμενος ἐλέγχειν, ἐν πᾶσι τούτοις ἀπτῶτι τῷ λόγῳ διαπορεύηται, οὔτε αὐτὸ τὸ ἀγαθὸν φήσεις εἰδέναι τὸν οὕτως ἔχοντα οὔτε ἄλλο ἀγαθὸν οὐδέν, ἀλλ' εἴ πῃ εἰδώλου τινὸς ἐφάπτεται, δόξῃ οὐκ ἐπιστήμῃ ἐφάπτεσθαι.—ED.

Ridicule a form of introspective criticism.

are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself, or that manner of proof by which we discern whatever is liable to just raillery in any subject. So much, at least, is allowed by all who at any time appeal to this criterion. The gravest gentlemen, even in the gravest subjects, are supposed to acknowledge this, and can have no right, it is thought, to deny others the freedom of this appeal, whilst they are free to censure like other men, and in their gravest arguments make no scruple to ask, 'Is it not ridiculous?'

Of this affair, therefore, I design you should know fully what my sentiments are. And by this means you will be able to judge of me, whether I was sincere the other day in the defence of raillery, and can continue still to plead for those ingenious friends of ours, who are often censured for their humour of this kind, and for the freedom they take in such an airy way of conversation and writing.

SECTION II.

Tendency to misapply ridicule.

IN good earnest, when one considers what use is sometimes made of this species of wit, and to what an excess it has risen of late, in some characters of the age, one may be startled a little, and in doubt what to think of the practice, or whither this rallying humour will at length carry us. It has passed from the men of pleasure to the men of business. Politicians have been infected with it, and the grave affairs of state have been treated with an air of irony and banter. The ablest negotiators have been known the notablest buffoons; the most celebrated authors, the greatest masters of burlesque.

Necessity for an intellectual economy.

There is indeed a kind of *defensive raillery* (if I may so call it) which I am willing enough to allow in affairs of whatever kind, when the spirit of curiosity would force a discovery of more truth than can conveniently be told. For we can never do more injury to truth, than by discovering too much of it on some occasions.[1] It is the same with under-

[1] In other words, truth is relative to individual minds. Before a great law of nature or discovery of science is true to an individual he must have been educated to a point of view to understand the grounds on which it rests. So, too, in philosophy and in religion there is a great and fundamental difference between *realized* or *unrealized* truths. Truth is not only relative to indi-

standings as with eyes. To such a certain size and make, just so much light is necessary, and no more. Whatever is beyond brings darkness and confusion.

Different kinds of economy.

[1] It is real humanity and kindness to hide strong truths from tender eyes. And to do this by a pleasant amusement, is easier and civiler, than by a harsh denial or remarkable reserve. But to go about industriously to confound men, in a mysterious manner, and to make advantage, or draw pleasure, from that perplexity they are thrown into, by such uncertain talk, is as unhandsome in a way of raillery, as when done with the greatest seriousness, or in the most solemn way of deceit. It may be necessary, as well now as heretofore, for wise men 'to speak in parables,' and with a double meaning, that the enemy may be amused, and 'they only who have ears to hear may hear.' But it is certainly a mean, impotent, and dull sort of wit,

vidual minds but also to special premisses. An uneducated man, who rests a great truth on feeble or insufficient grounds endangers his own beliefs and unfits himself for growth in knowledge. Compare the conduct of ST. PAUL to the Corinthians: *καὶ ἐγώ, ἀδελφοί, οὐκ ἠδυνήθην λαλῆσαι ὑμῖν ὡς πνευματικοῖς ἀλλ' ὡς σαρκικοῖς, ὡς νηπίοις ἐν Χριστῷ· γάλα ὑμᾶς ἐπότισα καὶ οὐ βρῶμα· οὔπω γὰρ ἠδύνασθε.* Cf. also the advice of our Lord (*St. Matt.* vii. 6): *μὴ δῶτε τὸ ἅγιον τοῖς κυσί· μηδὲ βάλητε τοὺς μαργαρίτας ὑμῶν ἔμπροσθεν τῶν χοίρων.*—ED.

[1] The law of 'economy' is in regard to teaching and practical life what the law of human development is to the complex life of humanity. Both laws are grounded on the belief that opinions are not of sudden and capricious formation but the slow growth of long processes of improvement and education. With the race so with the individual: there is an exact correspondence between the state of the mind and the character of the belief.—ED.

which amuses all alike, and leaves the most sensible man, and even a friend, equally in doubt, and at a loss to understand what one's real mind is, upon any subject.

Benefits of freedom in the employment of wit.

This is that gross sort of raillery which is so offensive in good company. And indeed there is as much difference between one sort and another, as between fair dealing and hypocrisy, or between the genteelest wit and the most scurrilous buffoonery. But by freedom of conversation, this illiberal kind of wit will lose its credit. For wit is its own remedy. Liberty and commerce bring it to its true standard. The only danger is, the laying an embargo. The same thing happens here as in the case of trade. Impositions and restrictions reduce it to a low ebb: nothing is so advantageous to it as a free port.

Ridicule not to be confused with mere punning.

[1] We have seen in our own time the decline and ruin of a false sort of wit, which so much delighted our ancestors, that their poems and plays, as well as sermons, were full of it. All humour had something of the quibble. The very language of the court was punning. But it is now banished the town and all good company: there are only some few footsteps of it in the country, and it seems at last confined to the nurseries of youth, as the chief

[1] A sense of the ridiculous is of course a different thing from ridicule, just as a sense of right is a distinct thing from a legal penalty. In proportion as men fear the consequences of wrong they will cultivate a sense of right; so, too, in proportion as men fear ridicule will they study politeness and strive to avoid occasions of offending the good sense and good taste of others.—ED.

entertainment of pedants and their pupils. And thus in other respects wit will mend upon our hands; and humour will refine itself, if we take care not to tamper with it, and bring it under constraint, by severe usage and rigorous prescriptions. All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings. It is a destroying of civility, good-breeding, and even charity itself, under pretence of maintaining it.

SECTION III.

Ridicule a moral habit to be acquired by social intercourse.

TO describe true 'raillery' would be as hard a matter, and perhaps as little to the purpose, as to define 'good breeding.' None can understand the speculation, beside those who have the practice. Yet every one thinks himself well-bred; and the formallest pedant imagines he can rally with a good grace and humour.[1] I have known some of those grave gentlemen undertake to correct an author for defending the use of raillery, who at the same time have, upon every turn, made use of that weapon, though they were naturally so very awkward at it. And this, I believe, may be observed in the case of many zealots, who have taken upon them to answer

[1] There is an unconscious background which the reader must supply to Shaftesbury's theory. The cultivated instincts of the educated man will enable him to discriminate accurately and unerringly what is ridiculous and what not. Doubtless; but *who is* the genuinely cultivated man, and how are the verdicts of reason to be distinguished from the capricious fancies of pedantic conceit? There is an ideal *somewhere*; but philosophically it is very hard to distinguish where. The mind seems driven back upon itself and compelled to recognise a merely individual standard — *πάντων μέτρον ἄνθρωπος*: infinite as are the points of view in which a subject may be regarded, so infinite are the points of contrast or of incongruity which may be found in them. The unconscious smile of reason may often be imperceptible; but wherever there is contrast, there is also a possibility for ridicule.—ED.

our modern free-writers. The tragical gentlemen, with the grim aspect and mien of true inquisitors, have but an ill grace, when they vouchsafe to quit their austerity, and be jocose and pleasant with an adversary, whom they would choose to treat in a very different manner. For, to do them justice, had they their wills, I doubt not but their conduct and mien would be pretty much of a piece. They would, in all probability, soon quit their farce, and make a thorough tragedy. But at present there is nothing so ridiculous as this *Janus-face* of writers, who with one contenance force a smile, and with another show nothing beside rage and fury. Having entered the lists, and agreed to the fair laws of combat by wit and argument, they have no sooner proved their weapon, than you hear them crying aloud for help, and delivering over to the secular arm.

The good-humoured grace of the scholar contrasted with the vindictive exactness of the literary persecutor.

There cannot be a more preposterous sight than an executioner and a merry-Andrew acting their part upon the same stage. Yet I am persuaded any one will find this to be the real picture of certain modern zealots, in their controversial writings. They are no more masters of gravity, than they are of good humour. The first always runs into harsh severity, and the latter into an awkward buffoonery. And thus, between anger and pleasure, zeal and drollery,[1] their writing has much such a grace as

Joking insupportable in an executioner.

[1] Is the inference then to be drawn that ridicule is potent in proportion as it is refined? Perhaps the sense of contrast *per se* may be stronger in a half educated man who will see broad differences apart from their modifications; but the refined man will

the play of humoursome children, who, at the same instant, are both peevish and wanton, and can laugh and cry almost in one and the same breath.

How agreeable such writings are like to prove, and of what effect towards the winning over or convincing those who are supposed to be in error, I need not go about to explain. Nor can I wonder, on this account, to hear those public lamentations of zealots, that whilst the books of their adversaries are so current, their answers to them can hardly make their way into the world, or be taken the least notice of. Pedantry and bigotry are millstones, able to sink the best book which carries the least part of their dead weight. The temper of the pedagogue suits not with the age;[1] and the world, however it may be taught, will not be tutored. If a philosopher speaks, men hear him willingly,

Unconscious chivalry in literary readers.

discriminate the *application* of ridicule, he will have the intellectual discernment to adjust the means to the end more fitly than others. In the educated man, moreover, there will be a spirit of conciliation which will make the ridiculous appear in a general, not in a personal light.—ED.

[1] The age is surely right in scorning the spirit of the pedagogue. The world has an instinct which suggests that knowledge is infinitely varied, and both in fact and in idea inexhaustible. But the narrow-minded instincts of pedantic criticism imply that that which is *knowable* is that which is *teachable*;—that knowledge can be exhausted and brought down to the measure of definite rules. Hence the dislike of dogmatism in all its forms, whether it be as authoritative teaching, or as formal and technical criticism. And this instinct is a just one. Formalism and dogmatism are exclusive and care for nothing but their own acceptance. Free criticism and impartial enquiry are thought to be disinterested and to have only truth for their object. Hence the readiness with which the world submits to their decision.—ED.

while he keeps to his philosophy. So is a Christian heard, while he keeps to his professed charity and meekness. In a gentlemen we allow of pleasantry and raillery, as being managed always with good breeding, and never gross or clownish. But if a mere scholastic, entrenching upon all these characters, and writing as it were by starts and rebounds from one of these to another, appears upon the whole as little able to keep the temper of Christianity as to use the reason of a philosopher, or the raillery of a man of breeding—what wonder is it, if the monstrous product of such a jumbled brain be ridiculous to the world?

Necessity of charity, especially in Christian writers.

If you think, my friend, that by this description I have done wrong to these zealot-writers in religious controversy, read only a few pages in any one of them (even where the contest is not abroad, but within their own pale), and then pronounce.

SECTION IV.

The province of ridicule in conversation.

BUT now that I have said thus much concerning authors and writings, you shall hear my thoughts, as you have desired, upon the subject of conversation,[1] and particularly a late one, of a free kind, which you remember I was present at, with some friends of yours, whom you fancied I should in great gravity have condemned.

It was, I must own, a very diverting one; and perhaps not the less so for ending as abruptly as it did, and in such a sort of confusion as almost brought to nothing whatever had been advanced in the discourse before. Some particulars of this conversation may not perhaps be so proper to commit to paper. It is enough that I put you in mind of the conversation in general. A great many fine schemes, it is true, were destroyed, many grave reasonings overturned: but this being done without offence to the parties concerned, and with improve-

[1] Ridicule implies, in conversation, a certain *dramatic* power, in order to place the subject in a situation in which strong contrasts of light and shade may be brought out. And this is essential to it. Otherwise, if there be no power of delineating a subject by artistic contrasts, there will be a danger of misrepresentation; and misrepresentation is as hurtful to the person who employs it as to the person against whom it is employed.—ED.

ment to the good humour of the company, it set the appetite the keener to such conversations. And I am persuaded that had Reason herself been to judge of her own interest, she would have thought she received more advantage in the main from that easy and familiar way, than from the usual stiff adherence to a particular opinion.

But perhaps you may still be in the same humour of not believing me in earnest. You may continue to tell me I affect to be paradoxical in commending a conversation as advantageous to reason which ended in such a total uncertainty of what reason had seemingly so well established.

The rational freedom of the intellect.

To this I answer, that according to the notion I have of Reason, neither the written treatises of the learned nor the set discourses of the eloquent are able of themselves to teach the use of it.[1] It is the *habit* alone of reasoning which can make a reasoner. And men can never be better invited to the habit,

[1] Perhaps a distinction ought to be drawn between the different kinds of subject-matter. In matters of science everything depends upon the vigorous accuracy with which every step is drawn. But in matters of experience, which are capable of being presented in many different lights, truth will depend on the sympathies of the student. In matters affecting life and conduct, the phenomena to be explained are infinitely varied, and, as a consequence, familiar aspects are likely to be the truest. To put constraint upon the reason, to reduce all classes of facts to certain abstract formulæ, and to employ the keen edge of logical argument to dissect the complex issues of the world, is to sacrifice truth of fact to an arbitrary ideal. The true state of mind in relation to such problems is the unfettered one which follows teachably in the guidance of nature, and has sufficient culture and general aptitude to recognize the incongruous, the ridiculous or the absurd by an unerring instinct.—ED.

than when they find pleasure in it. A freedom of raillery, a liberty in decent language to question every thing, and an allowance of unravelling or refuting any argument, without offence to the arguer, are the only terms which can render such speculative conversations any way agreeable. For, to say truth, they have been rendered burdensome to mankind by the strictness of the laws prescribed to them, and by the prevailing pedantry and bigotry of those who reign in them and assume to themselves to be dictators in these provinces.

finds adequate scope in Dialogue.

Semper ego auditor tantum ![1] is as natural a case of complaint in divinity, in morals, and in philosophy, as it was of old the satirist's in poetry. Vicissitude is a mighty law of discourse, and mightily longed for by mankind. In matter of reason, more is done in a minute or two, by way of question and reply, than by a continued discourse of whole hours.[2] Orations are fit only to move

[1] JUV. *Sat.* I.

[2] The advantages of the dialogue as a method of inquiry may be summed up. It gives many different aspects of a question in one view. It presents a subject not in abstract outline but with the unconscious colouring of individual minds; and as colouring and outline are in life inseparably blended, the whole effect is much more true to nature. Moreover, it is in its nature *progressive*. There is a certain movement of mind involved in the process of discussion that cannot but be both healthier and more natural than the abstract reasonings of professed system-mongers whose conclusions are contained in the premisses. Hence the superiority of the method of dialogue over *dialectic*, which, as S. AUGUSTINE says, 'ipsa fatetur (et verum est), neminem in disputando ad conclusionem falsam consequenter impelli, nisi prius *consenserit* falsis, quibus eadem conclusio, velit nolit, efficitur.—*Contra Cresconium*, i. 25.—ED.

the passions; and the power of declamation is to terrify, exalt, ravish, or delight, rather than satisfy or instruct. A free conference is a close fight. The other way, in comparison to it, is merely a brandishing, or 'beating the air.' To be obstructed, therefore, and manacled in conferences, and to be confined to hear orations on certain subjects, must needs give us a distaste, and render the subjects so managed as disagreeable as the managers. Men had rather reason upon trifles, so they may reason freely, and without the imposition of authority, than on the usefullest and best subjects in the world, where they are held under a restraint or fear.

Constraint of mind as unnatural as constraint of body.

Nor is it a wonder that men are generally such faint reasoners, and care so little to argue strictly on any trivial subject in company, when they dare so little exert their reason in greater matters, and are forced to argue lamely, where they have need of the greatest activity and strength. The same thing therefore happens here as in strong and healthy bodies, which are debarred their natural exercise, and confined in a narrow space. They are forced to use odd gestures and contortions. They have a sort of action, and move still, though with the worst grace imaginable. For the animal spirits, in such sound and active limbs, cannot lie dead, or without employment. And thus the natural free spirits of ingenious men, if imprisoned and controlled, will find out other ways of motion to relieve themselves in their constraint; and, whether it be in burlesque, mimicry, or buffoonery, they will be glad at any rate

to vent themselves, and be revenged on their constrainers.

Constraint the cause of intellectual hypocrisy.

If men are forbidden to speak their minds seriously on certain subjects, they will do it ironically.[1] If they are forbidden to speak at all upon such subjects, or if they find it really dangerous to do so, they will then redouble their disguise, involve themselves in mysteriousness, and talk so as hardly to be understood, or at least not plainly interpreted, by those who are disposed to do them a mischief. And thus raillery is brought more in fashion, and runs into an extreme. It is the persecuting spirit has raised the bantering one; and want of liberty may account for want of a true politeness, and for the corruption or wrong use of pleasantry and humour.

Tendency of constraint to produce buffoonery,

If in this respect we strain the just measure of what we call urbanity, and are apt sometimes to take a buffooning rustic air, we may thank the ridiculous solemnity and sour humour of our pedagogues; or rather they may thank themselves, if they in particular meet with the heaviest of this kind of treatment. For it will naturally fall heaviest,

[1] There is another tendency which 'constraint' produces in the reason. Besides making thoughtful men scoffers or intellectual hypocrites, it tends to draw off active thought from the subjects upon which it is placed. In France at this time men had begun, some to mock at religion, others to conceal their beliefs, but thinkers practically ignored the subject of religion altogether. Men will not employ their activities *under peril.* To attempt a system of curbs and checks for the intellect is like the method of reducing a country by laying waste the fields and destroying whatever could make the conquest desirable. The reason will render willing submission only when defeated in a fair field and in a regular battle.—ED.

where the constraint has been the severest. The greater the weight is, the bitterer will be the satire. The higher the slavery, the more exquisite the buffoonery.[1]

seen in the case of Italy.

That this is really so, may appear by looking on those countries where the spiritual tyranny is highest. For the greatest of buffoons are the Italians; and in their writings, in their freer sort of conversations, on their theatres, and in their streets, buffoonery and burlesque are in the highest vogue. It is the only manner in which the poor, cramped wretches can discharge a free thought. We must yield to them the superiority in this sort of wit. For what wonder is it if we, who have more of liberty, have less dexterity in that egregious way of raillery and ridicule?

[1] The results of constraint will of course be different among different classes. Educated men are more sensitive, but they have their own methods of defence. Among the masses, the consequence of having no freedom for thought and discussion is not merely to deaden the higher life among them, but to give an impulse to what is common, or low, or vicious. This suggests the question, Why is it that so much constraint and authority is exercised over the spiritual part of man's nature, while the widest latitude has been given to any and every corruption of the *moral* nature? Surely moral truth is at least as important as intellectual truth, and is more *certainly* known. Yet men have been, and are, sensual, uncharitable, malicious, cruel, selfish, false; and no censure has lighted upon them from Church or State. But if they have deviated from a line of fixed belief no severity has been thought too great to be exercised upon them.—ED.

SECTION V.

Absence of burlesque in ancient writers.

IT is for this reason, I verily believe, that the ancients discover so little of this spirit, and that there is hardly such a thing found as mere burlesque in any authors of the politer ages. The manner indeed in which they treated the very gravest subjects, was somewhat different from that of our days. Their treatises were generally in a free and familiar style. They chose to give us the representation of real discourse and converse, by treating their subjects in the way of *dialogue* and free debate.[1] The scene was commonly laid at table, or in the public walks, or meeting-places; and the usual wit and humour of their real discourses appeared in those of their own composing. And this was fair. For without wit and humour, reason can hardly have its proof, or be distinguished. The magisterial voice and high strain of the pedagogue,[2] commands rever-

[1] See Treatise III. i. 3.

[2] Self-assertion, 'the high strain of the pedagogue,' is, however, the most successful method with some minds, who are carried away by mere force of impulse and example. A strong will is a notoriously successful instrument of persuasion, and the contagion of earnest belief spreads opinions that would otherwise meet with a sorry reception. Take the case of great religious revivalists, or, in more modern times, of the famous 'prophet of humanity.' Clear, dogmatic statements are by many minds accepted on their own authority, and carry conviction before they are questioned.—ED.

ence and awe. It is of admirable use to keep understandings at a distance and out of reach. The other manner, on the contrary, gives the fairest hold, and suffers an antagonist to use his full strength hand to hand, upon even ground.

Gravity either above criticism or below it.

It is not to be imagined what advantage the reader has, when he can thus cope with his author, who is willing to come on a fair stage with him, and exchange the tragic buskin for an easier and more natural gait and habit. Grimace and tone are mighty helps to imposture. And many a formal piece of sophistry holds proof under a severe brow, which would not pass under an easy one. It was the saying of an ancient sage,[1] 'That humour was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit.'

Prejudice against humour misconceived.

But some gentlemen there are so full of the spirit of bigotry and false zeal, that when they hear principles examined, sciences and arts inquired into, and matters of importance treated with this frankness of humour, they imagine presently that all professions must fall to the ground, all establishments come to ruin, and nothing orderly or decent be left standing in the world. They fear, or pretend to fear, that Religion itself will be endangered by this free way; and are therefore as much alarmed at this liberty in private conversation, and under prudent manage-

[1] GORGIAS LEONTINUS, *apud* Arist. *Rhetor.* iii. 18. Τὴν μὲν σπουδὴν διαφθείρειν γέλωτι, τὸν δὲ γέλωτα σπουδῇ; which the translator renders, *Seria risu, risum seriis discutere.*

ment, as if it were grossly used in public company, or before the solemnest assembly. But the case, as I apprehend it, is far different. For you are to remember, my friend, that I am writing to you in defence only of the liberty of the club, and of that sort of freedom which is taken amongst gentlemen and friends, who know one another perfectly well. And that it is natural for me to defend liberty, with this restriction, you may infer from the very notion I have of liberty itself.

Licence by all means to be avoided.

It is surely a violation of the freedom of public assemblies for any one to take the chair who is neither called nor invited to it. To start questions or manage debates which offend the public ear is to be wanting in that respect which is due to common society. Such subjects should either not be treated at all in public, or in such a manner as to occasion no scandal or disturbance. The public is not, on any account, to be laughed at to its face, or so reprehended for its follies as to make it think itself contemned. And what is contrary to good-breeding is in this respect as contrary to liberty. It belongs to men of slavish principles to affect a superiority over the vulgar and to despise the multitude.[1] The lovers of mankind respect and

Ridicule a very different thing from contempt.

[1] The respect that an educated man pays to the general opinion of the community is founded on very solid considerations. The average intelligence of the community *as a whole* is generally right, except in matters of science. It is, moreover, a watchful guardian of that moral sobriety and 'good sense' by which ordinary virtue and goodness are principally fostered. Destroy the respect paid to society and what can be substituted for it?—The opinions of philosophers;—but they are a fluctuating body, and

honour conventions and societies of men. And in mixed company, and places where men are met promiscuously on account of diversion or affairs, it is an imposition and hardship to force them to hear what they dislike, and to treat of matters in a dialect which many who are present have perhaps been never used to. It is a breach of the harmony of public conversation to take things in such a key as is above the common reach, puts others to silence, and robs them of their privilege of turn. But as to private society, and what passes in select companies, where friends meet knowingly, and with that very design of exercising their wit and looking freely into all subjects, I see no pretence for any one to be offended at the way of raillery and humour, which is the very life of such conversations, the only thing which makes good company, and frees it from the formality of business and the tutorage and dogmaticalness of the schools.

are not likely to influence the masses. Religion;—but that is likely to be interpreted as the private beliefs of the individual. *Vox populi, vox Dei:* the good sense of the community is more likely to be right than wrong; and, besides, it has immediate and appreciable action, and an indestructible vitality.—ED.

SECTION VI.

Formal arguments too stiff to be popular.

TO return therefore to our argument: if the best of our modern conversations are apt to run chiefly upon trifles, if rational discourses, especially those of a deeper speculation, have lost their credit, and are in disgrace because of their formality; there is reason for more allowance in the way of humour and gaiety. An easier method of treating these subjects, will make them more agreeable and familiar. To dispute about them, will be the same as about other matters. They need not spoil good company, or take from the ease or pleasure of a polite conversation. And the oftener these conversations are renewed the better will be their effect. We shall grow better reasoners by reasoning pleasantly and at our ease, taking up or laying down these subjects as we fancy. So that, upon the whole, I must own to you I cannot be scandalized at the raillery you took notice of, nor at the effect it had upon our company. The humour was agreeable, and the pleasant confusion which the conversation ended in is at this time as pleasant to me upon reflection, when I consider that instead of being discouraged from resuming the debate, we were so much the readier to meet again at any time,

and dispute upon subjects even with more ease and satisfaction than before.

Common sense a sufficient standard in ordinary discussions.

We had been a long while entertained, you know, upon the subject of morality and religion. And amidst the different opinions started and maintained by several of the parties, with great life and ingenuity, one or other would every now and then take the liberty to appeal to *common sense*.[1] Every one allowed the appeal, and was willing to stand the trial. No one but was assured *common sense* would justify him. But when issue was joined, and the cause examined at the bar, there could be no judgment given. The parties, however, were not less forward in renewing their appeal on the very next occasion which presented. No one would offer to call the authority of the court in question, till a gentleman, whose good understanding was never yet brought in doubt, desired the company very

[1] 'Common sense' has had somewhat the same fate as '*conscience*.' Instead of being viewed in relation to particular subjects, they have often been regarded as abstractions or separate faculties of the mind. Hence the confusion and uncertainty that surround them. But take a particular subject in which experience and practical utility are concerned: the chances are that such a subject would be viewed aright by the general body of men. Its broad features would be seized upon: the idiosyncracies of individuals would be checked and corrected by the broader knowledge of others. But 'common sense' and 'conscience' as abstractions are nothing: they are not particular 'reasons' in particular connections; and yet they must be individual, for there is no universal mind. They can only mean, if viewed in this abstract way, the mind of the *philosopher* (who alone will be περὶ πᾶν πεπαιδευμένος). But, unfortunately, the existence of such an ideally philosophic mind is purely imaginary; so that the original question is as obscure and ill-defined as ever.—ED.

gravely, that they would tell him *what common sense was.*

'If by the word sense we were to understand 'opinion and judgment, and by the word common 'the generality, or any considerable part of man- 'kind, it would be hard (he said) to discover where 'the subject of common sense could lie. For that 'which was according to the sense of one part of 'mankind was against the sense of another. And 'if the majority were to determine common sense, 'it would change as often as men changed. That 'which was according to common sense to-day 'would be the contrary to-morrow, or soon after.'

But there is a difficulty as to the precise meaning of 'common sense.'

But notwithstanding the different judgments of mankind in most subjects, there were some, however, in which it was supposed they all agreed, and had the same thoughts in common. — The question was asked still, *Where?*[1] For whatever was of any moment, it was supposed, might be reduced under the head of religion, policy, or morals.

'Of the differences in RELIGION there was no 'occasion to speak; the case was so fully known 'to all, and so feelingly understood by Christians, in

Application of 'common sense' to (i) Religion,

[1] The difficulty in the text may be solved by remembering that while mankind are not agreed about the general principles or axioms of knowledge or of conduct there is very little practical disagreement in matters of detail and experience. And it is about these matters of detail and practical acquaintance that 'common sense' and the average 'conscience' of men are most properly concerned. The *general principles* of knowledge, 'the final ends' of virtue and morality, if they are ever to be settled, must be settled by the speculative philosopher and the professional thinker, *not* by the 'common sense' of men.—ED.

'particular, among themselves. They had made 'sound experiment upon one another: each party 'in their turn. No endeavours had been wanting 'on the side of any particular sect. Whichever 'chanced to have the power failed not of putting all 'means in execution to make their private sense the 'public one. But all in vain. *Common* sense was 'as hard still to determine as *catholic* or *orthodox*. 'What with one was inconceivable mystery, to 'another was of easy comprehension. What to one 'was absurdity, to another was demonstration.

(ii) *to politics,* 'As for POLICY, what sense, or whose, could be 'called *common*, was equally a question. If plain 'British or Dutch sense were right, Turkish and 'French sense must certainly be very wrong. And 'as mere nonsense as passive obedience seemed, we 'found it to be the common sense of a great party 'amongst ourselves, a greater party in Europe, and 'perhaps the greatest part of all the world besides.

(iii) *to morals.* 'As for MORALS, the difference, if possible, was 'still wider.[1] For, without considering the opinions

[1] If the '*historical method*' of inquiry be applied to the argument in the text, it will be seen that it is the surroundings, the prominence given to particular truths at particular times, the intellectual 'stand-points' of nations that have changed, not their practical habits or powers of perception. In particular ages the circumstances of society have not admitted of the development of particular virtues; or, may be, those circumstances have been so rude that practices have been in vogue which to the refinement of more civilised epochs have appeared as vices. But admitting these broad differences, inseparable from the development of society, the practical conduct of men has, as a matter of fact, been generally amenable to the rational instincts of good sense. But this doctrine of common sense must not be over-loaded or strained

'and customs of the many barbarous and illiterate 'nations, we saw that even the few who had at- 'tained to riper letters, and to philosophy, could 'never as yet agree on one and the same system, 'or acknowledge the same moral principles. And 'some even of our most admired modern philoso- 'phers had fairly told us that virtue and vice had, 'after all, no other law or measure than mere fashion 'and vogue.'

It might have appeared perhaps unfair in our friends, had they treated only the graver subjects in this manner, and suffered the lighter to escape. For in the gayer part of life our follies are as solemn as in the most serious. The fault is, we carry the laugh but half way. The *false earnest* is ridiculed, but the *false jest* passes secure and becomes as errant deceit as the other. Our diversions, our plays, our amusements become solemn. We dream of happinesses, and possessions, and enjoyments, in which we have no understanding, no certainty; and yet we pursue these as the best known and most certain things in the world. There is nothing so foolish and deluding as a *partial scepticism*.[1] For whilst the doubt is cast only on one side, the certainty grows so much stronger on the other. Whilst only one face of folly appears ridiculous, the other grows more solemn and deceiving.

Folly of a partial scepticism.

so as to embrace common 'principles,' or 'common opinions,' or 'universal beliefs' of men. Common sense is in fact little more than a sense of congruity, or fitness, or logical sequence, and such a sense cannot but grow up among men even in the most rudimentary conditions of civilization.—ED.

[1] See Treatise V. ii. 1.

But it was not thus with our friends. They seemed better critics, and more ingenious and fair in their way of questioning received opinions and exposing the ridicule of things. And if you will allow me to carry on their humour, I will venture to make the experiment throughout, and try what certain knowledge or assurance of things may be recovered, in that very way, by which all certainty, you thought, was lost, and an endless scepticism introduced.

PART II.

SECTION I.

Comparison of the world of opinion to a carnival.

IF a native of Ethiopia were on a sudden transported into Europe, and placed either at Paris or Venice at a time of carnival, when the general face of mankind was disguised, and almost every creature wore a mask, it is probable he would for some time be at a stand, before he discovered the cheat, not imagining that a whole people could be so fantastical, as, upon agreement, at an appointed time, to transform themselves by variety of habits, and make it a solemn practice to impose on one another, by this universal confusion of characters and persons. Though he might at first perhaps have looked upon this with a serious eye, it would be hardly possible for him to hold his countenance, when he had perceived what was carrying on. The Europeans, on their side, might laugh perhaps at this simplicity. But our Ethiopian would certainly laugh with better reason. It is easy to see which of the two would be ridiculous; for he who laughs, and is himself ridiculous, bears a double share of ridicule. However, should it so happen, that, in the transport of ridicule, our Ethiopian, having his head still running upon masks, and knowing nothing of the fair

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complexion and common dress of the Europeans, should, upon the sight of a natural face and habit, laugh just as heartily as before; would not he in his turn become ridiculous, by carrying the jest too far, when by a silly presumption he took nature for mere art, and mistook perhaps a man of sobriety and sense for one of those ridiculous mummers?

Intellectual liberty of ancient times.

There was a time when men were accountable only for their actions and behaviour.[1] Their opinions were left to themselves. They had liberty to differ in these, as in their faces. Every one took the air and look which was natural to him. But, in process of time, it was thought decent to mend men's countenances, and render their intellectual complexions uniform, and of a sort. Thus the magistrate became *a dresser*, and in his turn was *dressed* too, as he deserved, when he had given up his power to a new order of *tiremen*. But though, in this extraordinary conjuncture, it was agreed that there was *only one* certain and true dress, *one* single peculiar air, to which it was necessary all people should conform, yet the misery was, that neither the magistrate, nor the *tiremen* themselves, could resolve, which of the various modes was the exact true one.

Difficulty of enforcing religious uniformity.

[1] It was of course highly advantageous that men's *opinions* should be left to themselves. But what if no one cared to exercise their liberty? There were few laws or penalties against the religious dissenter; but the real reason was that there were no religious dissenters, or dissent was under a subtle form of philosophy which the general public could not understand, and hence did not provide against. In fact the conditions of life and opinion were so different in ancient times to what they are now, that all comparisons between them are likely to be based on a fallacy. —ED.

Imagine now, what the effect of this must needs be, when men became persecuted thus on every side about their air and feature, and were put to their shifts how to adjust and compose their mien, according to the right mode, when a thousand models, a thousand patterns of dress, were current, and altered every now and then, upon occasion, according to fashion and the humour of the times. Judge whether men's countenances were not like to grow constrained, and the natural visage of mankind, by this habit, distorted, convulsed, and rendered hardly knowable.[1]

Tendency of the mind to preserve its natural features and complexion.

But as unnatural or artificial as the general face of things may have been rendered by this unhappy care of dress, and over-tenderness for the safety of complexions, we must not therefore imagine, that all faces are alike besmeared or plaistered. All is not *fucus*, or mere varnish. Nor is the face of truth less fair and beautiful, for all the counterfeit vizors which have been put upon her. We must remember the *carnival*, and what the occasion has been of this wild concourse and medley; who were the institutors of it, and to what purpose men were thus set a-work and amused. We may laugh sufficiently at the original cheat, and, if pity will suffer us, may make ourselves diversion enough with the folly and

[1] It may be well to mention here, that both in theory and in fact the Areopagus at Athens and the Senate at Rome took cognizance of religious questions, and exercised a general censorship of irreligious opinions and manners. Compare Mr. GROTE's remarks on PLATO'S *Laws*, where the philosopher lays it down that religious persecution is a duty of the magistrate.—ED.

madness of those who are thus caught, and practised on, by these impostures. But we must remember withal our Ethiopian, and beware lest, by taking plain nature for a vizor, we become more ridiculous than the people whom we ridicule. Now, if a jest or ridicule thus strained be capable of leading the judgment so far astray, it is probable that an excess of fear or honour may work the same effect.

Religion cannot gain by fraud, as was seen in the case of the Magi in Asia.

Had it been your fortune, my friend, to have lived in Asia at the time when the Magi,[1] by an egregious imposture,[2] got possession of the empire, no doubt you would have had a detestation of the act; and perhaps the very persons of the men might have grown so odious to you, that, after all the cheats and abuses they had committed, you might have seen them dispatched with as relentless an

[1] See Treatise VI. ii. 1.

[2] The account which Shaftesbury gives of the Magi is inaccurate in many important points. The historical events connected with the accession of the Magi to power are briefly as follows:—Cambyses, the Persian king, was engaged in the subjugation of Ægypt, and, in the meantime, the Magi, who represented the general beliefs of the masses, and who were chafed to see their religion supplanted by Zoroastrianism, gave out that Cambyses was dead, and that Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, was the rightful successor to the throne. Cambyses hurried back, but when he heard that it was a general rising of the Magi against him, knowing their power, he committed suicide. Hereupon the pseudo-Smerdis grew bolder; secured the allegiance of the subject-races by remitting their tribute, established the Magi as a Priest-caste, and destroyed the Zoroastrian temples. He was eventually discovered, and the Persian nobles regained their influence under the leadership of Darius. There was a great slaughter of the Magi (*μαγοφονία*), the anniversary of which was kept as a festival in the Persian calendar.—ED.

eye as our later European ancestors saw the destruction of a like politic body of conjurors, the *Knights Templars*, who were almost become an overmatch for the civil sovereign. Your indignation perhaps might have carried you to propose the razing all monuments and memorials of these magicians. You might have resolved not to leave so much as their houses standing. But if it had happened, that these magicians, in the time of their dominion, had made any collection of books, or compiled any themselves, in which they had treated of philosophy, or morals, or any other science, or part of learning, would you have carried your resentment so far as to have extirpated these also, and condemned every opinion or doctrine they had espoused, for no other reason than merely because they had espoused it? Hardly a Scythian, a Tartar, or a Goth, would act or reason so absurdly. Much less would you, my friend, have carried on this *magophony*, or priest-massacre, with such a barbarous zeal. For, in good earnest, to destroy a philosophy in hatred to a man, implies as errant a Tartar notion, as to destroy or murder a man, in order to plunder him of his wit, and get the inheritance of his understanding.

Common accusations

I must confess, indeed, that had all the institutions, statutes, and regulations of this ancient hierarchy[1]

[1] By way of contrast to this account, it may be interesting to some to read Professor RAWLINSON'S account of the Median worship. 'Magism was essentially the worship of the elements,' the recognition of fire, air, earth, and water, as the only proper objects of human reverence. The Magi held no personal gods, and therefore naturally rejected temples, shrines, and images as

against the Magian morality.

resembled the fundamental one,[1] of the order itself, they might with a great deal of justice have been suppressed: for one cannot without some abhorrence read that law of theirs,

Nam Magus ex matre et gnato gignatur oportet.[2]

Possibly the teaching of the Magi was better than their practice.

But the conjurors (as we will rather suppose) having considered that they ought in their principle to appear as fair as possible to the world, the better to conceal their practice, found it highly for their interest to espouse some excellent moral rules, and establish the very best maxims of this kind. They thought it for their advantage perhaps, on their first setting out, to recommend the greatest purity of religion, the greatest integrity of life and manners. They may perhaps too, in general, have preached up charity and good-will. They may have set to view the fairest face of human nature, and, together with their byelaws and political institutions, have

tending to encourage the notion that Gods existed of like nature with man, *i.e.* possessing personality, living and intelligent beings. Theirs was a nature worship, but a nature worship of a very peculiar kind. They did not place the Gods over the different parts of nature like the Greeks; they did not even personify the powers of nature like the Hindoos; they paid their devotion to the actual material things themselves. Fire as the most subtle and ethereal principle; and, again, as the most powerful agent attracted their highest regards.'—ED.

[1] Πέρσαι δὲ καὶ μάλιστα αὐτῶν οἱ σοφίαν ἀσκεῖν δοκοῦντες οἱ Μάγοι γαμοῦσι τὰς μητέρας.—SEXT. EMPIR. *Pyr.* lib. 3. cap. 24.

[2] CATULL. 87. The authorities for this serious charge against the Magi are most unsatisfactory—Xanthus Lydus (or some one who assumed his name) and the notorious Ctesias. Nothing is said about it by Herodotus; nor is the fact probable on any ground. Cf. RAWLINSON'S *Ancient Monarchies*, vol. iii. p. 134.—ED.

interwove the honestest morals and best doctrine in the world.

How therefore should we have behaved ourselves in this affair? How should we have carried ourselves towards this order of men, at the time of the discovery of their cheat, and ruin of their empire?[1] Should we have fallen to work instantly with their systems, struck at their opinions and doctrines without distinction, and erected a contrary philosophy in their teeth? Should we have flown at every religious and moral principle, denied every natural and social affection, and rendered men as much wolves[2] as was possible to one another, whilst we

[1] The general effect of the Magian worship, in its moral and spiritual bearings, is estimated very highly by Professor RAWLINSON. 'Upon the whole,' he says, 'Magism, though less elevated and less pure than the old Zoroastrian creed, must be pronounced to have possessed a certain loftiness and picturesqueness which suited it to become the religion of a great and splendid monarchy. The mysterious fire-altars on the mountain-tops with their prestige of a remote antiquity—the ever-burning flame believed to have been kindled from on high—the worship in the open air under the blue canopy of heaven—the long troops of Magians in their white robes, with their strange caps and their mystic wands—the frequent prayers, the abundant sacrifices—the long incantations, the supposed prophetic powers of the priest-caste—all this together constituted an imposing whole, at once to the eye and to the mind, and was calculated to give additional grandeur to the civil system that should be allied with it. Pure Zoroastrianism was too spiritual to coalesce readily with Oriental luxury and magnificence, or to lend strength to a government based on the ordinary principles of Asiatic despotism. Magism gratified the religious scrupulosity which finds pleasure in making to itself difficulties by the disallowance of a thousand natural acts, and the composition of numberless rules for external purity.'—*Ancient Monarchies*, vol. iii. p. 134.—ED.

[2] Pt. iii. 3 and Treatise V. ii. 4.

described them such, and endeavoured to make them see themselves by far more monstrous and corrupt, than with the worst intentions it was ever possible for the worst of them to become?—This, you will say, doubtless would have been a very preposterous part, and could never have been acted by other than mean spirits, such as had been held in awe, and over-frighted by the Magi.[1]

Intolerance advocated by Hobbes.

And yet an able and witty philosopher[2] of our nation was, we know, of late years, so possessed with a horror of this kind, that, both with respect to politics and morals, he directly acted in this spirit of *massacre*. The fright he took upon the sight of the then governing powers, who unjustly assumed the authority of the people, gave him such an abhorrence of all popular government, and of the very notion of liberty itself, that, to extinguish it for ever, he recommends the very extinguishing of letters, and exhorts princes not to spare so much as an ancient Roman or Greek historian.—Is not this in truth somewhat *Gothic*? And has not our philosopher, in appearance, something of the savage, that he should use philosophy and learning as the Scy-

[1] Treatise VI. ii. 2 (notes).

[2] Mr. HOBBES, who thus expresses himself: '*By reading of these Greek and Latin authors, men, from their childhood, have gotten a habit (under a false show of liberty) of favouring tumults, and of licentious controlling the actions of their sovereigns.*'—*Leviathan*, part 2. chap. 21. p. 111. By this reasoning of Mr. Hobbes it should follow, that there can never be any tumults or deposing of sovereigns at Constantinople, or in Mogul. See again p. 171 and 377, and what he intimates to his Prince (p. 193), concerning this extirpation of ancient literature in favour of his Leviathan hypothesis and new philosophy.

thians are said to have used Anacharsis and others, for having visited the wise of Greece, and learned the manners of a polite people?

Hobbes thought that religion should be an affair of government.

His quarrel with religion was the same as with liberty. The same times gave him the same terror in this other kind. He had nothing before his eyes besides the ravage of *enthusiasm*, and the artifice of those who raised and conducted that spirit. And the good sociable man, as savage and unsociable as he would make himself and all mankind appear by his philosophy, exposed himself during his life, and took the utmost pains, that after his death we might be delivered from the occasion of these terrors. He did his utmost to show us, 'that, both in religion and morals, we were imposed on by our governors; that there was nothing which by nature inclined us either way; nothing which naturally drew us to the love of what was without, or beyond ourselves:'[1] though the love of such great truths and sovereign maxims as he imagined these to be, made him the most laborious of all men in composing systems of this kind for our use, and forced him, notwithstanding his natural fear, to run continually the highest risk of being a martyr for our deliverance.

Persecution as a theory and as a fact.

Give me leave therefore, my friend, on this occasion, to prevent your seriousness, and assure you, that there is no such mighty danger as we are apt to imagine from these fierce persecutors of superstition, who are so jealous of every religious or moral principle. Whatever savages they may appear in

[1] See Treatise IV. ii. 1.

philosophy, they are in their common capacity as civil persons as one can wish. Their free communicating of their principles may witness for them. It is the height of sociableness to be thus friendly and communicative.

Principles only dangerous when passion is infused into them.

If the principles, indeed, were concealed from us, and made a mystery, they might become considerable. Things are often made so, by being kept as secrets of a sect or party; and nothing helps this more than the antipathy and shyness of a contrary party. If we fall presently into horrors and consternation, upon the hearing maxims which are thought poisonous, we are in no disposition to use that familiar and easy part of reason, which is the best antidote. The only poison to reason is passion. For false reasoning is soon redressed, where passion is removed. But if the very hearing certain propositions of philosophy be sufficient to move our passion, it is plain, the poison has already gained on us, and we are effectually prevented in the use of our reasoning faculty.

Imaginary dialogue between two philosophers.

Were it not for the prejudices of this kind, what should hinder us from diverting ourselves with the fancy of one of these modern reformers we have been speaking of? What should we say to one of these anti-zealots, who, in the zeal of such a cool philosophy, should assure us faithfully, 'That we 'were the most mistaken men in the world, to 'imagine there was any such thing as *natural* faith 'or justice; for that it was only force and power 'which constituted right; that there was no such 'thing in reality as virtue, no principle of order in

'things above, or below, no secret charm or force 'of nature, by which every one was made to operate, 'willingly or unwillingly, towards public good, and 'punished and tormented if he did otherwise?'— Is not this the very *charm* itself? Is not the gentleman at this instant under the power of it?[1]— 'Sir! the philosophy you have condescended to 'reveal to us, is most extraordinary. We are be-'holden to you for your instruction. But, pray, 'whence is this zeal in our behalf? *What are we*

[1] This view of the reality of natural affection is criticised by Dr. MANDEVILLE in a tract entitled 'A Search into the Nature of Society' (appended to the *Fable of the Bees*). He says: 'A late author, who is now much read by men of sense, imagines that men without any trouble or violence upon themselves may be naturally virtuous. He seems to require and expect goodness in his species as we do a sweet taste in grapes and China oranges, of which, if any of them are sour, we boldly pronounce that they are not come to that perfection their nature is capable of. This noble writer (for it is the Lord Shaftesbury I mean in his *Characteristics*) fancies that as man is made for society, so he ought to be born with a kind affection to the whole of which he is a part, and a propensity to seek the welfare of it. In pursuance of this supposition he calls every action performed with regard to the public good virtuous, and all selfishness, wholly excluding such a regard, vice. In respect to our species he looks upon virtue and vice as permanent realities that must ever be the same in all countries and all ages, and imagines that a man of sound understanding, by following the rules of good sense, may not only find out that *pulchrum* and *honestum* both in morality and in the works of art and nature, but likewise govern himself by his reason with as much ease and readiness as a good rider manages a well-taught horse by the bridle. . . . His notions, I confess, are generous and refined: they are a high compliment to human kind, and capable, by the help of a little enthusiasm, of inspiring us with the most noble sentiments concerning the dignity of our exalted nature. *What a pity it is that they are not true!*'—ED.

'*to you?* Are you our father? Or if you were, 'why this concern for us? Is there then such a 'thing as *natural affection?* If not, why all this 'pains, why all this danger on our account? Why 'not keep this secret to yourself? Of what advan-'tage is it to you to deliver us from the cheat? 'The more are taken in it, the better. It is directly 'against your interest to undeceive us, and let us 'know that only private interest governs you, and 'that nothing nobler, or of a larger kind, should 'govern us whom you converse with. Leave us 'to ourselves, and to that notable art by which we 'are happily tamed, and rendered thus mild and 'sheepish: it is not fit we should know, that by 'nature we are all wolves. Is it possible that one 'who has really discovered himself such, should take 'pains to communicate such a discovery?'

SECTION II.

Knavery compelled to assume the garb of morality.

IN reality, my friend, a severe brow may well be spared on this occasion, when we are put thus upon the defence of common honesty, by such fair honest gentlemen, who are in practice so different from what they would appear in speculation. Knaves I know there are in notion and principle, as well as in practice, who think all honesty, as well as religion, a mere cheat, and, by a very consistent reasoning, have resolved deliberately to do whatever by power or art they are able for their private advantage. But such as these never open themselves in friendship to others. They have no such passion for truth, or love for mankind. They have no quarrel with religion or morals,[1] but know what

[1] Cf. FENELON (*Demonstration of the Existence of God*, c. lvi.). 'The most wicked and abandoned of men cannot be brought to esteem what they *wish* they could esteem, or to despise what they wish they could despise. It is not possible to force the external barrier of Truth and Justice. The inward Master called Reason, intimately checks the attempt with absolute power, and knows how to set bounds to the most impudent folly of men. Though vice has for many ages reigned with unbridled licentiousness, *Virtue is still called Virtue*, and the most brutish and rash of her adversaries cannot yet deprive her of her name. Hence it is that vice, though triumphant in the world, is still obliged to disguise itself under the mask of hypocrisy, or sham honesty, to gain the esteem it has not the confidence to expect if it should go barefaced.

use to make of both, upon occasion. If they ever discover their principles, it is only at unawares. They are sure to preach honesty, and go to church.

While others, who seem to speak ill of human nature love it well.

On the other side, the gentlemen for whom I am apologizing, cannot however be called hypocrites. They speak as ill of themselves as they possibly can. If they have hard thoughts of human nature, it is a proof still of their humanity, that they give such warning to the world. If they represent men by nature treacherous and wild, it is out of care for mankind, lest by being too tame and trusting, they should easily be caught.

Some wish only to abuse nature, others to improve it.

Impostors naturally speak the best of human nature, that they may the easier abuse it. These gentlemen, on the contrary, speak the worst; and had rather they themselves should be censured with the rest, than that a few should by imposture prevail over the many. For it is opinion of goodness[1] which creates easiness of trust; and by trust we are betrayed to power, our very reason being thus captivated by those in whom we come insensibly to have an implicit faith. But supposing one another

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Thus, notwithstanding its impudence, it pays a forced homage to virtue by endeavouring to adorn itself with her fairest outside, in order to receive the honour and respect she commands from men. It is true that virtuous men are exposed to censure, and they are indeed ever reprehensible in this life through their natural imperfections. But yet the most vicious cannot totally efface in themselves the idea of true virtue. *There never was yet any man upon earth that could prevail, either upon others or himself, to allow as a received maxim that to be knavish, passionate, and mischievous is more honourable than to be honest, moderate, good-natured, and benevolent.*'—ED.

[1] Treatise V. ii. 5 and Treatise VI. ii. 3.

to be by nature such very savages, we shall take care to come less in one another's power, and apprehending power to be insatiably coveted by all, we shall the better fence against the evil, not by giving all into one hand, as the champion of this cause would have us, but, on the contrary, by a right division and balance of power, and by the restraint of good laws and limitations, which may secure the public liberty.

These moral paradoxes only advanced as outworks against dogmatism.

Should you therefore ask me, whether I really thought these gentlemen were fully persuaded of the principles they so often advance in company, I should tell you, that though I would not absolutely arraign the gentlemen's sincerity, yet there was something of mystery in the case more than was imagined. The reason, perhaps, why men of wit delight so much to espouse these paradoxical systems, is not in truth that they are so fully satisfied with them, but in a view the better to oppose some other systems, which, by their fair appearance, have helped, they think, to bring mankind under subjection. They imagine, that by this general scepticism, which they would introduce, they shall better deal with the dogmatical spirit which prevails in some particular subjects. And when they have accustomed men to bear contradiction in the main, and hear the nature of things disputed at large; it may be safer, they conclude, to argue separately, upon certain nice points in which they are not altogether so well satisfied. So that from hence perhaps you may still better apprehend, why, in conversation, the spirit of raillery prevails so much, and notions are taken up, for no reason besides their being odd, and out of the way.

SECTION III.

Comparative influence of good humour and of awe upon the imagination.

BUT let who will condemn the humour thus described: for my part, I am in no such apprehension from this sceptical kind of wit. Men indeed may, in a serious way, be so wrought on, and confounded, by different modes of opinion, different systems and schemes imposed by authority, that they may wholly lose all notion or comprehension of truth. I can easily apprehend what effect awe has over men's understandings. I can very well suppose, men may be frighted out of their wits, but I have no apprehension they should be *laughed* out of them. I can hardly imagine, that in a pleasant way they should ever be talked out of their love for society, or reasoned out of humanity and common sense. A mannerly wit can hurt no cause or interest for which I am in the least concerned, and philosophical speculations politely managed, can never surely render mankind more unsociable or uncivilized. This is not the quarter from whence I can possibly expect an inroad of savageness and barbarity. And, by the best of my observation, I have learned, that virtue is never such a sufferer by being contested, as by being betrayed. My fear is not so much from its witty antagonists, who give it exercise, and put it on its defence, as from its tender nurses, who are

apt to overlay it, and kill it with excess of care and cherishing.

External advantages diminish the independent value of virtue.

I have known a building, which, by the officiousness of the workmen, has been so shored and screwed up, on the side where they pretended it had a leaning, that it has at last been turned the contrary way and overthrown. There has something perhaps of this kind happened in morals. Men have not been contented to show the natural advantages of honesty and virtue. They have rather lessened these, the better, as they thought, to advance another foundation. They have made virtue so mercenary a thing, and have talked so much of its rewards, that one can hardly tell what there is in it, after all, which can be worth rewarding. For to be bribed only, or terrified into an honest practice, bespeaks little of real honesty or worth. We may make, it is true, whatever bargain we think fit, and may bestow in favour what overplus we please. But there can be no excellence or wisdom in voluntarily rewarding what is neither estimable nor deserving. And if virtue be not really estimable in itself, I can see nothing estimable in following it for the sake of a bargain.

If the love of doing good be not, *of itself*, a good and right inclination, I know not how there can possibly be such a thing as goodness or virtue. If the inclination be right, it is a perverting of it, to apply it solely to the reward, and make us conceive such wonders of the grace and favour which is to attend virtue, when there is so little shown of the intrinsic worth or value of the thing itself.

Human virtues seem to be their own reward in Scripture.

I could be almost tempted to think that the true reason why some of the most heroic virtues have so little notice taken of them in our holy religion, is, because there would have been no room left for *disinterestedness*, had they been entitled to a share of that infinite reward which providence has by revelation assigned to other duties. Private friendship,[1]

[1] There is, however, a point of view which is more subtle and of more universal application, in which the Bible may be seen to be the great repertory of moral and public virtues. *Principles* were given which had to be unfolded with the development of society. Patriotism was not directly inculcated, because society was in that state of transition in which the exercise of it was not then possible: the kingdoms of the world were being merged in a universal empire. But what is the basis of patriotism?—self-denial, or a power of self-sacrifice, combined with a sense of duty. Accordingly, Christians were bidden 'to submit themselves to the higher powers,' as being 'ordained of GOD;' and an unselfish love for others was of the very essence of their faith. Hence, as a matter of history, 'the heroic virtues' have flourished nowhere so well as among Christians. Fortitude in trial, combined with patience in suffering, is a far better preparation for the practice of great virtues than the projected selfishness of the heathen, who was heroic that he might win glory, and patriotic that he might have peace. It is the great glory of Christianity as the Religion of humanity, that its principles do not change with the changes of society, but admit of application to every relation in which man may be thrown with his fellows. There is a very fine passage in TISSOT's *Méditations Morales*, p. 207 (Paris, 1860), which may be quoted here: 'La patrie est restée sainte et sacrée; mais la charité chrétienne, en faisant de tous les hommes des frères, en établissant la grande cité humaine, en abolissant en droit les distinctions antihumanitaires et antisociales de Grecs et de barbares, de Romains et d'étrangers (*hostis*), de maîtres et d'esclaves, a par là même affaibli des affections qui ne devaient une partie de leur force qu'à des haines qu'elle étouffait jusque dans leur principe. Elle a donc résolu ces affections partielles dans une affection supérieure. Et cette affection, pour être moins vive peut-être parce

and zeal[1] for the public and our country, are virtues purely voluntary in a Christian. They are no essen-

qu'elle est sans haine et sans fanatisme, n'est certes pas moins féconde en bienfaits.'—ED.

[1] By 'private friendship' no fair reader can here suppose is meant that *common benevolence* and *charity* which every Christian is obliged to show towards all men, and in particular towards his fellow-Christians, his neighbour, brother, and kindred, of whatever degree; but that *peculiar relation* which is formed by a consent and harmony of minds, by mutual esteem, and reciprocal tenderness and affection; and which we emphatically call a *friendship*. Such was that between the two Jewish heroes after mentioned, whose love and tenderness was surpassing that of women [2 SAMUEL, chap. 1]. Such were those friendships described so frequently by poets, between Pylades and Orestes, Theseus and Pirithous, with many others. Such were those between philosophers, heroes, and the greatest of men; between Socrates and Antisthenes, Plato and Dion, Epaminondas and Pelopidas, Scipio and Lælius, Cato and Brutus, Thrasea and Helvidius. And such there may have lately been, and are still perhaps in our own age; though envy suffers not the few examples of this kind to be remarked in public. The author's meaning is indeed so plain of itself that it needs no explanatory apology to satisfy an impartial reader. As for others who object the singularity of the assertion, as differing, they suppose, from what our reverend doctors in religion commonly maintain, they may read what the learned and pious Bishop TAYLOR says in his treatise of friendship. 'You inquire,' says he, 'how far a dear and a perfect friendship is authorized by the principles of Christianity? To this I answer, That the word friendship, in the sense we commonly mean by it, is not so much as named in the New Testament; and our religion takes no notice of it. You think it strange; but read on, before you spend so much as the beginning of a passion or a wonder upon it. There is mention of 'friendship of the world;' and it is said to 'be enmity with God:' but the word is nowhere else named, or to any other purpose, in all the New Testament. It speaks of friends often; but by *friends* are meant our acquaintance, or our kindred, the relatives of our family, or our fortune, or our sect, &c.——And I think I have reason to be confident that the word friend (speaking of human intercourse) is no otherwise

tial parts of his charity. He is not so tied to the affairs of this life, nor is he obliged to enter into such engagements with this lower world, as are of no help to him in acquiring a better. 'His conversation is in heaven.' Nor has he occasion for such supernumerary cares or embarrassments here on earth, as may obstruct his way thither, or retard him in the careful task of working out his own salvation.[1]

used in the gospels, or epistles, or acts of the apostles.' And afterwards, 'Christian charity (says he) is friendship to *all* the world: and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning-glass: but Christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun, when it mounts above the eastern hills.' In reality the good Bishop draws all his notions as well as examples of private friendship from the Heathen world, or from the times preceding Christianity. And, after citing a Greek author, he immediately adds, 'Of such immortal, abstracted, pure friendships, indeed, there is no great plenty; but they who are the same to their friend ἀπόπροθεν, when he is in another country, or in another world, are fit to preserve the sacred fire for eternal sacrifices, and to perpetuate the memory of those exemplary friendships of the best men which have filled the world with history and wonder: for in no other sense but this can it be true that friendships are pure loves, regarding to do good more than to receive it. He that is a friend after death, hopes not for a recompense from his friend, and makes no bargain either for fame or love, but is rewarded with the conscience and satisfaction of doing bravely.'

[1] Christianity is not really the ascetic selfishness that is implied by Shaftesbury's account. *The exercise of Christian principles involves every human virtue.* The picture drawn by St. Paul (1 COR. xiii.) of the practical aspects of the virtue of love, is the very apotheosis of humanity: 'Charity suffereth long and is kind, charity envieth not, is not puffed up, doth not behave herself unseemly, *seeketh not her own*, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' What friendship could be purer, more disinterested, or nobler, than one

If, nevertheless, any portion of reward be reserved hereafter, for the generous part of a patriot, or that of a thorough friend, this is still behind the curtain, and happily concealed from us, that we may be the more deserving of it when it comes.

Patriotism cherished as a distinct virtue by the Jews.

It appears indeed under the Jewish dispensation that each of these virtues had their illustrious examples, and were in some manner recommended to us as honourable and worthy our imitation. Even Saul himself, as ill a prince as he is represented, appears, both living and dying, to have been respected and praised for the love he bore his native country. And the love which was so remarkable between his son and his successor gives us a noble view of a disinterested friendship, at least on one side. But the heroic virtue of these persons had only the common reward of praise attributed to it,

based on such an ideal of Christian character? The distinction which Tissot draws between patriotism and selfishness holds also *mutatis mutandis* between Christian friendship and worldly or selfish friendship. 'L'amour de la patrie doit être profondément distingué de l'égoïsme personnel de parti ou de classe, qui se décore si souvent de ce beau nom. Le patriotisme unit, l'égoïsme divise; le patriotisme se fonde sur la justice, l'égoïsme sur la passion; le patriotisme véritable n'exclut les intérêts légitimes de personne, l'égoïsme de parti ne voit que les siens et déclare la guerre aux autres; le patriotisme vrai tient de l'amour et de la bienfaisance; le faux, de la haine, du vol et du meurtre; le vrai est héroïque et dévoué comme l'enthousiasme, ou tranquille et modéré comme la bonne conscience, suivant que le péril est grand et imminent, ou qu'il n'est ni présent ni sérieux; le faux, suivant qu'il est déchaîné ou contenu, se montre audacieux et criminel, personnel et partial comme la passion sans grandeur ou comme la conscience mauvaise et impuissante.'—*Méditations morales*, p. 208.—ED.

and could not claim a future recompense under a religion which taught no future state, nor exhibited any rewards or punishments besides such as were temporal and had respect to the written law.

And thus the Jews[1] as well as Heathens were left to their philosophy, to be instructed in the sublime part of virtue, and induced by reason to that which was never enjoined them by command. No premium or penalty being enforced in these cases, the disinterested part subsisted, the virtue was a free choice, and the magnanimity of the act was left

[1] It may be doubted whether the patriotism of the Jews was of the same type as the patriotism of other nations. The love of country was not a selfish love of citizenship and national aggrandisement, but was a religious instinct, associated with the traditions of a local worship. 'Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy gates. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will wish thee prosperity.' Christian patriotism, on the other hand, makes the local element very slightly of consequence; it is rather the duty of 'rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and weeping with them that weep,' that is chiefly insisted upon because it has all the strength and beauty without any of the narrowness of ordinary patriotism. There are some admirable remarks in Prof. JOWETT'S *Essay on the Character of St. Paul*, which may be quoted to show how the lower relations of life were absorbed in the higher conceptions of the Apostolic ideal: 'There is no reason to suppose that the Apostle took any interest in the daily life of men, in the great events which were befalling the Roman Empire, or in the temporal fortunes of the Jewish people. But when they came before him as sinners, lying in the darkness and shadow of God's wrath, ignorant of the mystery that was being revealed before their eyes, then his love was quickened for them, then they seemed to him as his kindred and brethren; then there was no sacrifice too great for him to make; he was willing to die with Christ, yea, even to be accursed from Him that he might save some of them.'—*Epistles*, i. p. 363.—ED.

entire. He who would be generous, had the means. He who would frankly serve his friend or country, at the expense even of his life, might do it on fair terms.[1] *Dulce et decorum est*[2] was his sole reason. It was inviting and becoming;[3] it was good and honest. And that this is still a good reason, and according to common sense, I will endeavour to satisfy you. For I should think myself very ridiculous to be angry with any one for thinking me dishonest, if I could give no account of my honesty, nor show upon what principle I differed from a knave.[4]

[1] 'Peradventure,' says the holy Apostle, 'for a good man one would even dare to die,' τάχα τις καὶ τολμᾷ, &c.—ROM. v. 7. This the Apostle judiciously supposes to belong to human nature; though he is so far from founding any precept upon it that he ushers his private opinion with a very dubious peradventure.

[2] HORAT. *Od.* III. ii.

[3] Cf. also ARISTOTLE, *Eth. Nic.* ix. 8 (Mr. CHASE'S edition): 'Of the good man it is true, likewise, that he does many things for the sake of his friends and his country, *even to the extent of dying for them, if need be:* for money and honours, and in short all the good things which others fight for, he will throw away while eager to secure to himself the καλόν. He will prefer a brief and great joy to a tame and enduring one, and to live nobly for one year rather than ordinarily for many, and one great and noble action to many trifling ones. And this is, perhaps, that which befalls men who die for their country and friends; they choose great glory for themselves, and they will lavish their own money, that their friends may receive more; for hereby the friend gets the money, but the man himself the καλόν; so, in fact, he gives to himself the greater good. It is the same with honours and offices; all these things he will give up to his friend, because this reflects honour and praise on himself; and so, with good reason, is he esteemed a fine character, since *he chooses the honourable before all things else.* It is possible also to give up the opportunities of action to a friend; and to have caused a friend's doing a thing, may be more noble than having done it one's sêlf.'—ED.

[4] *Infra*, iv. 1, par. 3, 4; and Treatise III. i. 2, par. 2.

PART III.

SECTION I.

Want of 'sensus communis' in Imperial Rome.

THE Roman satirist may be thought more than ordinarily satirical, when speaking of the nobility and court, he is so far from allowing them to be the standard of politeness and good sense, that he makes them in a manner the reverse :

> Rarus enim ferme *sensus communis* in illa
> Fortuna[1] . . . . .

Doubt as to the precise

Some of the most ingenious commentators,[2] however, interpret this very differently from what is generally

[1] JUV. *Sat.* VIII. v. 73.

[2] Viz. the two CASAUBONS, Is. and MER. SALMASIUS, and our English GATAKER. See the first in CAPITOLINUS, *vit. M. Ant.*, *sub finem* ; the second in his comment on *M. Ant. lib.* 1, § 13 and 16 ; GATAKER on the same place ; and SALMASIUS, in the same life of Capitolinus, at the end of his annotations. The Greek word is κοινονοημοσύνη, which Salmasius interprets, 'moderatam, usitatam, et ordinariam hominis mentem, quæ in commune quodammodo consulit, nec omnia ad commodum suum refert, respectumque etiam habet eorum cum quibus versatur, modeste modiceque de se sentiens. At contra inflati et superbi omnes se sibi tantum suisque commodis natos arbitrantur, et præ se cæteros contemnunt et negligunt ; et hi sunt qui sensum communem non habere recte dici possunt. Nam ita sensum communem accipit JUVENALIS, *Sat.* VIII. : " *Rarus enim ferme sensus communis*," &c. Φιλαθρωπίαν καὶ χρηστότητα Galenus vocat, quam Marcus de se loquens κοινονοημοσύνην ; et alibi, ubi de eadem re loquitur,

apprehended. They make this common sense of the poet, by a Greek derivation, to signify *sense of* *meaning of 'sensus communis.'*

μετριότητα καὶ εὐγνωμοσύνην, qua gratiam illi fecerit Marcus simul eundi ad Germanicum bellum, ac sequendi se.' In the same manner Isaac Casaubon. Herodianus (says he) calls this the τὸ μέτριον καὶ ἰσόμετρον. Subjicit vero Antoninus quasi hanc vocem interpretans, καὶ τὸ ἐφεῖσθαι τοῖς φίλοις μήτε συνδειπνεῖν αὐτῷ πάντως, μήτε συναποδημεῖν ἐπάναγκες. This, I am persuaded, is the *sensus communis* of HORACE (*Sat.* I. iii.), which has been unobserved, as far as I can learn, by any of his commentators; it being remarkable withal, that in this early satire of Horace, before his latter days, and when his philosophy as yet inclined to the less rigid assertions of virtue, he puts this expression, as may be seen by the whole satire taken together, into the mouth of a Crispinus, or some ridiculous mimic of that severe philosophy, to which the coinage of the word κοινονοημοσύνη properly belonged. For so the poet again (*Sat.* I. iv. 77) uses the word 'sensus,' speaking of those who, without sense of manners, or common society, without the least respect or deference to others, press rudely upon their friends and upon all company in general, without regard to time or place, or any thing besides their selfish and brutish humour.

. . . . Haud illud quærentes, num sine *sensu*,
Tempore num faciant alieno. . . . . .

ἀναισθητῶς, as old Lambin interprets it, though without any other explanation; referring only to the sensus communis of Horace in that other satire. Thus SENECA (*Epist.* 105): 'Odium autem ex offensa sic vitabis, neminem lacessendo gratuito: a quo te sensus communis tuebitur.' And CICERO accordingly, '*Justitiæ partes sunt, non violare homines: verecundiæ, non offendere*' (*De Off.* I.). It may be objected possibly by some, particularly versed in the philosophy above mentioned, that the κοινὸς νοῦς, to which the κοινονημοσύνη seems to have relation, is of a different meaning. But they will consider withal, how small the distinction was in that philosophy, between the ὑπόληψις, and the vulgar αἴσθησις; how generally 'passion' was by those philosophers brought under the head of 'opinion.' And when they consider, besides this, the very formation of the word κοινονοημοσύνη, upon the model of the other femalised virtues, the εὐγνωμοσύνη, σωφροσύνη, δικαιοσύνη, &c.,

public weal, and of the *common interest*, love of the community or society, natural affection, humanity, obligingness, or that sort of civility which rises from a just sense of the common rights of mankind, and the natural equality there is among those of the same species.

And indeed if we consider the thing nicely, it must seem somewhat hard in the poet to have denied wit or ability to a court such as that of Rome, even under a Tiberius or a Nero. But for humanity, or sense of public good, and the common interest of mankind, it was no such deep satire to question whether this was properly the spirit of a court. It was difficult to apprehend what *community* subsisted among courtiers, or what *public* between an absolute prince and his slave subjects. And for real *society*, there could be none between such as had no other sense than that of private good.

Extinction of public spirit at Rome.

Our poet therefore seems not so immoderate in his censure, if we consider it is the heart rather than the head he takes to task. When reflecting on a court-education, he thinks it unapt to raise any affection towards a country; and looks upon young princes and lords as the young masters of the world, who being indulged in all their passions, and trained up in all manner of licentiousness, have that

they will no longer hesitate on this interpretation. . . . . The reader may perhaps by this note see better why the Latin title of 'Sensus Communis' has been given to this second treatise. He may observe withal how the same poet JUVENAL uses the word sensus, in *Sat.* XV.: 'Hæc nostri pars optima sensus.'

thorough contempt and disregard of mankind, which mankind in a manner deserves, where arbitrary power is permitted and a tyranny adored.

> Hæc satis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama superbum
> Tradit, et inflatum, plenumque Nerone propinquo.[1]

Conditions of public-spiritedness.

A public spirit can come only from a social feeling or sense of partnership with human kind.[2] Now, there are none so far from being partners in this sense, or sharers in this common affection, as they who scarcely know an equal, nor consider themselves as subject to any law of fellowship or community. And thus morality and good government go together. There is no real love of virtue, without the knowledge of public good; and where absolute power is, there is no *public*.

Influence of tyranny in destroying public spirit.

They who live under a tyranny, and have learned to admire its power as sacred and divine, are debauched as much in their Religion as in their morals. Public good, according to their apprehension, is as

[1] Juv. *Sat.* VIII.

[2] Public spirit obviously depends also on the degree in which the community is induced to think that its own welfare depends on its own exertions, and hence to take an active and lively interest in the common weal. Where there is a despotism the people feel that their rulers will do all that is necessary for their own interests, and hence also for the interests of the general body. But in a *great* state there can be no true prosperity except where there is aspiration and effort on the part of the general body; and there cannot be either aspiration or effort where the people have the idea that everything will be done for them whatever they do or fail to do for themselves. There is more due to the influence of imagination in life than people ordinarily suppose, and in particular in patriotism people will not care for great things done by their country unless they have had themselves a direct and personal share in bringing those events to a successful issue.—Ed.

little the measure or rule of government in the universe as in the state. They have scarce a notion of what is good or just, other than as mere will and power have determined. Omnipotence, they think, would hardly be itself, were it not at liberty to dispense with the laws of equity,[1] and change at pleasure the standard of moral rectitude.

Instinctive veneration for authority.

But, notwithstanding the prejudices and corruptions of this kind, it is plain there is something still of a 'public principle,' even where it is most perverted and depressed. The worst of magistracies, the mere despotic kind, can show sufficient instances of zeal and affection towards it. Where no other government is known, it seldom fails of having that allegiance and duty paid it which is owing to a better form. The eastern countries, and many barbarous nations, have been and still are examples of this kind.[2] The personal love they bear their prince, however severe towards them, may show how natural an affection there is towards government and

[1] Treatise III. iii. 1.

[2] The feeling of loyalty is a complex state independent of the feeling of a public 'interest.' The veneration that the mind naturally has for those who are wiser and better than oneself is, in rudimentary states of society, extended also to those who are stronger and more powerful. Moreover, there is in the very nature of man a tendency to regard with awe those from whom one may receive benefits and honours. Hence the peculiarly complex nature of the association which is formed in the mind between power and duty, reverence and authority. The association is not so natural nor so independent as if it had been formed on the feeling of natural aspiration and the expansion of the benevolent and social instincts; but it is in fact a potent link in the chain of causation between law and order, authority and progress.—ED.

order among mankind. If men have really no public parent, no magistrate in common to cherish and protect them, they will still imagine they have such a one, and, like new-born creatures who have never seen their dam, will fancy one for themselves, and apply (as by nature prompted) to some like form for favour and protection. In the room of a true foster-father and chief, they will take after a false one, and in the room of a legal government and just prince, obey even a tyrant, and endure a whole lineage and succession of such.[1]

Advantages to Englishmen from their constitution.

As for us Britons, thank Heaven! we have a better sense of government delivered to us from our ancestors. We have the notion of a *public* and a *constitution*; how a legislative and how an executive is modelled. We understand weight and measure in this kind, and can reason justly on the *balance of power* and *property*. The maxims we draw from hence are as evident as those in mathematics. Our increasing knowledge shows us every day more and more what *common sense* is in politics; and this must, of necessity, lead us to understand a like sense in morals, which is the foundation.

[1] This tendency to make an idol of the actual, at the expense of the possible and the purely rational, is quite in the groove of popular opinion; but it should be regarded with great reserve. Political contentment is a blessing when contrasted with revolution and anarchy; but it must not be confounded with political stagnation and regression. A perfect government, a constitution that shall completely satisfy every part of the community is practically impossible. It is impossible to fix permanently the relations between man and man, class and class; and all attempts to frame constitutions, as implying fixity and permanence in social relations, are therefore failures and mistakes.—ED.

Arguments drawn from the supposition of a 'state of nature.

It is ridiculous to say, there is any obligation on man to act sociably or honestly, in a formed government, and not in that which is commonly called [1] *the state of nature.*[2] For, to speak in the fashionable language of our modern philosophy, 'society being 'founded on a *compact*, the surrender made of every 'man's private unlimited right, into the hands of the 'majority, or such as the majority should appoint, 'was of free choice, and by a promise.' Now the *promise* itself was made in the *state of nature*;[3] and

[1] Treatise V. ii. 4.

[2] Perhaps the truest way to approach arguments drawn from the fiction of 'a state of nature' would be to raise the point of the psychological difficulties involved. It is confessedly true that habits of thought have grown with the growth of the ages, from one degree of complexity to higher degrees. Moral habits, in particular, have sprung up which in early stages of society would have been impossible. Well, if there was 'a state of nature' the people who lived under it had obviously none of the incrustations of moral and intellectual habits which the progress of the ages have formed. They could have no rights, because rights are a creation of law; and they could have no duties, because, being independent in fact and theory, they had no definite relations to anyone but themselves.

[3] Shaftesbury's argument is purely verbal. Whatever the differences of theory as to the mode in which civil society was formed, there can be no doubt as to the main fact that man *in society* is a wholly different being to man in a state of nature, or viewed apart from society. By virtue of the *protection* he receives from the laws he is pledged to obey the laws. The supposed rights of the imaginary state of nature can only be purchased by a complete surrender of the advantages arising from organized society. The theological point of view must, of course, be kept distinct from the moral or legal aspects. A man is *obliged* to keep his word, not because he has pledged himself to keep it, but because the law can *compel* him to keep it. The province of positive *morality* is identical with the province of positive *law*.—ED.

that which could make a promise obligatory in the state of nature must make all other acts of humanity as much our real duty and natural part. Thus faith, justice, honesty, and virtue, must have been as early as the state of nature, or they could never have been at all. The civil union or confederacy could never make right or wrong, if they subsisted not before. He who was free to any villany before his contract, will, and ought to make as free with his contract, when he thinks fit. The natural knave has the same reason to be a civil one, and may dispense with his politic capacity as oft as he sees occasion: it is only his word stands in his way.——A man is *obliged* to keep his word. Why? Because *he has given his word to keep it.*——Is not this a notable account of the original of moral justice, and the rise of civil government and allegiance?

SECTION II.

Essential idea of 'nature' the tendency to self-conservation.

BUT to pass by these cavils of a philosophy which speaks so much of *nature* with so little meaning,[1] we may with justice surely place it as a principle, that if any thing be *natural* in any creature, or any kind, it is 'That which is *preservative* of the

[1] It is very difficult to define with any degree of accuracy what is to be meant by *Nature* ('cujus attributa passim recepta *aliquid Paganismi redolent*'), and consequently all arguments drawn from it must have in them something of vagueness and uncertainty. Sometimes it is used for the tendencies or laws of a thing as a whole; sometimes for the *best* condition of a thing; sometimes for the unshaped material of a thing. Again, there is an uneasy transition between the nature of the Universe, as a complex whole of laws and tendencies; and the particular laws or tendencies of a particular body. Thus, in the fabled 'state of nature,' man is first idealized or viewed in his best and most ideal condition in himself, and then transplanted to another 'nature' or surroundings, or 'conditions of existence' equally ideal and visionary. Cf. MAINE'S *Ancient Law* (p. 54): 'Just as the oldest Greek theorists supposed that the sports of chance had changed the material universe from its simple primitive form into its present heterogeneous condition, so their intellectual descendants imagined that but for untoward accident the human race would have conformed itself to simpler rules of conduct and a less tempestuous life. To live according to *nature* came to be considered as the end for which man was created, and which the best men were bound to compass. To live according to *nature* was to rise above the disorderly habits and gross indulgences of the vulgar to higher laws of action, which nothing but self-denial and self-command would enable the aspirant to observe.'—ED.

kind itself, and conducing to its welfare and support.' If, in original and pure nature, it be wrong to break a promise, or be treacherous, it is as truly wrong to be in any respect inhuman, or any way wanting in our natural part towards human kind. If eating and drinking be natural, herding is so too. If any appetite or sense be natural, the sense of fellowship is the same. If there be any thing of nature in that affection which is between the sexes, the affection is certainly as natural towards the consequent offspring; and so again between the offspring themselves, as kindred and companions, bred under the same discipline and economy. And thus a clan or tribe is gradually formed; a public is recognized; and, besides the pleasure found in social entertainment, language, and discourse, there is so apparent a necessity for continuing this good correspondency and union, that to have no sense or feeling of this kind, no love of country, community, or any thing *in common*, would be the same as to be insensible even of the plainest means of self-preservation, and most necessary condition of self-enjoyment.

How the wit of man should so puzzle this cause, as to make civil government and society appear a kind of invention and creature of art, I know not. For my own part, methinks this herding principle, and associating inclination, is seen so natural and strong in most men, that one might readily affirm, it was even from the violence of this passion that so much disorder arose in the general society of mankind.

Universal good, or the interest of the world in *Universal good*

not so potent as a motive as particular interests.

general, is a kind of remote philosophical object. That 'greater community' falls not easily under the eye;[1] nor is a national interest, or that of a whole people, or body-politic, so readily apprehended. In less parties, men may be intimately conversant and acquainted with one another. They can there better taste society, and enjoy the 'common good' and interest of a more contracted public. They view the whole compass and extent of their community, and see, and know particularly, whom they serve, and to what end they associate and conspire.[2] All men

[1] The greater community is too remote to be of direct influence in ordinary cases. But education and habit can form in the soul a microcosm faithfully representing the macrocosm of the whole community. There are, doubtless, common to man feelings and impulses that prompt to social actions; but *only* education can form a real 'social nature.' This is the utilitarian doctrine in its more modern form as stated by Mr. MILL:—'To do as you would be done by, and to love your neighbour as yourself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality. As the means of making the nearest approach to this ideal, utility would enjoin first that laws and social arrangements should place the happiness, or (speaking practically it may be called) the interest of every individual as nearly as possible in harmony with the interest of the whole; and, secondly, that education and opinion which have so vast a power over human character, should so use that power as *to establish in the mind of every individual an indissoluble association between his own happiness and the good of the whole*; especially between his own happiness and the practice of such modes of conduct, negative and positive, as regard for the universal happiness prescribes; so that not only he may be unable to conceive the possibility of happiness to himself consistently with conduct opposed to the general good, but also that a direct impulse to promote the general good may be in every individual one of the habitual motives of action, and the sentiments connected therewith may fill a large and prominent place in every human being's sentient existence.'—*Utilitarianism*, p. 24.—ED.

[2] MANDEVILLE, in his '*Search into the Nature of Society*,' criticizes

have naturally their share of this combining principle; and they who are of the sprightliest and most active faculties, have so large a share of it, that unless it be happily directed by right reason, it can never find exercise for itself in so remote a sphere as that of the body-politic at large. For here perhaps the thousandth part of those whose interests are concerned, are scarce so much as known by sight. No visible band is formed, no strict alliance; but the conjunction is made with different persons, orders, and ranks of men, not sensibly, but *in idea*, according to that general view or notion of a state or commonwealth.

Power of association inherent in man.

Thus the social aim is disturbed for want of certain scope. The close sympathy, and conspiring virtue, is apt to lose itself, for want of direction, in so wide a field. Nor is the passion any where so strongly felt, or vigorously exerted, as in actual conspiracy or war, in which the highest geniuses are often known the forwardest to employ themselves. For the most generous spirits are the most combining. They delight most to move in concert, and feel (if I may say so) in the strongest manner, the force of 'the confederating charm.'

Shaftesbury's position. 'If by society we only mean a number of people that without rule or government should keep together out of a natural affection to their species, or love of company, as a herd of cows or a flock of sheep, then there is not in the world a more unfit creature for society than man; a hundred men *that should be all equals, under no subjection or fear of any superior upon earth*, could never live together awake two hours without quarrelling; and the more knowledge, strength, wit, courage, and resolution there was among them, the worse it would be.'—ED.

It is strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits.[1] But it is in war that the knot of fellowship is closest drawn. It is in war that mutual succour is most given, mutual danger run, and common affection most exerted and employed. For heroism and philanthropy are almost one and the same. Yet, by a small misguidance of the affection, a lover of mankind becomes a ravager; a hero and deliverer becomes an oppressor and destroyer.

[1] But it is evident, even from the admissions in the text, that wars and strifes are as much part of human nature as love and sympathy. Mandeville, with his usual cynicism, takes the existence of wars, &c. as disproving the existence of the social affections. Cf. *Dialogue on the Fable of the Bees*, pt. ii. p. 234. '*Hor.* "You have thoroughly convinced me that the natural love which it is pretended we have for our species, is not greater than what many other animals have for theirs; but if nature had actually given us an affection for one another as sincere and conspicuous as that which parents are seen to have for their children, whilst they are helpless, men would have joined together by choice, and nothing could have hindered them from associating whether their numbers had been great or small, and themselves either ignorant or knowing." *Cleo.* "O mentes hominum cæcas! o pectora cæca!" *Hor.* "You may exclaim as much as you please; I am persuaded that this would have united men in firmer bonds of friendship than any common danger from wild beasts could have tied them with. But what fault can you find with it, and what mischief could have befallen us from mutual affection?" *Cleo.* "It would have been inconsistent with the scheme, the plan after which, it is evident, providence has been pleased to order and dispose of things in the universe. If such an affection had been planted in man by instinct, there never could have been any fatal quarrels among them, nor mortal hatreds; men could never have been cruel to one another: in short, there could have been no wars of any duration, and no considerable numbers of our species could ever have been killed by one another's malice."'—ED.

Hence other divisions amongst men. Hence, in the way of peace and civil government, that love of party, and subdivision by cabal. For sedition is a kind of *cantonizing* already begun within the state. To cantonize is natural, when the society grows vast and bulky: and powerful states have found other advantages in sending colonies abroad, than merely that of having elbow-room at home, or extending their dominion into distant countries. Vast empires are in many respects unnatural, but particularly in this, that be they ever so well constituted, the affairs of many must, in such governments, turn upon a very few; and the relation be less sensible, and in a manner lost, between the magistrate and people, in a body so unwieldly in its limbs, and whose members lie so remote from one another, and distant from the head.

War the consequence of excess of combining spirit.

It is in such bodies as these that strong factions are aptest to engender. The associating spirits, for want of exercise, form new movements, and seek a narrower sphere of activity, when they want action in a greater. Thus we have wheels within wheels. And in some national constitutions (notwithstanding the absurdity in politics) we have 'one empire within another.' Nothing is so delightful as to incorporate. Distinctions of many kinds are invented; religious societies are formed; orders are erected, and their interests espoused and served, with the utmost zeal and passion. Founders and patrons of this sort are never wanting. Wonders are performed, in this wrong social spirit, by those members of separate societies. And the 'associating genius'

Necessity for providing outlets for political activity.

of man is never better proved, than in those very societies which are formed in opposition to the general one of mankind, and to the real interest of the state.[1]

In short, the very spirit of faction, for the greatest part, seems to be no other than the abuse or irregularity of that social love, and common affection, which is natural to mankind. For the opposite of sociableness is selfishness. And of all characters, the thorough-selfish one is the least forward in taking party. The men of this sort are, in this respect, true men of moderation. They are secure of their temper, and possess themselves too well to be in danger of entering warmly into any cause, or engaging deeply with any side or faction.

[1] Yet the narrowness of the social sphere seems rather the result of the *abuse* of the combinative tendency. In proportion as society is civilized and humanized, the thoughts and feelings of individuals are widened and elevated. Factions and parties are necessarily intolerant and unprogressive: a new 'self' is formed which tends to retard the progress and aspiration of the individual members. The ordinary projection of individual thoughts into a scarcely wider area is both dangerous and irrational. It is irrational because it gives a merely capricious and uncertain standard; it is dangerous because it tends to deaden the feeling of humanity as the representative of all that is highest in man. Cf. MAZZINI (*Works*, iv. p. 376). 'The life-destroying ill of humanity at the present day is the want of a common faith, a common thought, accepted and admitted by *all men*, and which shall relink earth to heaven and the universe to GOD. Deprived of this common faith, man has bowed down before the lifeless matter, and become a worshipper of the idol, self-interest. And the first priests of that fatal worship were kings, princes, and evil governments. They invented the horrible formula of 'each for himself,' for they knew that it would increase egotism, and that there is but one step between the egotist and the slave.'—ED.

SECTION III.

YOU have heard it, my friend, as a common saying, that *interest governs the world.*[1] But I believe, whoever looks narrowly into the affairs of it will find, that passion, humour, caprice, zeal, faction, and a thousand other springs, which are counter to *self-interest*, have as considerable a part in the movements of this machine. There are more wheels and counterpoises in this engine than are easily imagined. It is of too complex a kind, to fall under one simple view, or be explained thus briefly in a word or two. The studiers of this mechanism must have a very partial eye, to overlook all other motions besides those of the lowest and narrowest compass. It is hard that, in the plan or description of this clock-work, no wheel or balance should be allowed on the side of the better and more enlarged affections; that nothing should be understood to be

The world governed not only by interest, but by passion, zeal, and caprice.

[1] 'Interest' is a word of somewhat shifting signification. It not only means 'real utility,' the permanent good of human kind, but also the apparent good which each man seeks. Some men will view the success of some scheme, or of some party, as paramount to all other considerations; others will be swayed by the emulation or passion of the moment, to the neglect of their real good. The general principle is not vitiated, that every one seeks what he thinks conducive to his good, though constantly his opinion be misguided and his calculations false.—ED.

done in kindness or generosity, nothing in pure goodnature or friendship, or through any social or natural affection of any kind, when perhaps the main springs of this machine will be found to be either these very natural affections themselves, or a compound kind derived from them, and retaining more than one-half of their nature.

The details would belong to a more extended survey of human nature.

But here (my friend!) you must not expect that I should draw you up a formal *scheme of the passions*,[1] or pretend to show you their genealogy and relation; how they are interwoven with one another, or interfere with our happiness and interest. It would be out of the genius and compass of such a letter as this, to frame a just plan or model, by which you might, with an accurate view, observe what proportion the friendly and natural affections seem to bear in this order of architecture.

The theory of selfishness does not explain the whole of the facts.

Modern projectors, I know, would willingly rid their hands of these natural materials, and would fain build after a more uniform way. They would new-frame the human heart, and have a mighty fancy to reduce all its motions, balances, and weights, to that one principle and foundation of a cool and deliberate selfishness.[2] Men, it seems, are unwilling

[1] See Treatise IV. in vol. ii.

[2] One may state the theory of 'selfishness' in such a manner as to show that Shaftesbury's view is not really irreconcilable with it. 'GOD designs the happiness of all his sentient creatures. Some human actions forward that benevolent purpose, or their tendencies are beneficial or useful. Other human actions are adverse to that purpose, or their tendencies are mischievous or pernicious. The former as promoting his purpose GOD has enjoined. The latter, as opposed to his purpose, GOD has forbidden. He has given us

to think they can be so outwitted and imposed on by nature, as to be made to serve her purposes rather than their own. They are ashamed to be drawn thus out of themselves, and forced from what they esteem their true interest.

The attempt of philosophers to remould their nature.

There has been in all times a sort of narrow-minded philosophers, who have thought to set this difference to rights, by conquering nature in themselves. A primitive father and founder among these saw well this power of nature,[1] and understood it so far, that he earnestly exhorted his followers neither to beget children, nor serve their country. There was no dealing with nature, it seems, while these alluring objects stood in the way. 'Relations, friends, countrymen, laws, politic constitutions, the beauty of order and government, and the interest of society and mankind, were objects which, he well saw, would naturally raise a stronger affection than any which was grounded upon the narrow bottom of mere SELF. His advice, therefore, not to marry, nor engage at all in the public, was wise, and suitable to his design. There was no way to be truly a disciple of this philosophy, but to leave family, friends, country, and society, to cleave to it.—And, in good earnest, who would not, if it were *happiness* to do so?—The philosopher, how-

the faculty of observing, of remembering, of reasoning, and by duly applying these faculties we may collect the tendencies of our actions. Knowing the tendencies of our actions, and knowing his benevolent purpose, we know his tacit commands.'—AUSTIN'S *Jurisprudence*, i. p. 31.—ED.

[1] Treatise I. vi.; Treatise IV. ii. 1; and Treatise VI. ii. 1.

ever, was kind in telling us his thought. It was a token of his fatherly love of mankind.

> Tu pater, et rerum inventor! Tu patria nobis
> Suppeditas præcepta![1] . . . .

'Nature' not compatible with the 'selfishness' of modern speculators.

But the revivers of this philosophy in latter days appear to be of a lower genius. They seem to have understood less of this force of nature, and thought to alter *the thing*, by shifting *a name*.[2] They would so explain all the social passions, and natural affections, as to denominate them of the selfish kind.[3] Thus civility, hospitality, humanity towards strangers or people in distress, is only 'a more deliberate selfishness.' 'An honest heart is only a more cunning one;' and honesty and good-nature, 'a more deliberate, or better-regulated self-love.' 'The love of kindred, children, and posterity, is purely love of self, and of one's own immediate blood:'—as if, by this reckoning, all mankind were not included, 'all being of one blood,' and joined by

[1] LUCRETIUS, lib. iii.

[2] Throw the argument further back, and inquire what is meant by 'selfishness?'—'the direct and primary pursuit of personal pleasure;' but that is rarely compatible with any high degree of virtue. Life does not afford instances of persons who are truthful, generous, honourable, for the mere sake of gaining personal satisfaction, and without any ulterior advantage accruing to others. The pleasure that a man has from doing a noble deed is his just reward; but it is a mere abuse of language to call it selfishness. 'Self' must enter as a factor into every human action, and be influenced by a feeling of pleasure or pain. But surely the man who does what is chivalrous from the simple delight of his nature in such deeds cannot be considered selfish. Indeed the pleasure that a man feels in doing virtuous actions is the very test of his moral excellence.—ED.

[3] *Supra*, ii. 1, and Treatise V. ii. 4.

intermarriages and alliances, as they have been transplanted in colonies, and mixed one with another. And thus love of one's country, and love of mankind, must also be self-love. Magnanimity and courage, no doubt, are modifications of this universal self-love! For 'courage (says our modern philosopher) is constant anger.'[1] And '*all men*,' says a witty poet,[2] '*would be cowards if they durst.*'

Courage an instance of an unselfish virtue.

That the poet and the philosopher both were cowards, may be yielded perhaps without dispute. They may have spoken the best of their knowledge. But, for true courage, it has so little to do with anger, that there lies always the strongest suspicion against it where this passion is highest. The true courage is the cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene, pleasant, and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger, can never be placed to the account of courage. Were it otherwise, womankind might claim to be the stoutest sex: for their hatred and anger have ever been allowed the strongest and most lasting.

Popular forms of the philo-

Other authors there have been of a yet inferior kind, a sort of distributors and petty retailers of this wit,[3]

[1] 'Sudden courage' (says Mr. HOBBES, *Lev.* ch. 6), 'is anger.' Therefore courage considered as constant, and belonging to a character, must, in his account, be defined constant anger, or anger constantly returning.—ED.

[2] Lord ROCHESTER: *Satire against Man.*

[3] The French translator supposes, with good reason, that our author, in this passage, had an eye to those sentences or maxims

sophy of selfishness.

who have run changes and divisions, without end, upon this article of *self-love*.[1] You have the very same thought spun out a hundred ways, and drawn into mottoes and devices, to set forth this riddle, that, 'act as disinterestedly or generously as you please, *self* still is at the bottom, and nothing else.' Now, if these gentlemen, who delight so much in the play of words, but are cautious how they grapple closely with definitions, would tell us only what self-interest was,[2] and determine happiness and good, there would be an end of this enigmatical wit. For in this we should all agree, that happiness was to be pursued, and in fact was always sought after; but whether found in *following nature*, and giving way to common affection, or in suppressing it, and turning

which pass under the name of the Duke DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT. He has added withal, the censure of this kind of wit, and of these maxims in particular, by some authors of the same nation. The passages are too long to insert here, though they are otherwise very just and entertaining. That which he has cited of old MONTAIGNE is from the first chapter of his second Essay.—ED.

[1] The greatest flaw in the philosophy of selfishness is this: it assumes an arbitrary untutored 'self,' not even a fair representative of humanity as a whole, and views that 'self' apart from all conditions of education and habit. But surely the ordinary individual in any civilized community has, by contagion or sympathy, some power of self-sacrifice, of regarding ideas, say of religion or of policy, quite independently of all consequences to self. Imagine if you will a being without social habits, without gratitude or sympathy, without a sense of common interest with others—imagine such a being transplanted into the midst of a civilized community; and it is possible that he will regard everything for a time purely in relation to himself, and give some colour to a 'selfish' philosophy. But such an individual as a type is a pure chimera. The associations of actual life are far too strong to be resisted by the most narrow intelligence, and the world transmits its moral instincts as certainly as its physical tendencies.—ED.

[2] Treatise IV. i. and ii. 1 and 2.

every passion towards *private* advantage, a *narrow* self-end, or the preservation of mere life; this would be the matter in debate between us. The question would not be, 'Who loved himself, or who not?' but, 'Who loved and served himself *the rightest*, and after the truest manner?'

Benevolence the only quality that makes life desirable.

It is the height of wisdom, no doubt, to be *rightly selfish*. And to value life, as far as life is good, belongs as much to courage as to discretion. But a wretched life is no wise man's wish. To be without honesty is in effect to be without natural affection or sociableness of any kind. And a life without natural affection, friendship, or sociableness, would be found a wretched one, were it to be tried. It is as these feelings and affections are intrinsically valuable and worthy, that self-interest is to be rated and esteemed. A man is by nothing so much *himself*, as by his temper, and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself, as when he loses his memory and understanding. The least step into villany or baseness, changes the character and value of a life. He who would preserve life at any rate, must abuse *himself* more than anyone can abuse him.[1] And if life be not a dear thing indeed, he who has refused to live a villain, and has preferred death to a base action, has been a gainer by the bargain.

[1] Cf. SENECA, *Ep.* xxviii. 'Initium est salutis notitia peccati. Egregie mihi hoc dixisse videtur Epicurus. Nam qui peccare se nescit, corrigi non vult. Deprehendas te oportet antequam emendes . . . . Quantum potes, *teipsum coargue, inquire in te: accusatoris primum partibus fungere, deinde judicis, novissimè deprecatoris.*' —ED.

SECTION IV.

Contrast between ancient and modern philosophical training.

IT is well for you, my friend, that in your education you have had little to do with the philosophy[1] or philosophers of our days. A good poet and an honest historian, may afford learning enough for a gentleman. And such a one, whilst he reads these authors as his diversion, will have a truer relish of their sense, and understand them better, than a pedant with all his labours, and the assistance of his volumes of commentators. I am sensible, that of old it was the custom to send the youth of highest quality to philosophers to be formed. It was in their schools, in their company, and by their precepts and example, that the illustrious pupils were enured to hardship, and exercised in the severest courses of temperance and self-denial.[2] By

[1] Our author, it seems, writes at present as to a young gentleman chiefly of a court-breeding. See, however, his further sentiments more particularly in Treatise III. iii. 3.—ED.

[2] Before the eyes of the ancient philosopher was always floating an idea of the *State*. The end of their training was to prepare for the duties of governing in peace and war. The life of pure speculation, though it might be the most godlike, was not the *human* life par excellence. The training which was most according to the pagan ideal was the training which fitted a man 'to rule and to be ruled,' to adapt himself to the most versatile conditions of

such an early discipline, they were fitted for the command of others, to maintain their country's honour in war, rule wisely in the state, and fight against luxury and corruption in times of prosperity and peace. If any of these arts are comprehended in University-learning, it is well. But as some Universities in the world are now modelled, they seem not so very effectual to these purposes, nor so fortunate in preparing for a right practice of the world, or a just knowledge of men and things. Had you been thorough-paced in the *ethics* or *politics* of the schools, I should never have thought of writing a word to you upon *common sense*, or *the love of mankind.*[1] I should not have cited the poet's[2] *dulce et decorum.* Nor, if I had made a character for you, as he for his noble friend, should I have crowned it with his

> Non ille pro caris amicis
> Aut patriâ timidus perire.

Popular philosophy.

Our philosophy now-a-days runs after the manner of that able sophister, who said, '*Skin for skin!*' . . . '*all that a man hath will he give for his life.*'[4] It is

existence, to *act* as much as to think and to speak in the best possible way. The speculative tendencies of the Greeks and Romans no more interfered with the practical work of life than does the love of sermons in modern times.—ED.

[1] 'Common sense,' however, is more generally appealed to in scholastic ethics than Shaftesbury allows. In Aristotle, notably, besides the ὃ πᾶσι δοκεῖ τοῦτ' εἶναίφαμεν, there is a constant appeal to the φησειεν ἄν τις. A thing is noticed as γελοῖον or ἄτοπον, and dismissed. However well versed in other writers, Shaftesbury does not seem to have appreciated *the Ethics.*—ED.

[2] *Suprà*, ii. 1.

[3] HORACE, *Od.* IV. ix.

[4] JOB ii. 4.

orthodox divinity, as well as sound philosophy, with some men, to rate life by the number and exquisiteness of the pleasing sensations. These they constantly set in opposition to dry virtue and honesty. And, upon this foot, they think it proper to call all men fools, who would hazard a life, or part with any of these pleasing sensations, except on the condition of being repaid in the same coin, and with good interest into the bargain. Thus, it seems, we are to learn virtue by usury, and enhance the value of life, and of the pleasures of sense, in order to be wise, and to live well.

Slender appreciation for moral excellence.

But you, my friend, are stubborn in this point, and instead of being brought to think mournfully of death, or to repine at the loss of what you may sometimes hazard by your honesty, you can laugh at such maxims as these; and divert yourself with the improved selfishness and philosophical cowardice of these fashionable moralists. You will not be taught to value life at their rate, or degrade honesty as they do, who make it only a name. You are persuaded there is something more in the thing than fashion or applause; that worth and merit are substantial, and no way variable by fancy or will; and that honour is as much itself, when acting by itself, and unseen, as when seen, and applauded by all the world.

Natural instincts.

Should one who had the countenance of a gentleman ask me, 'Why I would avoid being nasty, when no body was present?' in the first place, I should be fully satisfied that he himself was a very nasty gentleman who could ask this question, and that it

would be a hard matter for me to make him ever conceive what true cleanliness was. However, I might, notwithstanding this, be contented to give him a slight answer, and say, 'It was because I had a nose.' Should he trouble me further, and ask again, 'What if I had a cold? or what if naturally I had no such nice smell?' I might answer perhaps, 'That I cared as little to see myself nasty, as that others should see me in that condition.' But what if it were *in the dark*?[1] Why, even then, though I had neither nose nor eyes, my *sense* of the matter would still be the same; my nature would rise at the thought of what was sordid; or if it did not, I should have a wretched nature indeed, and hate myself for a beast. Honour myself I never could, whilst I had no better a sense of what, in reality, I owed myself, and what became me, as *a human creature.*

In the same way there are moral instincts which require

Much in the same manner have I heard it asked, '*Why should a man be honest in the dark?*' What a man must be to ask this question, I won't say. But for those who have no better a reason for being

[1] The question, 'Why should a man be honest *in the dark*?' is exactly parallel to the question raised by PLATO in the *Republic*, 'Is it not a good thing to be unjust if one could be sure to escape detection?' In both cases, the question involves a purely personal standard, that morality may be looked at exclusively from the point of view of the individual, and that it has no wider range. If a man regards his actions simply in reference to his own pleasure, his very attitude is immoral, because his point of view has been twisted to suit the prejudices and narrow interests of the individual. To conceive the possibility of an action being wrapped up in itself, is the first step to a belief in the ethics of pure *expediency* instead of general utility.—ED.

no further principle.

honest than the fear of a gibbet or a jail, I should not, I confess, much covet their company or acquaintance. And if any guardian of mine who had kept his trust, and given me back my estate when I came of age, had been discovered to have acted thus, through *fear* only of what might happen to him, I should for my own part, undoubtedly, continue civil and respectful to him, but, for my opinion of his worth, it would be such as the Pythian god had of his votary, who *devoutly feared* him, and *therefore* restored to a friend what had been deposited in his hands:

> Reddidit ergo *metu, non moribus*; et tamen omnem
> Vocem adyti dignam templo, veramque probavit,
> Extinctus tota paritur cum prole domoque.[1]

Voluntariness essential to virtue.

I know very well, that many services to the public are done merely for the sake of a gratuity; and that informers in particular are to be taken care of, and sometimes made *pensioners of state.* But I must beg pardon for the particular thoughts I may have of these gentlemen's merit, and shall never bestow my esteem on any other than the *voluntary* discoverers of villany, and hearty prosecutors of their country's interest. And, in this respect, I know nothing greater or nobler than the undertaking and managing some important accusation, by which some high criminal of state, or some formed body of conspirators against the public, may be arraigned, and brought to punishment, through the honest zeal and public affection of a private man.

Fear as a motive to virtue.

I know, too, that the mere vulgar of mankind

[1] Juv. *Sat.* XIII.

often stand in need of such a rectifying object as the gallows before their eyes. Yet I have no belief, that any man of a liberal education, or common honesty, ever needed to have recourse to this idea in his mind, the better to restrain him from playing the knave. And if a saint had no other virtue than what was raised in him by the same objects of reward and punishment, in a more distant state, I know not whose love or esteem he might gain besides; but, for my own part, I should never think him worthy of mine.

'Nec furtum feci, nec fugi,' si mihi dicat
Servus: Habes pretium, loris non ureris, aio.
'Non hominem occidi:' non pasces in cruce corvos.
'Sum bonus et frugi:' renuit, negitatque Sabellus.[1]

[1] HOR. *Epist.* I. xvi.

PART IV.

SECTION I.

The ridiculous not that which can, *but that which* ought, *to excite laughter.*

BY this time, my friend, you may possibly, I hope, be satisfied, that as I am in earnest in defending raillery, so I can be sober too in the use of it. It is in reality a serious study, to learn to temper and regulate that humour which nature has given us, as a more lenitive remedy against vice, and a kind of specific against superstition and melancholy delusion. There is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking, in everything, what justly may be laughed at. For nothing is ridiculous except what is deformed; nor is anything proof against raillery, except what is handsome and just. And therefore it is the hardest thing in the world, to deny fair honesty the use of this weapon, which can never bear an edge against herself, and bears against everything contrary.

That which is morally bad can alone excite ridicule.

If the very Italian buffoons were to give us the rule in these cases, we should learn by them, that, in their lowest and most scurrilous way of wit, there was nothing so successfully to be played upon, as the passions of cowardice and avarice. One may defy the world to turn real bravery or generosity

into ridicule. A glutton, or mere sensualist, is as ridiculous as the other two characters. Nor can an unaffected temperance be made the subject of contempt to any besides the grossest and most contemptible of mankind. Now, these three ingredients make up a virtuous character, as the contrary three a vicious one. How therefore can we possibly make a jest of honesty?—To laugh *both* ways is nonsensical. And if the ridicule lie against sottishness, avarice, and cowardice, you see the consequence. A man must be soundly ridiculous, who, with all the wit imaginable, would go about to ridicule wisdom, or laugh at honesty or good manners.

Repugnance of an educated man to what is base, instinctive.

A man of thorough good breeding,[1] whatever else he be, is incapable of doing a rude or brutal action. He never *deliberates* in this case, or considers of the matter by prudential rules of self-interest and advantage.[2] He acts from his nature, in a manner necessarily, and without reflection; and if he did not, it were impossible for him to answer his character, or be found that truly well-bred man, on

[1] Treatise VI. iii. 1.

[2] 'There are many cases in which our first thoughts, or, to speak more correctly, our instinctive perceptions, are true and right; in which it is not too much to say that *he who deliberates is lost*. . . . Those who act most energetically, who in difficult circumstances judge the most truly, do not separately pass in review the rules, the principles, the counter-principles of action, but grasp them at once in a single instant. Those who act most truthfully, honestly, firmly, manfully, consistently, take least time to deliberate; such should be the attitude of our minds in all questions of right and wrong, truth and falsehood: we may not inquire but act.'—Professor JOWETT, *St. Paul's Epistles*, vol. ii. p. 405.—ED.

every occasion. It is the same with the honest man. He cannot deliberate in the case of a plain villany. A plum is no temptation to him. He likes and loves himself too well to change hearts with one of those corrupt miscreants, who amongst them gave that name to a round sum of money gained by rapine and plunder of the commonwealth. He who would enjoy *a freedom of mind*, and be truly possessor of himself, must be above the thought of stooping to what is villanous or base. He, on the other side, who has a heart to stoop, must necessarily quit the thought of manliness, resolution, friendship, merit, and a character with himself and others. But to affect these enjoyments and advantages, together with the privileges of a licentious principle, to pretend to enjoy society and *a free mind*, in company with *a knavish heart*, is as ridiculous as the way of children who eat their cake, and afterwards cry for it. When men begin to deliberate about dishonesty, and finding it go less against their stomach, ask slily, 'Why they should stick at a good piece of knavery for a good sum?' they should be told, as children, that 'they can't eat their cake and have it.'

Baseness can only be indulged at a cost of self-respect.

When men, indeed, are become accomplished knaves, they are past crying for their cake. They *know themselves*, and are known by mankind. It is not these who are so much envied or admired. The moderate kind are the more taking with us. Yet, had we sense, we should consider, it is in reality the thorough profligate knave, the very complete unnatural villain alone, who can any way bid for

Ridiculousness of the half-hearted knave.

happiness with the honest man. True interest is wholly on one side, or the other. All between is inconsistency,[1] irresolution, remorse, vexation, and an ague-fit; from hot to cold, from one passion to another quite contrary; a perpetual discord of life, and an alternate disquiet and self-dislike. The only rest or repose must be through one, determined, considerate resolution, which, when once taken, must be courageously kept, and the passions and affections brought under obedience to it; the temper steeled and hardened to the mind, the disposition to the judgment. Both must agree; else all must be disturbance and confusion. So that to think with one's self, in good earnest, 'Why may not one do this *little* villany, or commit this *one* treachery, and but *for once?*' is the most ridiculous imagination in the world, and contrary to *common sense.* For a common honest man, whilst left to himself, and undisturbed by philosophy and subtle reasonings

[1] 'Moins on peut être tenté par le vice, plus on est confirmé dans la vertu. Mais c'est une question assez importante lequel des deux vaut mieux, être flottant ou être confirmé dans le vice? Notre illustre auteur paroît se conformer à ce passage d'Horace (Sat. II. vii. 18):

"Quanto constantior idem
In vitiis, tanto levius miser ac prior illo
Qui jam contento jam laxo fune laborat."

'En effet, on souffre moins quand on a pris son parti que lorsqu'on est dans une irrésolution embarrassante; et les auteurs du péché philosophique sont allés plus loin, parce que ceux qui pèchent avec moins de remords sont, selon eux, plus innocens. Mais Aristote est pour les demi-méchans, qu'il appelle incontinens, et on peut dire que leur maladie est plus curable. Les vicieux achevés sont comme ceux qui ont la gangrène, qui ne ressentent point leur mal.'—LEIBNITZ, *op. cit.*—ED.

about his interest, gives no other answer to the thought of villany, than that he cannot possibly find in his heart to set about it, or conquer the natural aversion he has to it. And this is natural and just.

Common sense a sufficient 'guide of life.'

The truth is, as notions stand now in the world, with respect to morals, honesty is like to gain little by philosophy, or deep speculations of any kind. In the main, it is best to stick to common sense, and go no further. Men's first thoughts, in this matter, are generally better than their second; their natural notions better than those refined by study, or consultation with casuists. According to common speech, as well as common sense, honesty is the best policy; but, according to refined sense, the only well-advised persons, as to this world, are errant knaves, and they alone are thought to serve themselves who serve their passions, and indulge

[1] 'Common sense' is here used rather in the idea of 'good sense'—as a faculty rather than as a result. The text may be illustrated by a passage in a *Mémoire sur le Sens commun*, by A. JACQUES: 'Avoir le sens commun est comme locution familière qui signifie *penser juste, sans penser avec profondeur*: on l'applique à cette classe nombreuse et estimable de vulgaires et sages esprits qui ont justement assez de pénétration pour adopter le vrai en toutes choses, sans trop se rendre compte des motifs de leur croyance, et qui, s'ils ne voient pas très-loin, voient bien du moins le peu qu'ils voient. N'avoir pas le sens commun, c'est, au contraire, se jeter sans discernement dans des opinions extravagantes et insensées qui peuvent quelquefois séduire par la hardiesse de la conception mais qui répugnent à la saine raison et à la vérité: le génie lui-même n'exclut pas de pareils écarts.'—In the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques*, 1839.—ED.

their loosest appetites and desires.—Such, it seems, are the wise, and such *the wisdom of this world!*

Dangers of intellectual casuistry in moral questions.

[1] An ordinary man talking of a vile action, in a way of common sense, says naturally and heartily, 'He would not be guilty of such a thing for the whole world.' But speculative men find great modifications in the case, many ways of evasion, many remedies, many alleviations.[2] A good gift rightly applied, a right method of suing out a pardon, good almshouses, and charitable foundations erected for right worshippers, and a good zeal shown for the right belief, may sufficiently atone for one wrong

[1] Cf. Bishop BUTLER (*Serm.* iii): 'Let any plain honest man, before he engages in any course of action, ask himself, "Is this I am going about right, or is it wrong? Is it good, or is it evil?" I do not in the least doubt but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by almost any fair man in almost any circumstances.'

[2] The philosophic aspects of casuistry, as the compromise which speculation has attempted between the contingent and the ideal, are well brought out by Professor JOWETT (*op. cit.* p. 404): 'The distinctions of the casuist are far from equalling the subtilty of human life, or the diversity of its conditions. It is quite true that actions the same in name are in the scale of right and wrong as different as can be imagined varying with the age, temperament, education, circumstances, of each individual. The casuist is not in fault for maintaining this difference, but for supposing that he can classify or distinguish them so as to give any conception of their innumerable shades and gradations. All his folios are but the weary effort to abstract or make a brief of the individuality of man. The very actions which he classifies change their meaning as he writes them down, like the words of a sentence torn away from their context. He is ever idealizing and making distinctions, splitting straws, dividing hairs; yet any one who reflects on himself will idealize and distinguish further still, and think of his whole life in all its circumstances, with its sequence of thoughts and motives, and withal many excuses.'—ED.

practice; especially when it is such as raises a man to a considerable power, as they say, of doing good, and serving the true cause.

Many a good estate, many a high station has been gained upon such a bottom as this. Some crowns too may have been purchased on these terms, and some great emperors[1] (if I mistake not) there have been of old, who were much assisted by these or the like principles, and in return were not ungrateful to the cause and party which had assisted them. The forgers of such morals have been amply endowed, and the world has paid roundly for its philosophy; since the original plain principles of humanity, and the simple honest precepts of peace and mutual love, have, by a sort of spiritual chemists, been so sublimated, as to become the highest corrosives; and passing through their alembics, have yielded the strongest spirit of mutual hatred and malignant persecution.

[1] Treatise VI. ii. 2.

SECTION II.

Ridicule often successful against men who would not be influenced by solemn arguments.

BUT our humours, my friend, incline us not to melancholy reflections. Let the solemn reprovers of vice proceed in the manner most suitable to their genius and character. I am ready to congratulate with them on the success of their labours, in that authoritative way which is allowed them. I know not, in the meanwhile, why others may not be allowed to *ridicule* folly, and recommend wisdom and virtue (if possibly they can) in a way of pleasantry and mirth. I know not why poets, or such as write chiefly for the entertainment of themselves and others, may not be allowed this privilege. And if it be the complaint of our standing reformers, that they are not heard so well by the gentlemen of fashion, if they exclaim against those airy wits who fly to ridicule as a protection, and make successful sallies from that quarter, why should it be denied one, who is only a volunteer in this cause, to engage the adversary on his own terms, and expose himself willingly to such attacks, on the single condition of being allowed fair play in the same kind?

Cultivated instincts compatible with a vicious practice.

By gentlemen of fashion, I understand those to whom a natural good genius, or the force of good education, has given a sense of what is naturally graceful and becoming. Some by mere nature,

others by art and practice, are masters of an ear in music, an eye in painting, a fancy in the ordinary things of ornament and grace, a judgment in proportions of all kinds, and a general good taste in most of those subjects which make the amusement and delight of the ingenious people of the world. Let such gentlemen as these be as extravagant as they please, or as irregular in their morals, they must at the same time discover their inconsistency, live at variance with themselves, and in contradiction to that principle on which they ground their highest pleasure and entertainment.

The natural most delightful in art and morals.

Of all other beauties which virtuosos pursue, poets celebrate, musicians sing, and architects or artists, of whatever kind, describe or form, the most delightful, the most engaging and pathetic, is that which is drawn from *real life*, and from the passions. Nothing affects the heart like that *which* is purely *from itself*, and of its own nature—such as, the beauty of sentiments, the grace of actions, the turn of characters, and the proportions and features of a human mind. This lesson of philosophy, even a romance, a poem, or a play, may teach us, whilst the fabulous author leads us with such pleasure through the labyrinth of the affections, and interests us, whether we will or no, in the passions of his heroes and heroines.

> . . . . angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus.[1]

Moral beauty delight-

Let poets, or the men of harmony, deny, if they can, this force of nature, or withstand this *moral*

[1] HOR. *Epist.* II. i.

magic. They, for their parts, carry a double portion of this charm about them. For, in the first place, the very passion which inspires them, is itself the love of numbers, decency, and proportion; and this too not in a narrow sense, or after a selfish way (for who of them composes for himself?) but in a friendly social view, for the pleasure and good of others, even down to posterity and future ages. And, in the next place, it is evident in these performers, that their chief theme and subject, that which raises their genius the most, and by which they so effectually move others, is purely manners, and the moral part. For this is the effect, and this the beauty, of their art, 'in vocal measures of syllables and sounds, to express the harmony and numbers of an inward kind, and represent the beauties of a human soul, by proper foils and contrarieties, which serve as graces in this limning, and render this music of the passions more powerful and enchanting.'

ful in and for itself.

The admirers of beauty in the fair sex would laugh, perhaps, to hear of a *moral* part in their amours. Yet what a stir is made about a *heart*! what curious search of sentiments, and tender thoughts! what praises of a humour, a sense, a je-ne-sçai-quoi of wit, and all those graces of a mind, which these virtuoso lovers delight to celebrate! Let them settle this matter among themselves, and regulate, as they think fit, the proportions which these different beauties hold one to another, they must allow still, there is a beauty of the mind, and such as is essential in the case. Why else is the very air of foolishness enough to cloy a lover at first

Beauty of soul gives the charm to love.

sight? Why does an *idiot look* and manner destroy the effect of all those outward charms, and rob the fair one of her power, though regularly armed in all the exactness of features and complexion? We may imagine what we please of a substantial solid part of beauty; but were the subject to be well criticized, we should find, perhaps, that what we most admired, even in the turn of outward features, was only a mysterious expression, and a kind of shadow of something inward in the temper, and that, when we were struck with a majestic air, a sprightly look, an Amazon bold grace, or a contrary soft and gentle one, it was chiefly the fancy of these characters or qualities which wrought on us, our imagination being busied in forming beauteous shapes and images of this rational kind, which entertained the mind, and held it in admiration, whilst other passions, of a lower species, were employed another way. The preliminary addresses, the declarations, the explanations, confidences, clearings; the dependence on something mutual, something felt by way of return, the *spes animi credula mutui*—all these become necessary ingredients in the affair of love, and are authentically established by the men of elegance and art in this way of passion.

Love of beauty universal in different forms and degrees.

Nor can the men of cooler passions, and more deliberate pursuits, withstand the force of beauty in other subjects. Every one is a *virtuoso*, of a higher or lower degree; every one pursues a Grace, and courts a Venus of one kind or another.[1] The *venus-*

[1] Treatise III. iii. 3.

tum, the *honestum*, the *decorum* of things will force its way. They who refuse to give it scope in the nobler subjects of a rational and moral kind, will find its prevalency elsewhere, in an inferior order of things.[1] They who overlook the main springs of action, and despise the thought of numbers and proportion in a life at large, will, in the mean particulars of it, be no less taken up and engaged; as, either in the study of common arts, or in the care and culture of mere mechanic beauties. The models of houses, buildings, and their accompanying ornaments, the plans of gardens and their compartments, the ordering of walks, plantations, avenues, and a thousand other symmetries, will succeed in the room of that happier and higher symmetry and order of a mind. The species of fair, noble, handsome, will discover itself on a thousand occasions, and in a thousand subjects.[2] The spectre still will haunt us in some shape or other; and when driven from our cool thoughts, and frighted from the closet, will meet us even at court, and fill our heads with dreams of grandeur, titles, honours, and a false magnificence and beauty, to which we are ready to sacrifice our highest pleasure and ease, and for the sake of which we become the merest drudges and most abject slaves.

Love of pleasure does not obliterate the sense of what is beautiful in action.

The men of pleasure, who seem the greatest contemners of this philosophical beauty, are forced often to confess her charms. They can as heartily as others commend honesty, and are as much struck with the beauty of a generous part. They admire

[1] Treatise VI. iii. 2.

[2] Treatise VI. ii. 1 and iii. 2.

the thing itself, though not *the means*; and, if posble, they would so order it, as to make probity and luxury agree. But the rules of harmony will not permit it; the dissonances are too strong. However, the attempts of this kind are not unpleasant to observe. For, though some of the voluptuous are found sordid pleaders for baseness and corruption of every sort, yet others, more generous, endeavour to keep measures with honesty, and understanding pleasure better, are for bringing it under some rule.[1] They

[1] But there is no real comparison between 'pleasure' and 'virtue:' 'the man of pleasure' and 'the man of virtue' are such because they cultivate pleasurable emotions of one kind or another. Pleasure is inseparable from all voluntary activity. 'As it is not the love or preservation of life which is unworthy of a brave and honourable man, but the love of a life that is inconsistent with nobler objects of desire; it is in like manner not the love of pleasure that is unworthy of us—for pleasure in itself, when arising from a pure source, is truly as pure as the source from which it flows—but the love *of pleasure that is inconsistent with our moral excellence.* The delight which virtue gives and which devotion gives is no small part of the excellence, even of qualities so noble as devotion and virtue. We love men more, we love GOD more, because it is impossible to love them more without an increase of our delight. In this sense indeed, to borrow a beautiful line which expresses much in very few words,

'Pleasure is nought but Virtue's gayer name.'

Even of pleasures which do not flow immediately from virtue, but of which virtue is far from forbidding the enjoyment, how many are there which nature is continually inviting us to enjoy! There are seasons in which we cannot move a single step, or look around us, or inhale a single breath of air, without some additional happiness. To move is delightful; to rest is delightful. It seems almost as if the same sun, which is everywhere diffusing light, were diffusing everywhere happiness; and not to be happy, and not to love the sources of happiness, seem to us almost like ingratitude to the Author of these, and a sort of rebellion against that bene-

condemn *this* manner, they praise *the other.* '*So far* was right, but further, wrong. Such a case was allowable, but such a one not to be admitted.' They introduce a justice and an order in their pleasures. They would bring reason to be of their party, account in some manner for their lives, and form themselves to some kind of consonancy and agreement: or should they find this impracticable on certain terms, they would choose to sacrifice their other pleasures to those which arise from a generous behaviour, a regularity of conduct, and a consistency of life and manners:

Et veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.[1]

Poets and satirists constrained to praise virtue.

Other occasions will put us upon this thought, but chiefly a strong view of *merit*, in a generous character, opposed to some detestably vile one. Hence it is, that among poets, the satirists seldom fail in doing justice to virtue. Nor are any of the nobler poets false to this cause. Even modern wits, whose turn is all towards gallantry and pleasure, when barefaced villany stands in their way, and brings the contrary species in view, can sing in passionate strains the praises of plain honesty.

Experience enhances its charm.

When we are highly friends with the world, successful with the fair, and prosperous in the possession of other beauties, we may perchance, as is usual, despise this sober mistress. But when we see, in the issue, what riot and excess naturally pro-

volence which so manifestly wills our enjoyment.'—Dr. Thomas BROWN, *Philosophy of Mind* (Lect. lxvi.). And on the general subject compare *Ecce Homo*, c. x.—ED.

[1] HOR. *Epist.* II. ii.

duce in the world; when we find, that by luxury's means, and for the service of vile interests, knaves are advanced above us, and the vilest of men preferred before the honestest [1]—we then behold VIRTUE in a new light, and, by the assistance of such a *foil*, can discern the beauty of honesty, and the reality of those charms, which before we understood not to be either natural or powerful.

[1] Treatise VI. v. 3.

SECTION III

AND thus, after all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all *beauty is truth.* True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection. And whoever is scholar enough to read the ancient philosopher, or his modern copyists,[1] upon the nature of a dramatic and epic poem, will easily understand this account of *truth.*[2]

The beautiful and the true synonymous.

A painter, if he has any genins, understands the truth and unity of design, and knows he is even then unnatural, when he follows nature too close, and strictly copies *life.* For his art allows him not to bring *all* nature into his piece, but *a part* only. However, his piece, if it be beautiful, and carries truth, must be a whole by itself, complete, independent, and withal as great and comprehensive as he

The truth of idea, and the truth of nature.

[1] The French translator, no doubt, has justly hit our author's thought, by naming in his margin the excellent Bossu, *Du Poëme épique*; who, in that admirable comment and explanation of Aristotle, has perhaps not only shown himself the greatest of the French critics, but presented the world with a view of ancient literature and just writing, beyond any other modern of whatever nation.—Ed.

[2] Treatise VI. iii. 2, and V. 1.

can make it. So that particulars, on this occasion, must yield to the general design, and all things be subservient to that which is principal, in order to form a certain *easiness of sight*, a simple, clear, and united view,[1] which would be broken and

[1] The τὸ εὐσύνοπτον, as the great master of arts calls it in his *Poetics*, chap. 23; but particularly chap. 7, where he shows, 'That τὸ καλὸν, the beautiful, or the sublime, in these above-mentioned arts, is from the expression of greatness with order; that is to say, exhibiting the principal or main of what is designed, in the very largest proportions in which it is capable of being viewed. For when it is gigantic, it is in a manner out of sight, and can be no way comprehended in that simple and united view: as, on the contrary, when a piece is of the miniature kind; when it runs into the detail, and nice delineation of every little particular; it is, as it were, invisible, for the same reason; because the *summary beauty*, the *whole itself*, cannot be comprehended in that *one united view*, which is broken and lost by the necessary attraction of the eye to every small and subordinate part. In a poetic system, the same regard must be had to the memory, as in painting to the eye. The dramatic kind is confined within the convenient and proper time of a spectacle. The epic is left more at large. Each work, however, must aim at vastness, and be as great, and of as long duration as possible; but so as to be comprehended (as to the main of it) by one easy glance or retrospect of memory. And this the philosopher calls accordingly τὸ εὐμνημόνευτον.' I cannot better translate the passage than as I have done in these explanatory lines. For, besides what relates to mere art, the philosophical sense of the original is so majestic, and the whole treatise so masterly, that when I find even the Latin interpreters come so short, I should be vain to attempt any thing in our own language. I would only add a small remark of my own, which may perhaps be noticed by the studiers of statuary and painting, That the greatest of the ancient as well as modern artists, were ever inclined to follow this rule of the philosopher; and when they erred in their *designs* or *draughts*, it was on the side of greatness, by running into the unsizable and gigantic, rather than into the minute and delicate. Of this MICHAEL ANGELO, the great beginner and founder among the moderns, and

disturbed by the expression of any thing peculiar or distinct.

Naturalism in art.

Now the variety of nature is such as to distinguish every thing she forms by a peculiar original character, which, if strictly observed, will make the subject appear unlike to any thing extant in the world besides. But this effect the good poet and painter seek industriously to prevent. They hate minuteness, and are afraid of singularity, which would make their images or characters appear capricious and fantastical. The mere face-painter, indeed, has little in common with the poet, but, like the mere historian, copies what he sees, and minutely traces every feature and odd mark. It is otherwise with the men of invention and design. It is from the *many* objects of nature, and not from a particular one, that those geniuses form the idea of their work.[1]

ZEUXIS, the same among the ancients, may serve as instances. See PLINY, lib. 35, cap. 9, concerning Zeuxis, and the notes of Father Harduin, in his edition in usum Delphini, p. 200, on the words Deprehenditur tamen Zeuxis, &c. And again, Pliny himself, upon Euphanor, in the same book, cap. 11, p. 226: 'Docilis ac laboriosus, ante omnes, et in quocumque genere excellens, ac sibi æqualis. Hic primus videtur expressisse dignitates heroum, et usurpasse symmetriam. Sed fuit universitate corporum exilior, capitibus articulisque grandior. Volumina quoque composuit de symmetria et coloribus, &c.'—ED.

Treatise III. iii. 3.

[1] 'It has been the office of art to educate the perception of beauty. We are immersed in beauty but our eyes have no clear vision. It needs by the exhibition of single traits to assist and lead the dormant state. We carve and paint, or behold what is carved and painted as students of the mystery of form. The virtue of art lies in detachment, in sequestering one object from the embarrassing variety. Until one thing comes out from the connection of things there can be enjoyment, contemplation, but

Thus the best artists are said to have been indefatigable in studying the best statues, as esteeming them a better rule than the perfectest human bodies could afford. And thus some considerable wits have recommended the best poems, as preferable to the best of histories, and better teaching the truth of characters and nature of mankind.[1]

Truth of expression and truth of form.

Nor can this criticism be thought high-strained. Though few confine themselves to these rules, few are insensible of them. Whatever quarter we may give to our vicious poets or other composers of irregular and short-lived works, we know very well that the standing pieces of good artists must be formed after a more uniform way. Every just work of theirs comes under those natural rules of proportion and truth. The creature of their brain must be like one of nature's formation. It must have a body and parts proportionable, or the very vulgar will not fail to criticise the work, when it has neither head nor tail.[2] For so common sense (according to just philosophy) judges of those works which want the just-

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no thought . . . The power to detach and to magnify by detaching is the essence of rhetoric in the hands of the orator and the poet. This rhetoric or power to fix the momentary eminency of an object—the painter and the sculptor exhibit in colour and in stone. The power depends on the depth of the artist's insight of that object he contemplates. For every object has its roots in central nature and may of course be so exhibited as to represent the world.'—R. W. EMERSON, *Essay on Art.*—ED.

[1] Thus the great master himself in his Poetics above cited; Διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποιησις ἱστορίας ἐστιν· ἡ μὲν γὰρ ποίησις μᾶλλον τὰ καθόλου, ἡ δ' ἱστορία τὰ καθ' ἕκαστον λέγει. Κεφ. θ'.—ED.

[2] Treatise VI. i. 3, and VI. v. 1.

ness of *a whole*, and show their author, however curious and exact in particulars, to be in the main a very bungler.

> Infelix operis *Summa*, quia ponere *Totum*
> Nescit.[1]

Analogies between art and morality.

Such is poetical, and such (if I may so call it) graphical or plastic truth. Narrative or historical truth must needs be highly estimable, especially when we consider how mankind, who are become so deeply interested in the subject, have suffered by the want of clearness in it. It is itself a part of moral truth. To be a judge in one, requires a judgment in the other. The morals, the character, and genius of an author, must be thoroughly considered, and the historian or relater of things important to mankind must, whoever he be, approve himself many ways to us, both in respect of his judgment, candour, and disinterestedness, ere we are bound to take anything on his authority. And as for *critical truth*,[2] or the judgment and determination of what commentators, translators, paraphrasts, grammarians, and others have, on this occasion, delivered to us in the midst of such variety of style, such different readings, such interpolations, and corruptions in the originals; such mistakes of copyists, transcribers, editors, and a hundred such accidents to which ancient books are subject, it becomes, upon the whole, a matter of nice speculation, considering, withal, that the reader, though an able linguist, must be supported by so many other helps from chronology, natural philosophy, geography, and other sciences.

[1] HOR. *Epist.* II. iii. [2] Treatise VI. v. 3.

Relations between historical and moral truth.

And thus many previous truths are to be examined, and understood, in order to judge rightly of historical truth, and of the past actions and circumstances of mankind, as delivered to us by ancient authors of different nations, ages, times, and different in their characters and interests. Some moral and philosophical truths there are, withal, so evident in themselves, that it would be easier to imagine half mankind to have run mad, and joined precisely in one and the same species of folly, than to admit any thing as truth, which should be advanced against such natural knowledge, fundamental reason, and common sense.

Truth of opinion and truth of fact.

This I have mentioned the rather, because some modern zealots appear to have no better knowledge of truth, nor better manner of judging it, than by *counting noses.*[1] By this rule, if they can poll an indifferent number out of a mob, if they can produce a set of *Lancashire noddles*, remote provincial headpieces, or visionary assemblers, to attest a story of a witch upon a broomstick, and a flight in the air, they triumph in the solid proof of their new prodigy, and cry, *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit!*

Different kinds of evidence in vogue.

Religion, no doubt, is much indebted to these men of prodigy, who, in such a discerning age,

[1] On the application of this principle to morals, cf. SENECA, *de Vita Beata*, c. ii.: 'Cum de beata vita agitur, non est quod mihi illud discessionum more respondeas, "Hæc pars major esse videtur." *Ideo enim pejor est.* Non tam bene cum rebus humanis agitur ut meliora pluribus placeant: *argumentum pessimi, turba est.* Quæramus quid optime factum sit non quid usitatissimum, et quid nos in possessione felicitatis æternæ constituat non quid vulgo, veritatis pessimo interpreti, probatum sit.'—ED.

would set her on the foot of popular tradition, and venture her on the same bottom with parish tales, and gossipping stories of *imps*, *goblins*, and *demoniacal pranks*, invented to fright children, or make practice for common exorcists and cunning-men! For by that name, you know, country-people are used to call those dealers in mystery, who are thought to conjure in an honest way, and foil the devil at his own weapon.

And now, my friend, I can perceive it is time to put an end to these reflections, lest, by endeavouring to expound things any further, I should be drawn from my way of *humour*, to harangue profoundly on these subjects. But should you find I had moralized in any tolerable manner, according to *common sense*,[1] and without counting, I could be satisfied with

[1] There are two points in reference to the appeal to common sense which ought to be kept in view.

1. The appeal is to a *sense*, and therefore is confined to matters of experience, not of speculation. 'Sensus communis differentias inter variorum sensuum objecta apprehendit, a se invicem distinguet et phantasiæ seu imaginationi, nomine phantasmatis, tradit; unde non incongruè interstitium seu mediator inter sensus externos et internos appellatur quod ab illis suggestas species imaginationi et memoriæ concredat.'—CHAUVIN, *Lexicon philosophicum.*

2. But in that this appeal is to a *common* sense, the experience not of the individual but of masses of men is assumed as a basis. To determine further the exact range and force of this experience is of course impossible. That there is such a well-accredited body of opinion *potentially* inherent in society is shown at once by the existence of ridicule, public opinion, and the reverence for accredited authority.

Common sense is thus the compound result of the accumulated knowledge and observation which the universal experience has made part of the common consciousness of each individual.—ED.

my performance, such as it is, without fearing what disturbance I might possibly give to some formal censors of the age, whose discourses and writings are of another strain. I have taken the liberty, you see, to *laugh* upon some occasions; and if I have either laughed wrong, or been impertinently serious, I can be content to be *laughed at* in my turn. If contrariwise I am railed at, I can laugh still, as before, and with fresh advantage to my cause. For though, in reality, there could be nothing less a laughing matter than the provoked rage, ill-will, and fury of certain zealous gentlemen, were they armed as lately they have been known; yet as the magistrate has since taken care to pare their talons, there is nothing very terrible in their encounter. On the contrary, there is something comical in the case. It brings to one's mind the fancy of those grotesque figures and dragon-faces, which are seen often in the frontispiece and on the corner-stones of old buildings. They seem placed there as the defenders and supporters of the edifice; but, with all their grimace, are as harmless to people without, as they are useless to the building within. Great efforts of anger to little purpose, serve for pleasantry and farce. Exceeding fierceness, with perfect inability and impotence, makes the highest ridicule.

Common sense the true ground on which to meet the fanatic and the enthusiast.

I am, dear friend,

Affectionately yours, &c.

TREATISE III.

SOLILOQUY

OR,

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

——*Nec TE quæsiveris extra.*

PERS. *Sat.* I.

Printed first in the Year M.DCC.X.

'Know then *thyself*; presume not GOD to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great,
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God or beast,
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err.'

ALEXANDER POPE.

SOLILOQUY.

PART I.

SECTION I.

I HAVE often thought how ill-natured a maxim it was, which, on many occasions, I have heard from people of good understanding, 'That, as to what related to private conduct, no one was ever the better for *Advice.*' But, upon further examination, I have resolved with myself, that the maxim might be admitted without any violent prejudice to mankind. For in the manner advice was generally given, there was no reason, I thought, to wonder it should be so ill received. Something there was which strangely inverted the case, and made the giver to be the only gainer. For, by what I could observe in many occurrences of our lives, that which we call 'giving

Utility of advice in matters of conduct.

advice,' was properly taking an occasion to show our own wisdom at another's expense. On the other side, to be instructed, or 'to receive advice,' on the terms usually prescribed to us, was little better than tamely to afford another the occasion of raising himself a character from our defects.

The egotism of advice often spoiling its value.

In reality, however able or willing a man may be to advise, it is no easy matter to make advice *a free gift.* For to make a gift free indeed, there must be nothing in it which takes from another to add to ourself. In all other respects, to give, and to dispense, is generosity and good-will; but to bestow wisdom is to gain a mastery which cannot so easily be allowed us. Men willingly learn whatever else is taught them. They can bear a master in mathematics, in music, or in any other science, but not in *understanding and good sense.*

It is the hardest thing imaginable for an author

[1] There is something deeper than mere self-love in the dislike that men have to receive advice. Matters relating to conduct are so susceptible of fine shades of distinction, that men feel that 'the conscience of the agent' is likely to be a safer guide than the theory of the spectator. Moreover, moral facts, even when known, are not fixed quantities, but involve psychological considerations which are so subtle in their combination that the professional instincts are almost sure to be wrong. Another and more cynical view is given by Rochefoucauld: 'Rien n'est moins sincère que la manière de demander et de donner des conseils. Celui qui en demande paraît avoir une déférence respectueuse pour les sentiments de son ami, bien qu'il ne pense qu'à lui faire approuver les siens, et à le rendre garant de sa conduite; et celui qui conseille paye la confiance qu'on lui témoigne d'un zèle ardent et désintéressé, quoiqu'il ne cherche le plus souvent, dans les conseils qu'il donne, que son propre intérêt ou sa gloire.'—*Maximes morales*, 116.—ED.

not to appear assuming in this respect. For all authors at large are, in a manner, professed 'masters of understanding' to the age. And for this reason, in early days, poets were looked upon as authentic sages, for dictating rules of life, and teaching manners and good sense. How they may have lost their pretension, I cannot say. It is their peculiar happiness and advantage, not to be obliged to lay their claim openly. And if, whilst they profess only to please, they secretly advise and give instruction, they may now perhaps, as well as formerly, be esteemed, with justice, the best and most honourable among themselves.

Originally authors were the accredited instructors of the public in relation to life.

Meanwhile, 'If dictating and prescribing be of so dangerous a nature in other authors, what must his case be who dictates *to authors themselves?*'

To this I answer: That my pretension is not so much to give advice as to consider of *the way and manner of advising*. My science, if it be any, is no better than that of 'a language-master,' or 'a logician.' For I have taken it strongly into my head, that there is a certain knack or *legerdemain*[1] in argument, by which we may safely proceed to the dangerous part of advising, and make sure of the good fortune to have our advice accepted, if it be any thing worth.

Design of the present treatise.

[1] It is of course a matter of general note, that the value of an argument does not necessarily depend upon its truth, but upon its applicability as a method of persuasion to a particular purpose. To select premisses of such a character that they exactly hit off the right point at the right moment is the art of the orator as opposed to the art of the logician or metaphysician, who regards only what is in the abstract, true.

Literary criticism a kind of surgery, requiring skill and experience.

My proposal is, to consider of this affair as a case of *surgery*. It is practice, we all allow, which makes a hand. 'But who, on this occasion, will be practised on? Who will willingly be the first to try our hand, and afford us the requisite experience?' Here lies the difficulty. For supposing we had hospitals for this sort of surgery, and there were always in readiness certain meek patients, who would bear any incisions, and be probed or tented at our pleasure —the advantage no doubt would be considerable in this way of practice. Some insight must needs be obtained. In time a hand too might be acquired, but in all likelihood a very rough one, which would by no means serve the purpose of this latter surgery. For here a tenderness of hand is principally requisite. No surgeon will be called who has not feeling and compassion. And where to find a subject in which the operator is likely to preserve the highest tenderness, and yet act with the greatest resolution and boldness, is certainly a matter of no slight consideration.

Prejudice disarmed.

I am sensible there is in all considerable projects, at first appearance, a certain air of chimerical fancy and conceit, which is apt to render the projectors somewhat liable to ridicule. I would, therefore, prepare my reader against this prejudice, by assuring him, that, in the operation proposed, there is nothing which can justly excite his laughter; or if there be, the laugh perhaps may turn against him, by his own consent, and with his own concurrence: which is a specimen of that very art or science we are about to illustrate.

The best and easiest subject for dissection will be our own selves.

Accordingly, if it be objected against the above-mentioned practice and art of surgery, 'That we can nowhere find such a meek patient, with whom we can in reality make bold, and for whom nevertheless we are sure to preserve the greatest tenderness and regard,' I assert the contrary, and say, for instance, That we have each of us OURSELVES to practise on. 'Mere quibble!' (you will say). 'For who can thus multiply himself into two persons, and be his own subject? Who can properly laugh at himself, or find in his heart to be either merry or severe on such an occasion?' Go to the Poets, and they will present you with many instances. Nothing is more common with them than this sort of *soliloquy*. A person of profound parts, or perhaps of ordinary capacity, happens, on some occasion, to commit a fault. He is concerned for it. He comes alone upon the stage, looks about him to see if any body be near, then takes himself to task, without sparing himself in the least. You would wonder to hear how close he pushes matters, and how thoroughly he carries on the business of *self-dissection*. By virtue of this soliloquy he becomes *two distinct persons*. He is pupil and preceptor. He teaches, and he learns. And in good earnest, had I nothing else to plead in behalf of the morals of our modern dramatic poets, I should defend them still against their accusers for the sake of this very practice, which they have taken care to keep up in its full force. For whether the practice be natural or no, in respect of common custom and usage, I take upon me to assert, that it is an honest and laudable prac-

Instance of the Poets.

tice; and that if already it be not natural to us, we ought, however, to make it so, by study and application.

Self-examination as rare as it is beneficial.

'Are we to go therefore to the stage for edification? Must we learn our catechism from the poets? and, like the players, speak aloud, what we debate at any time with ourselves alone?'—Not absolutely so, perhaps; though where the harm would be of spending some discourse, and bestowing a little breath and clear voice purely upon *ourselves*, I cannot see. We might peradventure be less noisy and more profitable in company, if at convenient times we discharged some of our articulate sound, and spoke to ourselves *vivâ voce* when alone. For company is an extreme provocative to fancy, and, like a hot-bed in gardening, is apt to make our imaginations sprout too fast. But, by this anticipating remedy of soliloquy, we may effectually provide against the inconvenience.

Retirement a remedy for exuberance of words: example.

We have an account in history of a certain nation, who seem to have been extremely apprehensive of the effects of this frothiness or ventosity in speech, and were accordingly resolved to provide thoroughly against the evil. They carried this remedy of ours so far, that it was not only their custom, but their religion and law, to speak, laugh, use action, gesticulate, and do all in the same manner when by themselves as when they were in company. If you had stolen upon them unawares at any time, when they had been alone, you might have found them in high dispute, arguing with themselves, reproving, counselling, haranguing themselves, and in the most

florid manner accosting their own persons. In all likelihood they had been once a people remarkably fluent in expression, much pestered with orators and preachers, and mightily subject to that disease which has been since called 'the leprosy of eloquence,' till some sage legislator arose amongst them, who, when he could not oppose the torrent of words, and stop the flux of speech, by any immediate application, found means to give a vent to the loquacious humour, and broke the force of the distemper by eluding it.

Precautions in the use of soliloquy.

Our present manners, I must own, are not so well calculated for this method of soliloquy, as to suffer it to become a national practice. It is but a small portion of this regimen, which I would willingly borrow, and apply to private use, especially in the case of authors. I am sensible how fatal it might prove to many honourable persons, should they acquire such a habit as this, or offer to practise such an art within the reach of any mortal ear. For it is well known, we are not many of us like that Roman, who wished for windows to his breast, that all might be as conspicuous there as in his house, which for that very reason he had built as open as was possible.[1] I would therefore advise our probationer, upon

[1] Cf. SENECA, *Epist.* xliii.: 'Tunc felicem te esse judica cum poteris in publico vivere, cum te parietes tui tegent non abscondent: quos plerumque circumdatos nobis judicamus, non ut tutius vivamus, sed ut peccemus occultius. Rem dicam ex qua mores æstimes nostros: vix quenquam invenies, qui possit aperto ostio vivere. Janitores conscientia nostra non superbia opposuit. Sic vivimus ut deprehendi sit subito adspici. Quid autem prodest recondere te et oculos hominum auresque vitare? Bona conscientia turbam advocat; mala etiam in solitudine anxia atque

his first exercise, to retire into some thick wood, or rather take the point of some high hill, where, besides the advantage of looking about him for security, he would find the air perhaps more rarefied, and suitable to the perspiration required, especially in the case of a poetical genius.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.[1]

Habits of retirement common to great men.

It is remarkable in all great wits, that they have owned this practice of ours, and generally described themselves as a people liable to sufficient ridicule, for their great loquacity by themselves, and their profound taciturnity in company. Not only the Poet and Philosopher, but the Orator himself, was wont to have recourse to our method. And the prince of this latter tribe may be proved to have been a great frequenter of the woods and river-banks, where he consumed abundance of his breath, suffered his fancy to evaporate, and reduced the vehemence both of his spirit and voice. If other authors find nothing which invites them to these recesses, it is because their genius is not of force enough: or though it be, their character, they may imagine, will hardly bear them out. For to be surprised in the odd actions, gestures, or tones which are proper to such *ascetics*, I must own would be an ill adventure for a man of the world. But with Poets and Philosophers it is a known case,

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.[2]

solicita est. Si honesta sunt quæ facis, omnes sciant; si turpia, quid refert neminem scire cum tu scias? O te miserum, si contemnis hunc testem!'—ED.

[1] HOR. *Epist.* II. ii.

[2] HOR. *Sat.* II. vii.

Authors more than others require to practise habits of self-meditation.

Composing and raving must necessarily, we see, bear a resemblance. And for those composers who deal in systems and airy speculations, they have vulgarly passed for a sort of prose poets. Their secret practice and habit has been as frequently noted:

Murmura cum secum et rabiosa silentia rodunt.[1]

Both these sorts are happily indulged in this method of evacuation.[2] They are thought to act naturally, and in their proper way, when they assume these odd manners. But of other authors it is expected they should be better bred. They are obliged to preserve a more conversible habit, which is no small misfortune to them. For if their meditation and revery be obstructed by the fear of a nonconforming

[1] PERS. *Sat.* III. 81.

[2] Cf. Lord KAMES, *Elements of Criticism*, c. xv.: 'In many instances it is no slight gratification to vent a passion externally by words as well as by gestures. Some passions, when at a certain height, impel us so strongly to vent them in words, that we speak with an audible voice even when there is none to listen. It is that circumstance in passion which justifies soliloquies; and it is that circumstance which proves them to be natural.' Again, c. xvii.: 'Language is intended by nature for society; and *a man when alone, though he always clothes his thoughts in words, seldom gives his words utterance unless prompted by some strong passion*, and even then by starts and intervals only.' He goes on to show how extremely rare a good soliloquy is in poetry. Shakspeare, of course, has some exquisite exceptions; cf. especially *Hamlet*, i. 3, beginning:

> Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into dew!
> Oh, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O GOD! O GOD!
> How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!' . . . . .

mien in conversation, they may happen to be so much the worse authors for being finer gentlemen. Their fervency of imagination may possibly be as strong as either the philosopher's or the poet's. But being denied an equal benefit of discharge, and withheld from the wholesome manner of relief in private, it is no wonder if they appear with so much froth and scum in public.

Writers often fail simply through want of private reflection.

It is observable that the writers of memoirs and essays are chiefly subject to this frothy distemper. Nor can it be doubted that this is the true reason why these gentlemen entertain the world so lavishly with what relates to *themselves*. For having had no opportunity of privately conversing with themselves, or exercising their own genius, so as to make acquaintance with it, or prove its strength, they immediately fall to work in a wrong place, and exhibit on the stage of the world that practice which they should have kept to themselves, if they designed that either they, or the world, should be the better for their moralities. Who indeed can endure to hear an empiric talk of his own constitution, how he governs and manages it, what diet agrees best with it, and what his practice is with himself? The proverb, no doubt, is very just, '*Physician, cure thyself.*' Yet methinks one should have but an ill time, to be present at these bodily operations. Nor is the reader in truth any better entertained, when he is obliged to assist at the experimental discussions of his practising author, who all the while is in reality doing no better, than taking his physic in public.

Authors ought to 'think out' their thoughts before publishing them.

For this reason I hold it very indecent for any one to publish his 'meditations,' 'occasional reflections,' 'solitary thoughts,' or other such exercises as come under the notion of this *self-discoursing practice.* And the modestest title I can conceive for such works, would be that of a certain author, who called them his 'crudities.' It is the unhappiness of those wits who conceive suddenly, but without being able to go out their full time, that, after many miscarriages and abortions, they can bring nothing well-shapen or perfect into the world. They are not, however, the less fond of their offspring, which in a manner they beget in public. For so public-spirited they are, that they can never afford themselves the least time to think in private, for their own particular benefit and use. For this reason, though they are often retired, they are never *by themselves.* The world is ever of the party. They have their author-character in view, and are always considering how this or that thought would serve to complete some set of 'contemplations,' or furnish out the common-place book, from whence these treasured riches are to flow in plenty on the necessitous world.

Spiritual conceit of some devout meditations.

But if our candidates for authorship happen to be of the sanctified kind, it is not to be imagined how much farther still their charity is apt to extend. So exceeding great is their indulgence and tenderness for mankind, that they are unwilling the least sample of their devout exercise should be lost. Though there are already so many formularies and rituals appointed for this species of soliloquy, they can allow nothing to lie concealed, which passes in this reli-

gious commerce and way of dialogue between them and their soul.[1]

Author-ship and devotion not often com-patible.

These may be termed a sort of *pseudo-ascetics*, who can have no real converse either with themselves or with Heaven, whilst they look thus a-squint upon the world, and carry titles and editions along with them in their meditations. And although the books of this sort, by a common idiom, are called *good books*, the authors, for certain, are a sorry race: for religious crudities are undoubtedly the worst of any. A *saint-author*[2] of all men least values politeness. He scorns to confine that spirit in which he writes, to rules of criticism and profane learning. Nor is he inclined in any respect to play the critic on himself, or regulate his style or language by the standard of

[1] The danger of falling into spiritual pride and a vainglorious affectation is one which, according to St. Augustin, is common to philosophers as well as to religionists in their voyage to the region of truth and goodness. 'Omnibus qui quocunque modo ad beatæ vitæ regionem feruntur unus immanissimus mons, ante ipsum portum constitutus, qui etiam magnas ingrediuntibus gignit angustias, vehementissime formidandus cautissimeque vitandus est. Nam ita fulget, ita mentiente illa luce vestitur, ut non solum pervenientibus nondumque ingressis incolendum se offerat et eorum voluntatibus pro ipsa beata terra satisfacturum polliceatur; sed plerumque de ipso portu ad sese homines invitat, eosque nonnunquam detinet ipso altitudine delectatos, *unde ceteros despicere libeat*. Hi tamen admonent sæpe venientes ne aut occultis subter scopulis decipiantur aut ad se adscendere facile putent; et qua sine periculo ingrediantur propter illius terræ vicinitatem benevolentissime docent. Ita cum iis invident vanissimam gloriam; locum securitatis ostendunt. Nam quem montem *superbum studium inanissimæ gloriæ*: quod ita nihil intus plenum atque solidum habet ut inflatos sibi superambulantes succrepante fragili solo demergat ac sorbeat eisque in tenebras revolutis eripiat luculentissimam domum quam pene jam viderant.'—*De Beata Vita*, c. 3.—ED.

[2] Treatise VI. v. 1.

good company, and people of the better sort. He is above the consideration of that which in a narrow sense we call *manners*. Nor is he apt to examine any other faults than those which he calls *sins*; though a sinner against good-breeding, and the laws of decency, will no more be esteemed a good *author*, than will a sinner against grammar, good argument, or good sense. And if moderation and temper are not of the party with a writer, let his cause be ever so good, I doubt whether he will be able to recommend it with great advantage to the world.

Devout meditations often harmful both to the reader and to the writer.

On this account, I would principally recommend our exercise of self-converse to all such persons as are addicted to write after the manner of holy advisers; especially if they lie under an indispensable necessity of being talkers or haranguers in the same kind. For to discharge frequently and vehemently in public, is a great hindrance to the way of private exercise, which consists chiefly in control. But where, instead of control, debate, or argument, the chief exercise of the wit consists in uncontrollable harangues and reasonings, which must neither be questioned nor contradicted, there is great danger lest the party, through this habit, should suffer much by crudities, indigestions, choler, bile, and particularly by a certain tumour of flatulency, which renders him of all men the least able to apply the wholesome regimen of self-practice. It is no wonder if such quaint practitioners grow to an enormous size of absurdity, whilst they continue in the reverse of that practice by which alone we correct the redundancy of humours, and chasten the exuberance of conceit and fancy.

Great 'talkers' often small 'thinkers.'

A remarkable instance of the want of this sovereign remedy may be drawn from our common great talkers, who engross the greatest part of the conversations of the world, and are the forwardest to speak in public assemblies. Many of these have a sprightly genius, attended with a mighty heat and ebullition of fancy. But it is a certain observation in our science, that they who are great talkers *in company*, have never been any talkers *by themselves*, nor used to these private discussions of our home regimen. For which reason their froth abounds. Nor can they discharge anything without some mixture of it. But when they carry their attempts beyond ordinary discourse, and would rise to the capacity of authors, the case grows worse with them. Their page can carry none of the advantages of their person. They can no way bring into paper those airs they give themselves in discourse. The turns of voice and action, with which they help out many a lame thought and incoherent sentence, must here be laid aside; and the speech, taken to pieces, compared together, and examined from head to foot. So that, unless the party has been used to play the critic thoroughly upon himself, he will hardly be found proof against the criticisms of others. His thoughts can never appear very correct, unless they have been used to sound correction by themselves, and being well formed and disciplined before they are brought into the field. It is the hardest thing in the world to be a good *thinker*, without being a strong *self-examiner*, and thorough-paced dialogist, in this solitary way.

SECTION II.

BUT to bring our case a little closer still to morals: I might perhaps very justifiably take occasion here to enter into a spacious field of learning, to show the antiquity of that opinion,[1] 'That we have each of us a Demon, Genius, Angel, or Guar-

Common belief in an attendant spirit.

[1] Two ideas, distinct in their origin and bearings, are here confused:—(i.) The pagan '*Genius*' was the deified soul of an ancestor; and an examination of ancient medals and inscriptions has shown that the worship of the Genius was part of the family religion, common to all members of the Indo-European family. The 'genius' required offerings and reverence, and when the duties of the family were religiously observed, he was friendly and propitious; otherwise, revengeful, and sure to bring disaster. Every man who was born into a *family* was, therefore, brought into connection with such a deity. The *locus classicus* on this subject is HORACE, *Epist.* II. ii. 187:

> 'Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
> Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
> Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.'

(ii.) The Christian idea of a 'Guardian Angel' has had its origin in the belief that as Almighty GOD has a special and *providential* care for individual souls, He employs spiritual agencies to carry out His benevolent designs to them. Nor does religious mysticism stop here. 'Non-seulement les messagers du Très-Haut portent ses décrets d'un bout de l'univers à l'autre; non-seulement ils sont les invisibles gardiens des hommes, ou prennent, pour se manifester à eux, les formes les plus aimables; mais encore la religion nous permet d'attacher des anges protecteurs à la belle nature, ainsi qu'aux sentiments vertueux.'—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*, ii. 8.—ED.

dian-Spirit, to whom we were strictly joined, and committed, from our earliest dawn of reason, or moment of our birth.' This opinion, were it literally true, might be highly serviceable, no doubt, towards the establishment of our system and doctrine. For it would infallibly be proved a kind of sacrilege or impiety to slight the company of so divine a guest, and in a manner banish him our breast, by refusing to enter with him into those secret conferences, by which alone he could be enabled to become our adviser and guide. But I should esteem it unfair to proceed upon such an hypothesis as this, when the very utmost the wise ancients ever meant by this dæmon companion, I conceive to have been no more than enigmatically to declare,[1] 'That we had each of

Interpretation of this belief.

[1] The ancient philosophers, if they had speculated on the subject, would doubtless have admitted this allegorical interpretation. But what if Angels be defined as 'Êtres personnels, incorporels, surnaturels, doués d'une intelligence et d'une volonté dépassant la mesure des forces humaines'? On such a subject, argument is obviously impossible, unless some common principles of *à priori* probability be assumed. Shaftesbury seems scarcely to be aware, however, how deeply the belief in Angels has entered into the life and language of Religion. 'Il résulte clairement du texte de S. Matthieu (viii. 10) que les petits enfants ont des anges gardiens à leurs côtés. D'après divers passages des saintes Écritures, et selon l'unanime opinion des Pères, chaque adulte est aussi placé sous la garde d'un ange, et ceux qui ont l'expérience des voies de Dieu, et de la conduite providentielle, acquièrent directement la conviction de cette assistance permanente et mystérieuse. Comme anges gardiens, leur activité est double: tantôt elle est négative, quand ils détournent l'homme de ce qui peut troubler ou blesser sa vie physique ou spirituelle; tantôt elle est positive, quand ils dirigent l'âme par de secrètes inspirations, par de sages avertissements, par de mystérieuses consolations. Les anges éprouvent une joie sainte et intime lorsque l'homme se

'us a patient *in ourself*; that we were properly our 'own subjects of practice; and that we then became 'due practitioners, when, by virtue of an intimate 'recess, we could discover a certain *duplicity of soul*, 'and divide ourselves into two parties.' One of these, as they supposed, would immediately approve himself a venerable sage, and, with an air of authority, erect himself our counsellor and governor; whilst the other party, who had nothing in him besides what was base and servile, would be contented to follow and obey.

Spiritual dualism in its higher synthesis.

According therefore as this recess was deep and intimate, and the *dual number* practically formed in us, we were supposed to advance in morals and true wisdom. This, they thought, was the only way of composing matters in our breast, and establishing that subordinacy, which alone could make us agree with ourselves, and be of a piece *within*. They esteemed this a more religious work than any prayers, or other duty in the temple. And this they advised us to carry thither, as the best offering which could be made.

> Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus
> Mentis.[1] . . . . .

Allegorical meaning of the Delphic γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

This was, among the ancients, that celebrated Delphic inscription, RECOGNIZE YOURSELF; which was as much as to say, 'Divide yourself,' or 'Be

détourne du mal et fait des progrès dans le bien; ils se troublent et s'attristent lorsque l'homme s'égare et les oblige de le punir.'—WETZER and WELTE'S *Dict. de la Théol. cathol.* s.v. (ed. Goschler). —ED.

[1] PERS. *Sat.* II.

two.' For, if the division were rightly made, all within would of course, they thought, be rightly understood, and prudently managed. Such confidence they had in this home-dialect of Soliloquy. For it was accounted the peculiar of philosophers and wise-men, to be able 'to hold themselves in talk.' And it was their boast on this account, 'That they were never less *alone* than when *by themselves*.' A knave, they thought, could never be 'by himself;'[1] —not that his conscience was always sure of giving him disturbance, but he had not, they supposed, so much interest with himself, as to exert this generous faculty, and raise himself a companion, who being fairly admitted into partnership, would quickly mend his partner, and set his affairs on a right foot.

Difficulty in understanding our own true selves.

One would think there was nothing easier for us, than to know our own minds, and understand what our main scope was; what we plainly drove at, and what we proposed to ourselves, as our *end*, in every occurrence of our lives. But our thoughts have generally such an obscure implicit language, that it is the hardest thing in the world to make them speak out distinctly.[2] For this reason, the right

[1] But compare the story told by SENECA, *Epist.* x.: 'Crates, ut aiunt, cum vidisset adolescentulum secreto ambulantem, interrogavit quid illic solus faceret? "Mecum," inquit, "loquor." Cui Crates: "Cave," inquit, "*rogo, et diligenter attende ne cum homine malo loquaris.*"'—ED.

[2] Cf. FERRIER'S *Philosophical Remains*, vol. ii. p. 254 (note): 'The Lockian school teaches that man becomes conscious or "I," *in consequence of* his sensations, passions, and other modifications. The Platonic and Kantian schools teach that man becomes "I," not in consequence, but by occasion of, his sensations, passions,

method is, to give them voice and accent. And this, in our default, is what the Moralists or Philosophers endeavour to do to our hand, when, as is usual, they hold us out a kind of *vocal looking-glass*, draw sound out of our breast, and instruct us to personate ourselves in the plainest manner.

> Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: ô si
> Ebullet patrui præclarum funus![1]

Freedom of conventional life contrasted with the freedom of the soul within.

A certain air of pleasantry and humour, which prevails now-a-days in the fashionable world, gives a son the assurance to tell a father, he has lived too long, and a husband the privilege of talking of his second wife before his first. But let the airy gentleman, who makes thus bold with others, retire a while out of company, and he scarce dares tell himself his wishes. Much less can he endure to carry on his thought, as he necessarily must, if he enters once thoroughly *into himself*, and proceeds by interrogatories to form the home acquaintance and familiarity required. For thus, after some struggle, we may suppose him to accost himself: 'Tell me 'now, my honest heart, am I *really* honest, and of 'some worth? or do I only make a fair show, and 'am *intrinsically* no better than a rascal? As good 'a friend, a countryman, or a relation, as I appear 'outwardly to the world, or as I would willingly

Problems for the conscience.

&c.; and this is true, but not the whole truth. According to our doctrine, man becomes "I," or a conscious being, in spite of his sensations, passions, &c. Sensation exists for the purpose of keeping down consciousness, and consciousness for the purpose of keeping down sensation.'—ED.

[1] PERS. *Sat.* II. 10.

'perhaps think myself to be; should I not in reality 'be glad they were hanged, any of them, or broke 'their necks, who happened to stand between me 'and the least portion of an estate?—Why not, 'since it is my interest?—Should I not be glad, 'therefore, to help this matter forwards, and promote 'my interest, if it lay fairly in my power?—No 'doubt: provided I were sure not to be punished 'for it.—And what reason has the greatest rogue in 'nature for not doing thus?—The same reason, and 'no other.—Am I not then, at the bottom, the same 'as he?—The same: an arrant villain, though 'perhaps more a coward, and not so perfect in my 'kind.—If *interest*, therefore, points me out this 'road, whither would *humanity* and *compassion* lead 'me?—Quite contrary.—Why therefore do I cherish 'such weaknesses? Why do I sympathise with 'others? Why please myself in the conceit of worth 'and honour? a character, a memory, an issue, or 'a name? What else are these but scruples in my 'way? Wherefore do I thus bely my own interest, 'and, by keeping myself *half-knave*, approve myself '*a thorough fool?*'

We reverence ourselves, but we do not attempt to understand ourselves.

This is a language we can by no means endure to hold with ourselves, whatever raillery we may use with others. We may defend villany, or cry up folly, before the world; but to appear fools, madmen, or varlets, to ourselves, and prove it to our own faces, that we are really such, is insupportable. For so true a reverence has every one for himself, when he comes clearly to appear before his close companion, that he had rather profess the vilest

things of himself in open company, than hear his character privately from his own mouth. So that we may readily from hence conclude, That the chief interest of ambition, avarice, corruption, and every sly insinuating vice, is to prevent[1] this interview and familiarity of discourse, which is consequent upon close retirement and inward recess. It is the grand artifice of villany and lewdness, as well as of superstition and bigotry, to put us upon terms of greater distance and formality with ourselves, and evade our proving method of soliloquy. And for this reason, how specious soever may be the instruction and doctrine of formalists, their very manner itself is a sufficient blind, or *remora*, in the way of honesty and good sense.

Parallel case of the lover.

I am sensible, that should my reader be peradventure a lover, after the more profound and solemn way of love, he would be apt to conclude, that he was no stranger to our proposed method of practice; being conscious to himself of having often made vigorous excursions into those solitary regions above mentioned, where soliloquy is upheld with

[1] Cf. PASCAL (*Pensées*, pt. i. art. 7): 'Les hommes ont un instinct secret qui les porte à chercher le divertissement et l'occupation au dehors, qui vient du ressentiment de leur misère continuelle. Et ils ont un autre instinct secret, qui reste de la grandeur de leur première nature, qui leur fait connaître que le bonheur n'est, en effet, que dans le repos. Et de ces deux instincts contraires, il se forme en eux un projet confus qui se cache à leur vue dans le fond de leur âme, qui les porte à tendre au repos par l'agitation et à se figurer toujours que la satisfaction qu'ils n'ont point leur arrivera si, en surmontant quelques difficultés qu'ils envisagent, ils peuvent s'ouvrir par là la porte au repos.' Is not this really a truer explanation of the facts?—ED.

most advantage. He may chance to remember how he has many times addressed the woods and rocks in audible articulate sounds, and seemingly expostulated with himself in such a manner as if he had really formed the requisite distinction, and had the power to entertain himself in due form. But it is very apparent, that though all were true we have here supposed, it can no way reach the case before us. For a passionate lover, whatever solitude he may affect, can never be truly *by himself*. His case is like the author's who has begun his courtship to the public, and is embarked in an intrigue which sufficiently amuses, and takes him out of himself. Whatever he meditates alone is interrupted still by the imagined presence of the mistress he pursues. Not a thought, not an expression, not a sigh, which is purely for himself. All is appropriated, and all devoutly tendered to the object of his passion; insomuch that there is nothing ever so trivial or accidental of this kind, which he is not desirous should be witnessed by the party whose grace and favour he solicits.

Mystics who contemplate the mysteries of nature forget to contemplate themselves.

It is the same reason which keeps the imaginary saint, or mystic, from being capable of this entertainment. Instead of looking narrowly into *his own nature* and mind, that he may be no longer a mystery to himself, he is taken up with the contemplation of other mysterious natures, which he can never explain or comprehend. He has the spectres of his zeal before his eyes, and is as familiar with his modes, essences, personages, and exhibitions of deity, as the conjuror with his different forms, species,

and orders of genii or demons. So that we make no doubt to assert, that not so much as a recluse religionist, a votary, or hermit, was ever truly *by himself*.[1] And thus, since neither lover, author, mystic, or conjuror (who are the only claimants), can truly or justly be entitled to a share in this self-entertainment, it remains, that the only person entitled is the *man of sense*, the sage, or philosopher. However, since of all other characters we are generally the most inclined to favour that of a lover, it may not, we hope, be impertinent, on this occasion, to recite the story of an amour.

Allegory of the love-spent nobleman.

A virtuous young Prince, of a heroic soul, capable of love and friendship, made war upon a tyrant, who was in every respect his reverse. It was the happiness of our Prince to be as great a conqueror by his clemency and bounty, as by his arms and military virtue. Already he had won over to his party several potentates and princes, who before had been subject to the tyrant. Among those who adhered still to the enemy, there was a Prince, who having all the advantage of person and merit, had lately

[1] Whatever may have been *the result*, certainly the aim and object of the religious ascetics was professed to be to gain a knowledge and perfection of soul. The reader is referred to S. BASIL, *De Laude Solitariæ Vitæ*, from which the following passages are extracted: 'O eremus, sanctarum mentium delectatio et intimi gustus inexhausta dulcedo . . . tu facis ut homo sit integer atque rotundus ac nulla a semetipso inæqualitate diversus . . . . O cella spiritualis exercitii mirabilis officina in qua certe humana anima Creatoris sui imaginem in se restaurat et ad suæ redit originis puritatem, ubi sensus obtusi ad subtilitatem sui acuminis redeunt, et pro vitiata natura sinceritatis azyma reperitur.'—ED.

been made happy in the possession and mutual love of the most beautiful Princess in the world. It happened that the occasions of the war called the new-married Prince to a distance from his beloved Princess. He left her secure, as he thought, in a strong castle, far within the country; but, in his absence, the place was taken by surprise, and the Princess brought a captive to the quarters of our heroic Prince.

There was in the camp a young nobleman, favourite of the Prince; one who had been educated with him, and was still treated by him with perfect familiarity. Him he immediately sent for, and, with strict injunctions, committed the captive Princess to his charge; resolving she should be treated with that respect which was due to her high rank and merit. It was the same young lord who had discovered her disguised among the prisoners, and learned her story, the particulars of which he now related to the Prince. He spoke in ecstasy on this occasion, telling the Prince how beautiful she appeared, even in the midst of sorrow, and though disguised under the meanest habit, yet how distinguishable, by her air and manner, from every other beauty of her sex. But what appeared strange to our young nobleman was, that the Prince, during this whole relation, discovered not the least intention of seeing the lady, or satisfying that curiosity, which seemed so natural on such an occasion. He pressed him, but without success. 'Not see her, Sir!' said he, wondering, 'when she is so handsome, beyond what you have ever seen!'

'For that very reason,' replied the Prince, 'I would the rather decline the interview. For should I, upon the bare report of her beauty, be so charmed as to make the first visit at this urgent time of business, I may, upon sight, with better reason, be induced perhaps to visit her when I am more at leisure, and so again and again, till at last I may have no leisure left for my affairs.'

'Would you, Sir, persuade me then,' said the young nobleman, smiling, 'that a fair face can have such power as to force *the will* itself, and constrain a man in any respect to act contrary to what he thinks becoming him? Are we to hearken to the poets, in what they tell us of that incendiary Love, and his irresistible flames? A real flame, we see, burns all alike; but that imaginary one of beauty hurts only those who are consenting. It affects no otherwise than as we ourselves are pleased to allow it. In many cases we absolutely command it; as where relation and consanguinity are in the nearest degree. Authority and law, we see, can master. But it would be vain as well as unjust, for any law to intermeddle or prescribe, were not the case voluntary, and our will entirely free.'

'How comes it then,' replied the Prince, 'that if we are thus masters of our choice, and free at first to admire and love where we approve, we cannot afterwards as well cease to love, whenever we see cause? This latter liberty you will hardly defend. For I doubt not you have heard of many, who, though they were used to set the highest value upon liberty before hey loved, yet afterwards were *necessitated* to

serve in the most abject manner, finding themselves constrained and bound by a stronger chain than any of iron or adamant.'

'Such wretches,' replied the youth, 'I have often heard complain, who, if you will believe them, are wretched indeed, without means or power to help themselves. You may hear them in the same manner complain grievously of life itself. But though there are doors enough to go out of life, they find it convenient to keep still where they are. They are the very same pretenders, who, through this plea of irresistible necessity, make bold with what is another's, and attempt unlawful beds. But the law, I perceive, makes bold with them in its turn, as with other invaders of property. Neither is it your custom, Sir, to pardon such offences. So that beauty itself, you must allow, is innocent and harmless, and can compel no one to do anything amiss. The debauched compel themselves, and unjustly charge their guilt on Love. They who are honest and just can admire and love whatever is beautiful, without offering at anything beyond what is allowed. How then is it possible, Sir, that one of your virtue should be in pain on any such account, or fear such a temptation? You see, Sir, I am sound and whole, after having beheld the Princess. I have conversed with her; I have admired her in the highest degree; yet am *myself* still, and in my duty; and shall be ever in the same manner at your command.'

'It is well,' replied the Prince 'keep yourself so. Be ever the same man, and look to your charge carefully, as becomes you. For it may so happen,

in the present posture of the war, that this fair captive may stand us in good stead.'

With this the young nobleman departed to execute his commission, and immediately took such care of the captive Princess and her household, that she seemed as perfectly obeyed, and had everything which belonged to her in as great splendour now as in her principality, and in the height of fortune. He found her in every respect deserving, and saw in her a generosity of soul which was beyond her other charms. His study to oblige her, and soften her distress, made her in return desirous to express a gratitude, which he easily perceived. She showed on every occasion a real concern for his interest; and, when he happened to fall ill, she took such tender care of him herself, and by her servants, that he seemed to owe his recovery to her friendship.

From these beginnings, insensibly, and by natural degrees (as may easily be conceived), the youth fell desperately in love. At first he offered not to make the least mention of his passion to the Princess. For he scarce dared tell it *to himself.* But afterwards he grew bolder. She received his declaration with an unaffected trouble and concern, spoke to him as a friend, to dissuade him as much as possible from such an extravagant attempt. But when he talked to her of *force,* she immediately sent away one of her faithful domestics to the Prince to implore his protection. The Prince received the message with the appearance of more than ordinary concern, sent instantly for one of his first ministers, and bid him go with that domestic to the young nobleman, and let him

understand, 'That *force* was not to be offered to such a lady; *persuasion* he might use, if he thought fit.'

The minister, who was no friend to the young nobleman, failed not to aggravate the message, inveighed publicly against him on this occasion, and to his face reproached him as a traitor, and dishonourer of his Prince and nation; with all else which could be said against him, as guilty of the highest sacrilege, perfidiousness, and breach of trust. So that, in reality, the youth looked upon his case as desperate, fell into the deepest melancholy, and prepared himself for that fate which he thought he well deserved.

In this condition the Prince sent to speak with him alone; and when he saw him in the utmost confusion, 'I find,' said he, 'my friend, I am now become dreadful to you indeed, since you can neither see me without shame, nor imagine me to be without resentment. But away with all those thoughts from this time forwards. I know how much you have suffered on this occasion. I know the power of Love, and am no otherwise safe myself, than by keeping out of the way of beauty. It was I who was in fault; it was I who unhappily matched you with that unequal adversary, and gave you that impracticable task and hard adventure, which no one yet was ever strong enough to accomplish.'

'In this, Sir,' replied the youth, 'as in all else, you express that goodness which is so natural to you. You have compassion, and can allow for human frailty; but the rest of mankind will never cease to upbraid me. Nor shall I ever be forgiven, were I able ever to forgive myself. I am reproached by my

nearest friends. I must be odious to all mankind, wherever I am known. The least punishment I can think due to me, is banishment for ever from your presence.'

'Think not of such a thing *for ever*,' said the Prince, 'but trust me: if you retire only *for a while*, I shall so order it, that you shall soon return again with the applause even of those who are now your enemies, when they find what a considerable service you shall have rendered both to them and me.'

Such a hint was sufficient to revive the spirits of our despairing youth. He was transported to think that his misfortunes could be turned any way to the advantage of his Prince. He entered with joy into the scheme the Prince had laid for him, and appeared eager to depart, and execute what was appointed him. 'Can you, then, said the Prince, 'resolve to quit the charming Princess?'

'Oh, Sir!' replied the youth, 'well am I now satisfied, that I have, in reality, within me *two distinct separate souls*. This lesson of philosophy I have learned from that villanous sophister Love. For it is impossible to believe, that having one and the same soul, it should be actually both good and bad, passionate for virtue and vice, desirous of contraries. No. There must of necessity be two; and when *the good* prevails, it is then we act handsomely, when the ill, then basely and villanously. Such was my case. For lately the ill soul was wholly master. But now the good prevails, by your assistance; and I am plainly a new creature, with quite another apprehension, another reason, another *will*.'

The teaching of experience thus coincides with the teaching of philosophy.

Thus it may appear, how far a lover, by his own natural strength, may reach the chief principle of philosophy, and understand our doctrine of *two persons* in one individual *self*. Not that our courtier, we suppose, was able, of himself, to form this distinction justly, and according to art. For could he have effected this, he would have been able to cure himself, without the assistance of his prince. However, he was wise enough to see in the issue, that his independency and freedom were mere glosses, and resolution a nose of wax. For let *will* be ever so free, humour and fancy, we see, govern it. And these, as free as we suppose them, are often changed, we know not how, without asking our consent, or giving us any account. If opinion be that which governs, and makes the change, it is itself as liable to be governed, and varied in its turn.[1] And by what I can observe of the world, fancy and opinion stand pretty much upon the same bottom.[2] So that

We are not κύριον τῶν φαντασιῶν.

[1] Treatise III. iii. 2.

[2] 'Cette maîtresse d'erreur, que l'on appelle *fantaisie et opinion*, est d'autant plus fourbe qu'elle ne l'est pas toujours; car elle serait règle infaillible de la vérité, si elle l'était infaillible du mensonge. Mais, étant le plus souvent fausse, elle ne donne aucune marque de sa qualité, marquant de même caractère le vrai et le faux. Cette superbe puissance, ennemie de la raison, qui se plaît à la contrôler et à la dominer pour montrer combien elle peut en toutes choses, a établi dans l'homme une seconde nature. Elle a ses heureux et ses malheureux; ses sains, ses malades; ses riches, ses pauvres; ses fous et ses sages: et rien ne nous dépite davantage que de voir qu'elle remplit ses hôtes d'une satisfaction beaucoup plus pleine et entière que la raison: les habiles par imagination se plaisant tout autrement en eux-mêmes que les prudents ne peuvent raisonnablement se plaire. Ils regardent les gens avec empire; ils disputent avec hardiesse et confiance; les autres avec crainte et

if there be no certain inspector or auditor established within us, to take account of these opinions and fancies in due form, and minutely to animadvert upon their several growths and habits, we are as little like to continue a day in the same will, as a tree during a summer in the same shape, without the gardener's assistance, and the vigorous application of the shears and pruning-knife.

Strict scrutiny of heart essential to a philosopher.

As cruel a court as the Inquisition appears, there must, it seems, be full as formidable a one erected in ourselves, if we would pretend to that uniformity of opinion which is necessary to hold us to *one will*,[1] and preserve us in the same mind from one day to another. Philosophy, at this rate, will be thought perhaps little better than persecution ; and a supreme judge,[2] in matters of inclination and appetite, must

défiance: et cette gaieté de visage leur donne souvent l'avantage dans l'opinion des écoutants, tant les sages imaginaires ont de faveur auprès de leurs juges de même nature ! Elle ne peut rendre sages les fous ; mais elle les rend contents, à l'envi de la raison qui ne peut rendre ses amis que misérables. L'une les comble de gloire, l'autre les couvre de honte. Qui dispense la réputation ? qui donne le respect et la vénération aux personnes, aux ouvrages, aux grands, sinon l'opinion ? Combien toutes les richesses de la terre sont-elles insuffisantes sans son consentement ? '—PASCAL, *Pensées*, pt. 1, art. 6.—ED.

[1] 'No man is forced or necessitated to become "I" [a consistently rational and independent being]. All the necessitated part of his nature leans the other way, and tends to prevent him from becoming "I." He becomes "I" by fighting against the necessitated part of his nature. "I" embraces the sum and substance of his freedom, of his resistance. He becomes "I" through his own consent, through the concurrence and operation of his will.'—FERRIER'S *Remains*, vol. ii. p. 185.—ED.

[2] Cf. S. AMBROSE (*De Officiis*, iii. 4) : Quæ pœna gravior quam interioris vulnus conscientiæ ? Quod severius judicium quam

needs go exceedingly against the heart. Every pretty fancy is disturbed by it; every pleasure interrupted by it. The course of good humour will hardly allow it; and the pleasantry of wit almost absolutely rejects it. It appears, besides, like a kind of pedantry, to be thus magisterial with ourselves, thus strict over our imaginations, and, with all the airs of a real pedagogue, to be solicitously taken up in the sour care and tutorage of so many boyish fancies, unlucky appetites and desires, which are perpetually playing truant, and need correction.

We hope, however, that by our method of practice, and the help of the grand *arcanum* which we have professed to reveal, this regimen or discipline of the fancies may not in the end prove so severe or mortifying as is imagined. We hope also, that our *patient* (for such we naturally suppose our *reader*) will consider duly with himself, that what he endures in this operation is for no inconsiderable end, since it is to gain him *a will*, and ensure him a certain resolution, by which he shall know where to find himself, be sure of his own meaning and design, and as to all his desires, opinions, and inclinations, be warranted *one and the same person* to-day as yesterday, and to-morrow as to-day.

Conflict between reason and appetite

This, perhaps, will be thought a miracle by one who well considers the nature of mankind, and the growth, variation, and inflection of appetite and

domesticum quo unusquisque sibi est reus, seque ipse arguit? . . . Omnia adversa habet qui sibi ipse displicet, ipse sui accusator, ipse sui testis; nec invenit quo fugiat qui ipse perurget et stimulat.'—ED.

humour. For APPETITE, which is elder brother to REASON, being the lad of stronger growth, is sure, on every contest, to take the advantage of drawing all to his own side. And will, so highly boasted, is, at best, merely a top or foot-ball[1] between these youngsters, who prove very unfortunately matched, till the youngest, instead of now and then a kick or lash bestowed to little purpose, forsakes the ball or top itself, and begins to lay about his elder brother. It is then that the scene changes. For the elder, like an arrant coward, upon this treatment, presently grows civil, and affords the younger as fair play afterwards as he can desire.

for the control of the will.

And here it is that our sovereign remedy and gymnastic method of soliloquy takes its rise, when, by a certain powerful figure of inward rhetoric, the mind *apostrophises* its own fancies, raises them in

The habit of soliloquising gives distinctness to the conflict of the soul.

[1] This comparison of the will to a football is very vivid and true, as a whole; but its details involve a deal of controvertible opinion. It makes the will to be merely *passive*, acted on from without, but with no other power of its own, except a sort of natural 'rebound.' The accretive power of the will, from habit and exercise, is thus lost sight of, though in fact, after a time, both appetite and reason seem to lose their power of determining the will, so strong is the association of a confirmed habit (*σπέρμα τῶν πράξεων ἡ διάθεσις· ἀρχὴ καὶ πηγὴ τοῦ βίου τὸ ἦθος*). Again: there is this fallacy in the comparison—there is no place for compromise; though, as a fact, conduct is rarely anything else than a perpetual compromise between the motives supplied by appetite in some form and those supplied by the higher or rational nature. Of course, the contest really lies between the *feelings* formed by the associations of reason and *feelings* formed by the associations of selfishness. But as mental associations are intertwined, one with another, it is rarely possible to draw out the sharp contrasts that exist in Shaftesbury's picture.—ED.

their proper shapes and personages, and addresses them familiarly, without the least ceremony or respect. By this means it will soon happen, that two formed parties will erect themselves within. For the imaginations or fancies being thus roundly treated, are forced to declare themselves, and take party. Those on the side of the elder brother APPETITE, are strangely subtle and insinuating. They have always the faculty to speak by nods and winks. By this practice they conceal half their meaning; and, like modern politicians, pass for deeply wise, and adorn themselves with the finest pretext, and most specious glosses imaginable; till, being confronted with their fellows of a plainer language and expression, they are forced to quit their mysterious manner, and discover themselves mere sophisters and impostors, who have not the least to do with the party of REASON and good sense.

Self-knowledge, above all things, necessary for an author.

Accordingly we might now proceed to exhibit distinctly, and in due method, the form and manner of this probation or exercise, as it regards all men in general. But the case of authors in particular being, as we apprehend, the most urgent, we shall apply our rule in the first place to these gentlemen, whom it so highly imports to know themselves, and understand the natural strength and powers, as well as the weaknesses of a human mind.[1] For without

[1] Cf. St. AUGUSTINE (*de Ordine*, I. 3): 'Homo sibi ipse est incognitus: qui tamen ut se noscat magna opus habet consuetudine recedendi a sensibus atque animum in seipsum colligendi atque in seipso retinendi. Quod ii tantum assequuntur, qui plagas quasdam

this understanding, the historian's judgment will be very defective, the politician's views very narrow and chimerical, and the poet's brain, however stocked with fiction, will be but poorly furnished; as in the sequel we shall make appear. He who deals in *characters* must of necessity know *his own*, or he will know nothing. And he who would give the world a profitable entertainment of this sort should be sure to profit first by himself. For, in this sense, *wisdom* as well as *charity* may be honestly said '*to begin at home.*' There is no way of estimating manners, or apprising the different humours, fancies, passions, and apprehensions of others, without first taking an inventory of the same kind of goods within ourselves, and surveying our domestic fund.[1]

opinionum, quas vitæ quotidianæ cursus infligit, aut solitudine inurunt aut liberalibus medicant disciplinis.'—ED.

[1] On the moral bearings of this truth, compare Bishop BUTLER'S *Sermon on Self Deceit*: 'Many men seem perfect strangers to their own characters. . . . This self-ignorance and self-partiality may be in all different degrees; it is a lower degree of it which David himself refers to in these words, "Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Cleanse thou me from my secret faults." This is the ground of that advice of Elihu to Job, "Surely it is meet to be said unto GOD, 'That which I see not teach thou me: if I have done iniquity I will do no more.'" And Solomon saw this thing in a very strong light when he said "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." This likewise was the reason why that precept "Know thyself" was so frequently inculcated by the philosophers of old, for if it were not for that partial and fond regard to ourselves it would certainly be no great difficulty to know our own character, what passes within, the bent and bias of our mind; much less would there be any difficulty in judging rightly of our own actions; but from this partiality it frequently comes to pass that the observation of many men's being themselves last of all acquainted with

A little of this home-practice will serve to make great discoveries.

Tecum habita, et noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.[1]

what falls out in their own families may be applied to a nearer home—to what passes within their own breast.'—ED.

[1] PERS. *Sat.* IV. .

SECTION III.

WHOEVER has been an observer of action and grace in human bodies, must of necessity have discovered the great difference in this respect between such persons as have been taught by nature only, and such as, by reflection and the assistance of art, have learned to form those motions which on experience are found the easiest and most natural. Of the former kind are either those good rustics, who have been bred remote from the formed societies of men; or those plain artisans and people of lower rank, who, living in cities and places of resort, have been necessitated however to follow mean employments, and wanted the opportunity and means to form themselves after the better models. There are some persons indeed so happily formed by Nature herself, that, with the greatest simplicity or rudeness of education, they have still something of a natural grace and comeliness in their action; and there are others of a better education, who, by a wrong aim and injudicious affectation of grace, are of all people the farthest removed from it. It is undeniable, however, that the perfection of grace and comeliness in action and behaviour, can be found only among the

Influence of education on manners.

people of a liberal education.[1] And even among the graceful of this kind, those still are found the gracefullest, who early in their youth have learned their exercises, and formed their motions under the best masters.

Corresponding influence on philosophical accomplishments.

Now, such as these masters and their lessons are to a fine gentleman, such are philosophers and philosophy to an author. The case is the same in the fashionable and in the literate world. In the former of these it is remarked, that, by the help of good company and the force of example merely, a decent carriage is acquired, with such apt motions, and such a freedom of limbs, as on all ordinary occasions may

[1] The psychological aspects of education are well brought out by Mr. MORELL (*Mental Philosophy*) in a chapter on *the Motor Mechanism in relation to the Will.* He shows that habit, and not will, is the principal agent in the formation of character. Compare especially p. 353 : 'In early life the motor mechanism has not yet acquired any very strong tendencies in any direction, so that residua may be accumulated without difficulty and made to tell with especial force upon any one particular facility which it is designed to cultivate. After a time conflicting associations come in, antagonistic habits are formed, and as much labour has to be undergone in overcoming *these* as in acquiring the others. The habit, for example, of moving the fingers consentaneously is ordinarily so strong that that individual action of them which the expert pianist requires can hardly ever be gained except in early life. For the same reason habits of graceful movement should be early impressed upon children to prevent that '*gaucherie*' which the want of such early training almost always leaves behind. Where such habits are gained in early life they remain as a heritage to the motor system ever after. The mind and the will may henceforth banish all thought and all effort regarding them. Once laid up amongst the residua ready for action the motor mechanism will reproduce them whenever the association prompts, and thus good manners, as far as the outward expression is concerned, become a part of our unconscious spontaneity.'—ED.

enable the party to demean himself like a gentleman. But when, upon further occasion, trial is made in an extraordinary way, when exercises of the genteeler kind are to be performed in public, it will easily appear who of the pretenders have been formed by rudiments, and had masters in private, and who, on the other side, have contented themselves with bare imitation, and learned their part casually, and by rote. The parallel is easily made on the side of writers. They have at least as much need of learning the several motions, counterpoises, and balances of the mind and passions, as the other students those of the body and limbs.

> Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons,
> Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ.[1]

The casual act, or the formed habit.

The gallant, no doubt, may pen a letter to his mistress, as the courtier may a compliment to the minister, or the minister to the favourite above him, without going such vast depths into learning or phi-

[1] HOR. *de Art. Poet.* See even the dissolute Petronius's judgment of a writer:

> Artis severæ si quis amat effectus,
> Mentemque magnis applicat; prius more
> Frugalitatis lege polleat exacta;
> Nec curet alto regiam trucem vultu.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . . : neve plausor in scæna
> Sedeat redemptus, histrioniæ addictus.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Mox et Socratico plenus grege, mutet habenas
> Liber, et ingentis quatiat Demosthenis arma.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> His animum succinge bonis, sic flumine largo
> Plenus, Pierio defundes pectore verba.

losophy. But for these privileged gentlemen, though they set fashions and prescribe rules in other cases, they are no controllers in the commonwealth of letters. Nor are they presumed to write to the age, or for remote posterity. Their works are not of a nature to entitle them to hold the rank of authors, or be styled writers by way of excellence in the kind. Should their ambition lead them into such a field, they would be obliged to come otherwise equipped. They who enter the public lists, must come duly trained, and exercised, like well-appointed cavaliers, expert in arms, and well instructed in the use of their weapon, and management of their steed. For to be well accoutred, and well mounted, is not sufficient. The horse alone can never make the horseman, nor limbs the wrestler or the dancer. No more can a genius alone make a poet, or good parts a writer, in any considerable kind. The skill and grace of writing is founded, as our wise poet tells us, in knowledge and good sense, and not barely in that knowledge which is to be learned from common authors, or the general conversation of the world, but from those particular rules of art which philosophy alone exhibits.

Philosophy originally a species of drama.

The philosophical writings to which our poet in his Art of Poetry refers, were in themselves a kind of poetry, like the mimes,[1] or personated pieces of early times, before philosophy was in vogue, and when as yet dramatical imitation was scarce formed, or at least, in many parts, not brought to due per-

[1] Treatise III. ii. 2 (notes).

fection. They were pieces which, besides their force of style, and hidden numbers, carried a sort of action and imitation, the same as the epic and dramatic kinds. They were either real dialogues, or recitals of such personated discourses, where the persons themselves had their characters preserved throughout, their manners, humours, and distinct turns of temper and understanding maintained, according to the most exact poetical truth. It was not enough that these pieces treated fundamentally of morals, and in consequence pointed out real characters and manners: they exhibited them *alive*, and set the countenances and complexions of men plainly in view. And by this means they not only taught us to know others, but, what was principal and of highest virtue in them, they taught us to know ourselves.

Infinite versatility of real poetry.

The philosophical hero of these poems, whose name they carried both in their body and front, and whose genius and manner they were made to represent, was in himself *a perfect character*, yet, in some respects, so veiled, and in a cloud, that to the unattentive surveyor he seemed often to be very different from what he really was, and this chiefly by reason of a certain exquisite and refined raillery which belonged to his manner, and by virtue of which he could treat the highest subjects and those of the commonest capacity both together, and render them explanatory of each other. So that, in this genius of writing, there appeared both the heroic and the simple, the tragic and the comic vein. However, it was so ordered, that, notwithstanding the

oddness or mysteriousness of the principal character, the under-parts or second characters showed human nature more distinctly, and to the life. We might here, therefore, as in a looking-glass, discover ourselves, and see our minutest features nicely delineated, and suited to our own apprehension and cognizance. No one who was ever so little a while an inspector, could fail of becoming acquainted with his own heart. And, what was of singular note in these *magical glasses*, it would happen that, by constant and long inspection, the parties accustomed to the practice would acquire a peculiar speculative habit, so as virtually to carry about with them a sort of *pocket-mirror*, always ready, and in use. In this there were *two* faces which would naturally present themselves to our view: one of them like the commanding genius, the leader and chief above mentioned, the other like that rude, undisciplined, and headstrong creature, whom we ourselves in our natural capacity most exactly resembled. Whatever we were employed in, whatever we set about, if once we had acquired the habit of this mirror, we should, by virtue of the double reflection, distinguish ourselves into two different parties. And, in this dramatic method, the work of self-inspection would proceed with admirable success.

Fame of ancient poets owing to their knowledge of character.

It is no wonder that the primitive poets were esteemed such sages in their times; since it appears they were such well-practised dialogists, and accustomed to this improving method, before ever philosophy had adopted it. Their mimes, or characterized discourses, were as much relished as their most regu-

lar poems, and were the occasion perhaps that so many of these latter were formed in such perfection. For poetry itself was defined *an imitation*, chiefly of men and manners, and was that in an exalted and noble degree, which in a low one we call mimickry. It is in this that the great mimographer,[1] the father and prince of poets, excels so highly; his characters being wrought to a likeness beyond what any succeeding masters were ever able to describe.[2] Nor are his works, which are so full of action, any other

[1] "Ὁμηρος δὲ ἄλλα τε πολλὰ ἄξιος ἐπαινεῖσθαι, καὶ δὴ καὶ ὅτι μόνος τῶν ποιητῶν, οὐκ ἀγνοεῖ ὃ δεῖ ποιεῖν αὐτόν. αὐτὸν γὰρ δεῖ τὸν ποιητὴν ἐλάχιστα λέγειν· οὐ γάρ ἐστι κατὰ ταῦτα μιμητής· οἱ μὲν οὖν ἄλλοι, αὐτοὶ μὲν δι' ὅλου ἀγωνίζονται, μιμοῦνται δὲ ὀλίγα καὶ ὀλιγάκις.—ARIST. *de Poet.* cap. 24.

[2] This fact that Homer is such a marvellous imitator, and makes his characters stand out with the infinite diversity and many-sidedness of actual life, is made the ground of his exclusion from Plato's ideal Republic. Plato would have men imitate only that which is ideal and perfect. But the poet 'holds intercourse with a part of the soul which is not highest nor best.' Ὁ δὴ μιμητικὸς ποιητὴς δῆλον ὅτι οὐ πρὸς τὸ τοιοῦτον τῆς ψυχῆς πέφυκέ γε, καὶ ἡ σοφία αὐτοῦ τούτῳ ἀρέσκειν πέπηγεν, εἰ μέλλει εὐδοκιμήσειν ἐν τοῖς πολλοῖς, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὸ ἀγανακτητικόν τε καὶ ποικίλον ἦθος διὰ τὸ εὐμίμητον εἶναι. Δῆλον. Οὐκοῦν δικαίως ἂν αὐτοῦ ἤδη ἐπιλαμβανοίμεθα καὶ τιθεῖμεν ἀντίστροφον αὐτὸν τῷ ζωγράφῳ; καὶ γὰρ τῷ φαῦλα ποιεῖν πρὸς ἀλήθειαν ἔοικεν αὐτῷ, καὶ τῷ πρὸς ἕτερον τοιοῦτον ὁμιλεῖν τῆς ψυχῆς, ἀλλὰ μὴ πρὸς τὸ βέλτιστον, καὶ ταύτῃ ὁμοίωται· καὶ οὕτως ἤδη ἂν ἐν δίκῃ οὐ παραδεχοίμεθα εἰς μέλλουσαν εὐνομεῖσθαι πόλιν, ὅτι τοῦτο ἐγείρει τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ τρέφει καὶ ἰσχυρὸν ποιῶν ἀπολλυσι τὸ λογιστικόν, ὥσπερ ἐν πόλει ὅταν τις μοχθηροὺς ἐγκρατεῖς ποιῶν παραδιδῷ τὴν πόλιν, τοὺς δὲ χαριεστέρους φθείρῃ, ταὐτὸν καὶ τὸν μιμητικὸν ποιητὴν φήσομεν κακὴν πολιτείαν ἰδίᾳ ἑκάστου τῇ ψυχῇ ἐμποιεῖν, τῷ ἀνοήτῳ αὐτῆς χαριζόμενον καὶ οὔτε τὰ μείζω οὔτε τὰ ἐλάττω διαγιγνώσκοντι, ἀλλὰ τὰ αὐτὰ τοτὲ μὲν μεγάλα ἡγουμένῳ, τοτὲ δὲ σμικρά, εἴδωλα εἰδωλοποιοῦντα, τοῦ δὲ ἀληθοῦς πόρρω πάνυ ἀφεστῶτα.—PLATO, *Rep.* p. 605, a. (Cf. also p. 394, e—398, b.)—ED.

than an artful series or chain of *dialogues*, which turn upon *one* remarkable catastrophe or event. He describes no qualities or virtues, censures no manners, makes no encomiums, nor gives characters himself, but brings his actors still in view. It is they who show themselves. It is they who speak in such a manner as distinguishes them in all things from all others, and makes them ever like themselves. Their different compositions and allays so justly made, and equally carried on, through every particle of the action, give more instruction than all the comments or glosses in the world. The poet, instead of giving himself those dictating and masterly airs of wisdom, makes hardly any figure at all, and is scarce discoverable in his poem. This is being truly a *master*. He paints so as to need no inscription over his figures, to tell us what they are, or what he intends by them. A few words let fall, on any slight occasion, from any of the parties he introduces, are sufficient to denote their manners and distinct character. From a finger or a toe, he can represent to our thoughts the frame and fashion of a whole body. He wants no other help of art to personate his heroes, and make them living.[1] There was no more

[1] M. Taine's description of Tacitus may be quoted as a very pregnant illustration of the text:—'Tacite est poëte. Ce genre d'imagination est une sorte de génie philosophique, qui éclaire par illumination subite, et pénètre dans la vérité aussi profondément que la raison même. Car l'esprit poétique ne consiste pas seulement dans la folie charmante ou dans l'exaltation rêveuse qui ôte l'homme du monde réel, pour l'égarer dans le pays de la fantaisie; c'est la puissance de créer ou de reproduire des êtres aussi vrais, aussi vivants, que ceux que nous pouvons voir et

left for *tragedy* to do after him, than to erect a stage, and draw his dialogues and characters into scenes, turning, in the same manner, upon one principal action or event, with that regard to place and time which was suitable to a real spectacle. Even comedy[1] itself was adjudged to this great master; it being derived from those parodies or mock-humours, of which he had given the specimen[2] in a concealed sort of raillery intermixed with the sublime.—A dangerous stroke of art! and which required a masterly hand, like that of the philosophical hero, whose character was represented in the dialogue-writings above mentioned.

Resemblance of Homer and Plato.

From whence possibly we may form a notion of that resemblance which on so many occasions was heretofore remarked between the prince of poets

toucher. . . . . Il y a dans Tacite des couleurs crues, des traits saisissants, une violence de vérité, qui font comprendre non plus une âme humaine en général, mais *cette chose multiple, tortueuse, profonde, compliquée, infinie, qui est une âme particulière.* Tout ce qu'une lente décomposition fait incomplétement et péniblemen, entrevoir au savant, le poëtel e résume par un mot, par un gestes parce que l'imagination touchée en un certain point, produit subitement la figure précise et entière, comme dans une fleur, dès qu'un grain de poussière est tombé sur l'organe préparé, la vie éclate et un nouvel être est formé. Il faut bien encore que Tacite soit coloriste, puisqu'il est poëte. Aussi avec lui enfin nout, touchons le monde réel; nous vivons parmi des corps; nous voyons des âmes, mais à travers des faits sensibles; et nous les voyons plus nettement: car notre imaginatione, est ainsi fait que, pour bien saisir les passions spirituelles, nous devons nous figurer les apparences physiques, semblables à la nature dont les forces impalpables n'agissent que par des mouvements corporels.'—*Essai sur Tite-Live*, p. 332.—ED.

[1] Treatise III. ii. 2 (note).

[2] Not only in his Margites, but even in his Iliad and Odyssey.

and the divine philosopher, who was said to rival him, and who, together with his contemporaries of the same school, writ wholly in that manner of dialogue above described. From hence too we may comprehend, perhaps, why the study of dialogue was heretofore thought so advantageous to writers, and why this manner of writing was judged so difficult, which at first sight, it must be owned, appears the easiest of any.

Position of the Dialogue in modern times.

I have formerly wondered, indeed, why a manner, which was familiarly used in treatises upon most subjects, with so much success among the ancients, should be so insipid and of so little esteem with us moderns. But I afterwards perceived, that, besides the difficulty of the manner itself, and that *mirror-faculty* which we have observed it to carry in respect of ourselves, it proves also of necessity a kind of mirror or looking-glass to the age. — If so, it should of consequence (you will say) be the more agreeable and entertaining. — True, if the real view of ourselves be not perhaps displeasing to us. — But why more displeasing to us than to the ancients ? — Because perhaps they could with just reason bear to see their natural countenances represented. — And why not we the same ? What should discourage us ? for are we not as handsome, at least, *in our own eyes ?* — Perhaps not : as we shall see, when we have considered a little further what the force is of this *mirror-writing*, and how it differs from that more complaisant, modish way, in which an author, instead of presenting us with other natural characters, sets off his own with the utmost art, and purchases

his reader's favour by all imaginable compliances and condescensions.

Advantages of impersonal authorship.

An author who writes in his own person, has the advantage of being who or what he pleases. He is no certain man, nor has any certain or genuine character, but suits himself, on every occasion, to the fancy of his reader, whom, as the fashion is now-a-days, he constantly caresses and cajoles. All turns upon their two persons. And as in an amour, or commerce of love-letters, so here the author has the privilege of talking eternally of himself, dressing and sprucing up himself, whilst he is making diligent court, and working upon the humour, of the party to whom he addresses. This is the coquetry of a modern author, whose epistles dedicatory, prefaces, and addresses to the reader are so many affected graces, designed to draw the attention from the subject towards *himself*, and make it be generally observed, not so much what he *says*, as what he *appears*, or *is*, and what figure he already makes, or hopes to make, in the fashionable world.

Passion for memoirs.

These are the airs which a neighbouring nation give themselves, more particularly in what they call their *memoirs*. Their very essays on politics, their philosophical and critical works, their comments upon ancient and modern authors, all their treatises, are memoirs. The whole writing of this age is become indeed a sort of memoir-writing; though in the real memoirs of the ancients, even when they writ at any time concerning themselves, there was neither the *I* nor *thou* throughout the whole work. So that all this pretty amour and intercourse of

caresses between the author and reader was thus entirely taken away.

The advantage of the method of dialogue as involving an unconscious logic.

Much more is this the case in DIALOGUE. For here the author is annihilated; and the reader being no way applied to, stands for nobody. The self-interesting parties both vanish at once. The scene presents itself, as by chance, and undesigned. You are not only left to judge coolly, and with indifference, of the sense delivered, but of the character, genius, elocution, and manner of the persons who deliver it. These two are mere strangers, in whose favour you are no way engaged. Nor is it enough that the persons introduced speak pertinent and good sense at every turn. It must be seen from what bottom they speak, from what principle, what stock or fund of knowledge they draw, and what kind or species of understanding they possess. For the understanding here must have its mark, its characteristic note, by which it may be distinguished. It must be such and such an understanding; as when we say, for instance, such or such *a face*, since nature has characterized tempers and minds as peculiarly as faces. And for an artist who draws naturally, it is not enough to show us merely faces which may be called *men's:* every face must be a *certain man's.*

Dialogue a painting in words.

Now, as a painter who draws battles or other actions of Christians, Turks, Indians, or any distinct and peculiar people, must of necessity draw the several figures of his piece in their proper and real proportions, gestures, habits, arms, or at least with as fair resemblance as possible; so in the same

manner that writer, whoever he be, among us moderns, who shall venture to bring his fellow-moderns into dialogue, must introduce them in their proper manners, genius, behaviour, and humour. And this is the mirror or looking-glass above described.

Example.

For instance, a dialogue, we will suppose, is framed after the manner of our ancient authors. In it, a poor philosopher, of a mean figure, accosts one of the powerfullest, wittiest, handsomest, and richest noblemen of the time, as he is walking leisurely towards the temple. 'You are going then,' says he, calling him by his plain name, 'to pay your de-'votions yonder at the temple?—I am so.—But 'with an air, methinks, as if some thought per-'plexed you.—What is there in the case which 'should perplex one?—The thought, perhaps, of 'your petitions, and the consideration what vows 'you had best offer to the Deity.—Is that so diffi-'cult? Can any one be so foolish as to ask of 'Heaven what is not for his *good?*—Not, if he 'understands what his "good" is.—Who can mis-'take it, if he has common sense, and knows the 'difference between prosperity and adversity?—It 'is *prosperity* therefore you would pray for.—Un-'doubtedly.—For instance, that absolute sovereign 'who commands all things by virtue of his immense 'treasures, and governs by his sole will and plea-'sure, him you think *prosperous*, and his state *happy*.'

Naturalness of the dialogue.

Whilst I am copying this (for it is no more indeed than a borrowed sketch from one of those originals before mentioned), I see a thousand ridi-

cules arising from the manner, the circumstances, and action itself, compared with modern breeding and civility.—Let us therefore mend the matter, if possible, and introduce the same philosopher, addressing himself in a more obsequious manner to 'his Grace,' 'his Excellency,' or 'his Honour,' without failing in the least title of the ceremonial. Or let us put the case more favourably still for our man of letters. Let us suppose him to be *incognito*, without the least appearance of a character, which in our age is so little recommending. Let his garb and action be of the more modish sort, in order to introduce him better, and gain him audience. And with these advantages and precautions, imagine still in what manner he must accost this pageant of state, if at any time he finds him at leisure, walking in the fields alone, and without his equipage. Consider how many bows, and simpering faces! how many preludes, excuses, compliments!—Now, put compliments, put ceremony into a *dialogue*, and see what will be the effect!

Is the dialogue suited for modern times?

This is the plain dilemma against that ancient manner of writing, which we can neither well imitate nor translate, whatever pleasure or profit we may find in reading those originals. For what shall we do in such a circumstance? What if the fancy takes us, and we resolve to try the experiment in modern subjects? See the consequence: if we avoid ceremony, we are unnatural; if we use it, and appear as we naturally are, as we salute, and meet, and treat one another, we hate the sight.—What is this but *hating our own faces*? Is it the painter's

fault? Should he paint falsely or affectedly, mix modern with ancient, join shapes preposterously, and betray his art? If not, what medium is there? What remains for him, but to throw away the pencil?—No more designing after the *life*; no more *mirror-writing*, or personal representation of any kind whatever.

Dialogue is essentially free and graceful; modern habits constrained and artificial.

Thus *dialogue* is at an end. The ancients could see their own faces; but we cannot.—And why this?—Why, but because we have less beauty? for so our looking-glass can inform us.—Ugly instrument! and for this reason to be hated.—Our commerce and manner of conversation, which we think the politest imaginable, is such, it seems, as we ourselves cannot endure to see represented to the life. It is here as in our real portraitures, particularly those at full length, where the poor pencil-man is put to a thousand shifts, whilst he strives to dress us in affected habits, such as we never wore; because, should he paint us in those we really wear, they would of necessity make the piece to be so much more ridiculous, as it was more natural and resembling.

Thus much for antiquity, and those rules of art, those *philosophical sea-cards*, by which the adventurous geniuses of the times were wont to steer their courses, and govern their impetuous muse. These were the *chartæ* of our Roman master-poet, and these the pieces of art, the mirrors, the exemplars, he bids us place before our eyes:

. . . . Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.[1]

[1] HOR. *de Arte Poet.* 268.

The dialogue, like true poetry, must be a study from life.

And thus poetry and the writer's art, as in many respects it resembles the statuary's and the painter's, so in this more particularly, that it has its original draughts and models for study and practice, not for ostentation, to be shown abroad, or copied for public view. These are the ancient busts, the trunks of statues, the pieces of anatomy, the masterly rough drawings which are kept within, as the secret learning, the mystery, and fundamental knowledge of the art. There is this essential difference, however, between the artists of each kind, that they who design merely after *bodies*, and form the graces of this sort, can never, with all their accuracy, or correctness of design, be able to reform *themselves*, or grow a jot more shapely in their persons. But for those artists who copy from another life, who study the graces and perfections of *minds*, and are real masters of those rules which constitute this latter science, it is impossible they should fail of being themselves improved, and amended in their better part.

Real poetry not a mere jugglery of words.

I must confess there is hardly any where to be found a more insipid race of mortals than those whom we moderns are contented to call poets, for having obtained 'the chiming faculty' of a language, with an injudicious random use of wit and fancy. But for the man who truly, and, in a just sense, deserves the name of *poet*, and who, as a real master or architect in the kind, can describe both men and manners, and give to an action its just body and proportions, he will be found, if I mistake not, a very different creature. Such a poet is indeed a second

maker, a just Prometheus, under Jove. Like that sovereign artist, or universal plastic nature, he forms *a whole*, coherent and proportioned in itself, with due subjection and subordinacy of constituent parts. He notes the boundaries of the passions, and knows their exact tones and measures, by which he justly represents them, marks the sublime of sentiments and action, and distinguishes the beautiful from the deformed, the amiable from the odious. The *moral artist*, who can thus imitate the Creator, and is thus knowing in the inward form and structure of his fellow-creature, will hardly, I presume, be found unknowing in *himself*, or at a loss in those numbers which make the harmony of a mind. For knavery is mere dissonance and disproportion; and though villains may have strong tones and natural capacities of action, it is impossible that true judgment and ingenuity[1] should reside, where harmony and honesty have no being.

[1] The maxim will hardly be disproved by fact or history, either in respect of philosophers themselves, or others who were the great geniuses or masters in the liberal arts. The characters of the two best Roman poets are well known; those of the ancient tragedians no less. And the great epic master, though of an obscurer and remoter age, was ever presumed to be far enough from a vile or knavish character. The Roman as well as the Grecian orator was true to his country, and died in like manner a martyr for its liberty. And those historians who are of highest value, were either in a private life approved good men, or noted such by their actions in the public. As for poets in particular (says the learned and wise Strabo), 'Can we possibly imagine, that the genius, power, and excellence of a *real poet* consists in ought else than the just *imitation of life*, in formed discourse and numbers? But how should he be that just imitator of life, whilst he himself knows not its measures, nor how to guide himself by judgment

But having entered thus seriously into the concerns of authors, and shown their chief foundation and strength, their preparatory discipline, and qualifying method of self-examination, it is fit, ere we disclose this mystery any further, we should consider the advantages or disadvantages our authors may possibly meet with *from abroad*, and how far their genius may be depressed or raised by any external causes, arising from the humour or judgment of the world.

Whatever it be which influences in this respect, must proceed either from the grandees and men in power, the critics and men of art, or the people themselves, the common audience and mere vulgar. We shall begin, therefore, with the grandees and pretended masters of the world; taking the liberty, in favour of authors, to bestow some advice also on these high persons, if possibly they are disposed to receive it in such a familiar way as this.

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and understanding? For we have not surely the same notion of the poet's excellence as of the ordinary craftsman's, the subject of whose art is senseless stone or timber, without life, dignity, or beauty; whilst the poet's art turning principally on men and manners, he has his virtue and excellence, as poet, naturally annexed to human excellence, and to the worth and dignity of man; insomuch that it is impossible he should be a great and worthy poet, who is not first a worthy and good man.' *Οὐ γὰρ οὕτω φαμὲν τὴν τῶν ποιητῶν ἀρετὴν ὡς ἢ τεκτόνων ἢ χαλκέων . . . καὶ ἡ δὲ ποιητοῦ συνέξευκται τῇ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου· καὶ οὐχ οἷόν τε ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι ποιητήν, μὴ πρότερον γενηθέντα ἄνδρα ἀγαθόν.*—Lib. i. Vide *infrà*, pt. ii. § 3 (note); Treatise VI. v. 1.

PART II.

SECTION I.

Conventional, but unreal deference to the opinions of others:

AS usual as it is with mankind to act absolutely by will and pleasure, without regard to counsel, or the rigid method of rule and precept, it must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that the good and laudable custom of asking advice is still upheld, and kept in fashion, as a matter of fair repute, and honourable appearance, insomuch that even monarchs, and absolute Princes themselves, disdain not, we see, to make profession of the practice.

in Princes.

It is, I presume, on this account, that the royal persons are pleased, on public occasions, to make use of the noted style of WE and US. Not that they are supposed to have any *converse with themselves*, as being endowed with the privilege of becoming plural, and enlarging their capacity, in the manner above described. Single and absolute persons in government, I am sensible, can hardly be considered as any other than single and absolute in morals. They have no inmate controller to cavil with them, or dispute their pleasure. Nor have they, from any practice abroad, been able at any time to learn the way of being free and familiar with themselves at home. Inclination and will in such as these admit

as little restraint or check in private meditation as in public company. The world, which serves as a tutor to persons of an inferior rank, is submissive to these royal pupils, who, from their earliest days, are used to see even their instructors bend before them, and hear everything applauded which they themselves perform.

Professional advisers.

For fear, therefore, lest their humour merely, or the caprice of some favourite, should be presumed to influence them, when they come to years of princely discretion, and are advanced to the helm of government, it has been esteemed a necessary decency, to summon certain advisers by profession, to assist as attendants to the single person, and be joined with him in his written edicts, proclamations, letters-patent, and other instruments of regal power. For this use, privy-counsellors have been erected, who being persons of considerable figure and wise aspect, cannot be supposed to stand as statues or mere ciphers in the government, and leave the royal acts erroneously and falsely described to us in the plural number, when, at the bottom, a single will or fancy was the sole spring and motive.

The laws the best of all counsellors to princes.

Foreign Princes, indeed, have most of them that unhappy prerogative of acting unadvisedly and wilfully in their national affairs; but it is known to be far otherwise with the legal and just Princes of our island. They are surrounded with the best of counsellors, *the laws*. They administer civil affairs by legal officers, who have the direction of their public will and conscience; and they annually receive advice and aid, in the most effectual manner, from

their good people. To this wise genius of our constitution we may be justly said to owe our wisest and best Princes, whose high birth, or royal education, could not alone be supposed to have given them that happy turn, since by experience we find, that those very Princes, from whose conduct the world abroad, as well as we at home, have reaped the greatest advantages, were such as had the most controverted titles, and in their youth had stood in the remoter prospects of regal power, and lived the nearest to a private life.

There are cases of Princes who have been writers.

Other Princes we have had, who, though difficult perhaps in receiving counsel, have been eminent in the practice of applying it to others. They have listed themselves advisers in form, and, by publishing their admonitory works, have added to the number of those whom in this treatise we have presumed to criticize. But our criticism being withal an apology for authors, and a defence of the literate tribe, it cannot be thought amiss in us, to join the royal with the plebeian penmen, in this common cause.

It would be a hard case, indeed, should the Princes of our nation refuse to countenance the industrious race of authors, since their royal ancestors and predecessors have had such honour derived to them from this profession. It is to this they owe that bright jewel of their crown, purchased by a warlike Prince, who having assumed the author, and essayed his strength in the polemic writings of the school-divines, thought it an honour on this account to retain the title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

Another Prince, of a more pacific nature and fluent thought, 'submitting arms and martial discipline to the gown,' and confiding in his princely science and profound learning, made his style and speech the nerve and sinew of his government. He gave us his works, full of wise exhortation and advice to his royal son, as well as of instruction to his good people, who could not without admiration observe their author-sovereign thus studious and contemplative in their behalf. It was then one might have seen our nation growing young and docile, with that simplicity of heart which qualified them to profit, like a scholar-people, under their royal preceptor. For, with abundant eloquence, he graciously gave lessons to his parliament, tutored his ministers, and edified the greatest Churchmen and divines themselves, by whose suffrage he obtained the highest appellations which could be merited by the acutest wit and truest understanding.

From hence the British nations were taught to own in common a Solomon for their joint sovereign, the founder of their late completed union. Nor can it be doubted, that the pious treatise of *self-discourse* ascribed to the succeeding monarch, contributed in a great measure to his glorious and never-fading titles of SAINT and MARTYR.

But Princes do enough for learning if they patronize it.

However it be, I would not willingly take upon me to recommend this author-character to our future Princes. Whatever crowns or laurels their renowned predecessors may have gathered in this field of honour, I should think, that, for the future, the speculative province might more properly be com-

mitted to private heads. It would be a sufficient encouragement to the learned world, and a sure earnest of the increase and flourishing of letters in our nation, if its sovereigns would be contented to be the patrons of wit, and vouchsafe to look graciously on the ingenious pupils of art. Or, were it the custom of their prime ministers to have any such regard, it would of itself be sufficient to change the face of affairs. A small degree of favour would insure the fortunes of a distressed and ruinous tribe, whose forlorn condition has helped to draw disgrace upon arts and sciences, and kept them far off from that politeness and beauty in which they would soon appear, if the aspiring genius of our nation were forwarded by the least care or culture.

Probable future of learning.

There should not, one would think, be any need of courtship or persuasion to engage our grandees in the patronage of arts and letters. For in our nation, upon the foot things stand, and as they are likely to continue, it is not difficult to foresee, that improvements will be made in every art and science. The Muses will have their turn, and, with or without their Mæcenases, will grow in credit and esteem, as they arrive to greater perfection, and excel in every kind. There will arise such spirits as would have credited their court patrons, had they found any so wise as to have sought them out betimes, and contributed to their rising greatness.

National conditions for the spread of learning.

It is scarce a quarter of an age since such a happy balance of power was settled between our Prince and people, as has firmly secured our hitherto precarious liberties, and removed from us the fear of

civil commotions, wars, and violence, either on account of religion and worship, the property of the subject, or the contending titles of the crown. But as the greatest advantages of this world are not to be bought at easy prices, we are still at this moment expending both our blood and treasure, to secure to ourselves this inestimable purchase of our *free government* and *national constitution.* And as happy as we are in this establishment at home, we are still held in a perpetual alarm by the aspect of affairs abroad, and by the terror of that power, which, ere mankind had well recovered the misery of those barbarous ages consequent to the Roman yoke, has again threatened the world with a universal monarchy, and a new abyss of ignorance and superstition.

Present condition of poetical literature.

The British Muses, in this din of arms, may well lie abject and obscure, especially being as yet in their mere infant state. They have hitherto scarce arrived to anything of shapeliness or person. They lisp as in their cradles; and their stammering tongues, which nothing beside their youth and rawness can excuse, have hitherto spoken in wretched pun and quibble. Our dramatic Shakspeare, our Fletcher, Johnson, and our epic Milton, preserve this style. And even a latter race, scarce free of this infirmity, and aiming at a false sublime, with crowded simile and mixed metaphor (the hobby-horse and rattle of the Muses), entertain our raw fancy, and unpractised ear, which has not as yet had leisure to form itself, and become truly musical.[1]

[1] Treatise VI. v. 1.

Advance to higher conceptions of poetry.

But those reverend bards, rude as they were, according to their time and age, have provided us, however, with the richest ore. To their eternal honour, they have withal been the first of Europeans, who, since the Gothic model of poetry, attempted to throw off the horrid discord of jingling rhyme. They have asserted ancient poetic liberty, and have happily broken the ice for those who are to follow them, and who, treading in their footsteps, may at leisure polish our language, lead our ear to finer pleasure, and find out the true rhythmus, and harmonious numbers, which alone can satisfy a just judgment and muse-like apprehension.

Comparison between the French and English genius.

It is evident, our natural genius shines above that airy neighbouring nation, of whom, however, it must be confessed, that, with truer pains and industry, they have sought *politeness*, and studied to give the Muses their due body and proportion, as well as the natural ornaments of correctness, chastity, and grace of style. From the plain model of the ancients, they have raised a noble satirist.[1] In the epic kind their attempts have been less successful. In the dramatic they have been so happy as to raise their stage to as great perfection as the genius of their nation will permit. But the high spirit of tragedy can ill subsist where the spirit of liberty is wanting. The genius of this poetry consists in the lively representation of the disorders and misery of the great; to the end that the people, and those of a lower condition, may be taught the better to content themselves with privacy, enjoy their safer state, and

[1] BOILEAU.

prize the equality and justice of their guardian laws. If this be found agreeable to the just tragic model which the ancients have delivered to us, it will easily be conceived how little such a model is proportioned to the capacity or taste of those who, in a long series of degrees, from the lowest peasant to the high slave of royal blood, are taught to idolize the next in power above them, and think nothing so adorable as that unlimited greatness and tyrannic power, which is raised at their own expense, and exercised over themselves.

Influence of liberty on the development of art.

It is easy, on the other hand, to apprehend the advantages of our Britain in this particular, and what effect its established liberty will produce in everything which relates to art, when peace returns to us on these happy conditions. It was the fate of Rome to have scarce an intermediate age, or single period of time, between the rise of arts and fall of liberty. No sooner had that nation begun to lose the roughness and barbarity of their manners, and learn of Greece to form their heroes, their orators and poets on a right model, than, by their unjust attempt upon the liberty of the world, they justly lost their own.[1] With their liberty, they lost not

[1] The influence of the social and intellectual condition of a community on the production of works of art, is drawn by none better than by M. TAINE (*Philosophy of Art*, c. i.): 'The family of artists is comprehended in another group yet more vast, which consists of the society around it, a society possessing tastes and sympathies conformable with its own. The social and intellectual condition of a community is the standard of that of artists: they do not live in it isolated men: we listen only to their voices beyond the gulf of ages, but along with their sonorous tones

only their force of eloquence, but even their style and language itself. The Poets who afterwards arose amongst them, were mere unnatural and forced plants.[1] Their two most accomplished, who

vibrating in our ears comes a low deep reverberation, which is the grand, infinite, and united voice of the people singing in harmony with them. Take the great Spanish epoch of the sixteenth and a part of the seventeenth centuries. You know that, at this time, Spain was entirely monarchical and Catholic; that she had overcome the Turks at Lepanto; that she had planted her foot in Africa, and maintained herself there; that she combated the Protestants in Germany, pursued them in France, and attacked them in England; that she subdued and converted the idolaters of the new world, and chased away Jews and Moors from her own soil; that she purged her faith with *autos-da-fé* and persecutions; that she lavished fleets and armies upon multiplied and boundless crusades, so obstinately and so fanatically, that at the end of a century and a half she fell prostrated at the feet of Europe; but with so much enthusiasm, such glory, such national fervour, that her subjects, enamoured of the monarchy in which their power was concentrated, cherished no desire but that of being obedient to religion and morality, and of forming round the Church and the throne a choir of faithful, militant, and adoring supporters. In this monarchy of Crusaders and Inquisitors, preserving the chivalric sentiments and sombre passions, the ferocity, intolerance, and mysticism of the middle ages, *the greatest artists are the very men who possessed in the highest degree the faculties, sentiments, and passions of the public that surrounded them.* The most celebrated poets, Lope de Vega and Calderon, were military adventurers, volunteers in the Armada; they were passionate Catholics, and so ardent, that, at the end of their lives, one became a familiar of the Inquisition, others became priests, and the most illustrious, the great Lope de Vega, fainted in saying mass at the thought of the sacrifice and martyrdom of JESUS.'—ED.

[1] The generalizations in the text scarcely give an accurate idea of the facts. The reader would do well to consult AMÉDÉE THIERRY (*Tableau de l'Empire romain*) on this subject, especially liv. iii. c. i. and ii.: 'En histoire, en grammaire, en philosophie comme en poésie, les créatures des lettres latines ne furent point

came last, and closed the scene, were plainly such as had seen the days of liberty, and felt the sad effects of its departure. Nor had these been ever brought in play, otherwise than through the friendship of the famed Mæcenas, who turned a Prince, naturally cruel and barbarous, to the love and courtship of the Muses.[1] These tutoresses formed in their royal pupil a new nature. They taught him how to charm mankind. They were more to him than his arms or military virtue; and, more than fortune herself, assisted him in his greatness, and made his usurped dominion so enchanting to the world, that it could see, without regret, its chains of bondage firmly rivetted. The corrupting sweets of such a poisonous government were not indeed long-lived. The bitter soon succeeded, and, in the issue,

des Latins; l'éloquence et le droit, produits de la constitution politique, purent seuls revendiquer l'indigénat romain. Il s'écoula assez longtemps avant que le pays qui donnait la langue donnât aussi les écrivains; puis, tout à coup, vers les dernières années de la république, une foule d'hommes éminents sortirent de l'Italie centrale: Lucrèce, Cicéron, Salluste, César, Varron, etc.; et le génie italien, mûri par l'étude des Grecs, s'éleva à la hauteur de ses modèles. Mais, presque aussitôt on vit la suprématie littéraire quitter le centre de l'Italie pour se transporter dans les colonies et les municipes du nord, dans ses belles campagnes de la Cisalpine, où les esprits moins agités qu'à Rome, malgré le contre-coup des discordes politiques, trouvaient plus de loisir et de calme.' The causes which determine the direction and extent of literary or intellectual activity among a people, are assuredly far too complex and varied to be explained by such categories as that of 'liberty.' If Shaftesbury's induction were true, how could the fact be explained that there was no poetry or artistic literature during the best days of the Republic? Cæsarism was established before any great author appeared; and not only so, but the greatest of Roman writers were foreigners.—ED.

[1] Treatise III. ii. 3.

the world was forced to bear with patience those natural and genuine tyrants who succeeded to this specious machine of arbitrary and universal power.

Fate of literature at Rome after the fall of liberty.

And now that I am fallen unawares into such profound reflections on the periods of government and the flourishing and decay of liberty and letters, I cannot be contented to consider merely of the enchantment which wrought so powerfully upon mankind, when first this universal monarchy was established. I must wonder still more, when I consider how, after the extinction of this Cæsarean and Claudian family, and a short interval of Princes raised and destroyed with much disorder and public ruin, the Romans should regain their perishing dominion, and retrieve their sinking state, by an after-race of wise and able Princes, successively adopted, and taken from a private state to rule the empire of the world. They were men who not only possessed the military virtues, and supported that sort of discipline in the highest degree; but as they sought the interest of the world, they did what was in their power to restore liberty, and raise again the perishing arts and decayed virtue of mankind. But the season was now past! The fatal form of government was become too natural, and the world, which had bent under it, and was become slavish and dependent, had neither power nor will to help itself. The only deliverance it could expect, was from the merciless hands of the Barbarians,[1] and a total dissolution of

[1] 'Sous Trajan, Adrien et les Antonins, quand la sécurité fut rentrée dans les affaires et que, libres de souci public, les esprits purent se livrer tout à leur aise aux débats de la critique et à la lutte des systèmes, les études grecques prirent en Occident, à

that enormous empire and despotic power, which the best hands could not preserve from being destructive to human nature. For even barbarity and Gothicism were already entered into arts, ere the savages had made any impression on the empire. All the advantage which a fortuitous, and almost miraculous succession of good Princes, could procure their highly-favoured arts and sciences, was no more than to preserve, during their own time, those perishing remains, which had for a while with difficulty subsisted, after the decline of liberty.[1] Not a statue, not a medal, not a tolerable piece of architecture, could show itself afterwards. Philosophy, wit, and learning, in which some of those good Princes had themselves been so renowned, fell with them;[2] and

Rome surtout, une faveur qui alla jusqu'à l'engouement. Les princes eux-mêmes donnèrent l'exemple. Les César devinrent, pour les littérateurs écrivant l'idiome hellénique, ce qu'avaient été autrefois les Ptolémée et les Attale, avec cette différence, que le lien politique resserrait ici et fortifiait le patronage littéraire. On vit donc une foule de gens de lettres, sophistes, historiens, rhéteurs, grammairiens, poëtes, savants, accourir, de tous les points du monde oriental, à Rome, où ils trouvaient accueil empressé, secours d'argent, bibliothèques, et une porte ouverte à toutes les ambitions.'—A. THIERRY, *op. cit.*—ED.

[1] Treatise III. ii. 2.

[2] There are, however, two facts which must be taken into account: (1) the growth and intellectual expansion of the Christian Church, and (2) the literary activity which continued in the Romanized Gaul. 'Dans les écoles de la Gaule, la vie intellectuelle revêtait une nouvelle forme, au milieu d'éléments nouveaux; et le sceptre des lettres allait passer aux races occidentales, en même temps que la supériorité guerrière et la suprématie politique. Ces peuples, à l'épaisse chevelure et aux braies flottantes, dont Cicéron déplorait le goût littéraire comme mortel à l'urbanité romaine, furent seuls à lui donner des successeurs qu'on ne jugea

ignorance and darkness overspread the world, and fitted it for the chaos and ruin which ensued.

Position of England eminently favourable to literature.

We are now in an age when LIBERTY is once again in its ascendant; and we are ourselves the happy nation, who not only enjoy it at home, but, by our greatness and power, give life and vigour to it abroad, and are the head and chief of the European League, founded on this *common cause*. Nor can it, I presume, be justly feared that we should lose this noble ardour, or faint under the glorious toil, though, like ancient Greece, we should, for succeeding ages, be contending with a foreign power, and endeavouring to reduce the exorbitancy of a Grand Monarch. It is with us at present as with the Roman people in those early days, when they wanted only repose from arms to apply themselves to the improvement of arts and studies.[1] We should, in this case, need no ambitious monarch to be allured, by hope of fame, or secret views of power, to give pensions abroad, as well as at home, and purchase flattery from every profession and science. We should find a better fund within ourselves, and might, without such assistance, be able to excel, by our own virtue and emulation.

Duty of the great to pro-

Well it would be indeed, and much to the honour of our nobles and princes, would they freely help in

pas indignes de lui; et des plages du grand Océan, où Virgile voyait le bout du monde, arrivèrent au poëte de Mantoue des imitateurs et des émules.'—A. THIERRY, *op. cit.*—ED.

[1] Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophocles, et Thespis, et Æschylus utile ferrent.
HOR. *Epist.* II. i. 161.

mote literature in every way.

this affair, and, by a judicious application of their bounty, facilitate this happy birth, of which I have ventured to speak in a prophetic style. It would be of no small advantage to them during their life, and would, more than all their other labours, procure them an immortal memory. For they must remember, that their fame is in the hands of penmen, and that the greatest actions lose their force, and perish in the custody of unable and mean writers.

Literature a necessary part of national life.

Let a nation remain ever so rude and barbarous, it must have its poets, rhapsoders, historiographers, antiquaries of some kind or other, whose business it will be to recount its remarkable transactions, and record the achievements of its civil and military heroes. And though the military kind may happen to be the furthest removed from any acquaintance with letters, or the Muses, they are yet, in reality, the most interested in the cause and party of these remembrancers. The greatest share of fame and admiration falls naturally on the armed worthies: The great in council are second in the Muses' favour. But if worthy poetic geniuses are not found, nor able penmen raised, to rehearse the lives, and celebrate the high actions of great men, they must be traduced by such recorders as chance presents. We have few modern heroes, who, like Xenophon or Cæsar, can write their own commentaries. And the raw memoir-writings, and unformed pieces of modern statesmen, full of their interested and private views, will, in another age, be of little service to support their memory or name, since already the world begins to sicken with the kind. It is the learned,

the able, and disinterested historian, who takes place at last; and when the signal poet, or *herald of fame*, is once heard, the inferior trumpets sink in silence and oblivion.

Great men especially interested in literature as having a character at stake.

But supposing it were possible for the hero or statesman to be absolutely unconcerned for his memory, or what came after him, yet, for the present merely, and during his own time, it must be of importance to him, to stand fair with the men of letters and ingenuity, and to have the character and repute of being favourable to their art. Be the illustrious person ever so high or awful in his station, he must have descriptions made of him in verse and prose, under feigned or real appellations. If he be omitted in sound ode or lofty epic, he mnst be sung at least in doggrel and plain ballad. The people will needs have his effigies, though they see his person ever so rarely; and if he refuses to sit to the good painter, there are others who, to oblige the public, will take the design in hand. We shall take up with what presents, and rather than be without the illustrious physiognomy of our great man, shall be contented to see him portraitured by the artist who serves to illustrate prodigies in fairs, and adorn heroic sign-posts. The ill paint of this kind cannot, it is true, disgrace his excellency, whose privilege it is, in common with the royal issue, to be raised to this degree of honour, and to invite the passenger or traveller by his signal representative. It is supposed in this case that there are better pictures current of the hero, and that such as these are no true or favourable representations. But in another sort of

limning, there is great danger, lest the hand should disgrace the subject. Vile encomiums and wretched panegyrics are the worst of satires; and when sordid and low geniuses make their court successfully in one way, the generous and able are aptest to revenge it in another.

All things considered, as to the interest of our Grandees and Potentates, they appear to have only this choice left them, either wholly, if possible, to suppress letters, or give a helping hand towards their support. Wherever the author-practice and 'liberty of the pen' has in the least prevailed, the governors of the state must be either considerable gainers or sufferers by its means. So that it would become them, either by a right Turkish policy, to strike directly at the profession, and overthrow the very art and mystery itself, or with alacrity to support and encourage it, in the right manner, by a generous and impartial regard to merit. To act narrowly, or by halves, or with indifference and coolness, or fantastically, and by humour merely, will scarce be found to turn to their account. They must do justice, that justice may be done them in return. It will be in vain for our Alexanders to give orders, that none besides a Lysippus should make their statue, nor any besides an Apelles should draw their picture. Indolent intruders will do themselves the honour to practise on the features of these heroes; and a vile Chærilus, after all, shall, with their own consent perhaps, supply the room of a deserving and noble artist.

The position

In a government where the people are sharers in

power, but no distributors or dispensers of rewards, they expect it of their Princes and great men, that they should supply the generous part, and bestow honour and advantages on those from whom the nation itself may receive honour and advantage. It is expected, that they who are high and eminent in the state, should not only provide for its necessary safety and subsistence, but omit nothing which may contribute to its dignity and honour.[1] The arts and sciences must not be left patronless. The public itself will join with the good wits and judges, in the resentment of such a neglect. It is no small advantage, even in an absolute government, for a ministry to have wit on their side, and engage the men of merit in this kind to be their well-wishers and friends. And in those states where ambitious leaders often contend for the supreme authority, it is a considerable advantage to the ill cause of such pretenders, when they can obtain a name and interest with the men of letters. The good Emperor Trajan, though himself no mighty scholar, had his due as well as an Augustus, and was as highly celebrated for his munificence and just encouragement of every art and virtue. And Cæsar, who could write so well himself, and maintained his cause by wit as well as arms, knew experimentally what it was to have even a Catullus his enemy, and, though lashed so often in his lam-

of the great in the community requires that they should be patrons *of literature.*

[1] But compare BUCKLE (*History of Civilization*, i. p. 246): 'We hear too much of the necessity of protecting and rewarding literature, and we hear too little of the necessity of that freedom and boldness, in the absence of which the most splendid literature is altogether worthless.'—ED.

poons, continued to forgive and court him. The traitor knew the importance of this mildness. May none who have the same designs, understand so well the advantages of such a conduct! I would have required only this one defect in Cæsar's generosity, to have been secure of his never rising to greatness, or enslaving his native country. Let him have shown a ruggedness and austerity towards free geniuses, or a neglect or contempt towards men of wit; let him have trusted to his arms, and declared against arts and letters; and he would have proved a second Marius, or a Catiline of meaner fame and character.

Dangers of indiscriminate patronage.

It is, I know, the imagination of some who are called great men, that, in regard of their high stations, they may be esteemed to pay a sufficient tribute to letters, and discharge themselves as to their own part in particular, if they choose indifferently any subject for their bounty, and are pleased to confer their favour either on some one pretender to art, or promiscuously to such of the tribe of writers, whose chief ability has lain in making their court well, and obtaining to be introduced to their acquaintance. This they think sufficient to install them patrons of wit, and masters of the literate order. But this method will of any other the least serve their interest or design. The ill-placing of rewards is a double injury to merit, and, in every cause or interest, passes for worse than mere indifference or neutrality. There can be no excuse for making an ill choice. Merit in every kind is easily discovered, when sought. The public itself fails not to give

sufficient indication, and points out those geniuses who want only countenance and encouragement to become considerable. An ingenious man never starves unknown; and great men must wink hard, or it would be impossible for them to miss such advantageous opportunities of showing their generosity, and acquiring the universal esteem, acknowledgments, and good wishes of the ingenious and learned part of mankind.[1]

[1] But there is another aspect to the question of the patronage of the great — its uncertainty and fickleness. This aspect is plaintively, but not untruly, described by SPENSER in his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*:—

So pitifull a thing is suter's state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court, to sue for had ywist,
That few have found and many one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes that might be better spent:
To waste long nights in pensive discontent:
To speed to-day, to be put back to morrow:
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow:
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peeres:
To have thy asking yet waite manie yeeres:
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares:
To eat thy heart through comfortlesse despaires:
To fawne, to crowche, to want, to be undone.—ED.

SECTION II.

Authors in reality their own patrons.

WHAT judgment, therefore, we are to form concerning the influence of our grandees in matters of art and letters, will easily be gathered from the reflections already made. It may appear from the very freedom we have taken in censuring these men of power, what little reason authors have to plead them as their excuse for any failure in the improvement of their art and talent. For in a free country, such as ours, there is not any order or rank of men more free than that of writers, who, if they have real ability and merit, can fully right themselves when injured, and are ready furnished with means sufficient to make themselves considered by the men in highest power.

Fear of criticism.

Nor should I suspect the genius of our writers, or charge them with meanness and insufficiency on the account of this low-spiritedness which they discover, were it not for another sort of fear, by which they more plainly betray themselves, and seem conscious of their own defect. The *critics*,[1] it seems, are for-

[1] The spectre of criticism which authors fear and revile is not of course 'the appreciative criticism,' which is the only style tolerated in modern times; but rather after the fashion of that which Swift describes in *the Battle of the Books*. Criticism is there a Goddess 'who dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there

midable to them. The *critics* are the dreadful spectres, the giants, the enchanters, who traverse and disturb them in their works. These are the persecutors, for whose sake they are ready to hide their heads, begging rescue and protection of all good people, and flying in particular to the great, by whose favour they hope to be defended from this merciless examining race. 'For what can be more 'cruel, than to be forced to submit to the rigorous 'laws of wit, and write under such severe judges as 'are deaf to all courtship, and can be wrought upon 'by no insinuation or flattery to pass by faults, and 'pardon any transgression of art?'

Nervous deprecation of criticism by authors.

To judge indeed of the circumstances of a modern author, by the pattern of his prefaces, dedications, and introductions,[1] one would think, that, at the moment when a piece of his was in hand, some conjuration was forming against him, some diabolical powers drawing together to blast his work, and cross his generous design. He therefore rouses his indignation, hardens his forehead, and with many furious defiances and *avant-Satans!* enters on his

Momus found her, extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper she herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pleasantry and Ill Manners. The Goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice resemble those of an Ass; her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward as if she looked only upon herself.' Cf. also his *Tale of a Tub*, sec. 3.—ED.

[1] *Infra*, iii. 3; Treatise VI. v. 1.

business; not with the least regard to what may justly be objected to him in a way of criticism, but with an absolute contempt of the manner and art itself.

Writers really desire only ignorant and stupid criticism.

'*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*' was in its time, no doubt, a generous defiance. The *avant!* was natural and proper in its place; especially where religion and virtue were the poet's theme. But with our moderns the case is generally the very reverse. And accordingly the defiance or *avant* should run much after this manner: 'As for you vulgar souls, 'mere naturals, who know no art, were never ad- 'mitted into the temple of wisdom, nor ever visited 'the sanctuaries of wit or learning, gather yourselves 'together from all parts, and hearken to the song 'or tale I am about to utter. But for you men of 'science and understanding, who have ears and 'judgment, and can weigh sense, scan syllables, and 'measure sounds; you who by a certain art dis- 'tinguish false thought from true, correctness from 'rudeness, and bombast and chaos from order and 'the sublime, away hence! or stand aloof! whilst I 'practise upon the easiness of those mean capacities 'and apprehensions who make the most numerous 'audience, and are the only competent judges of my 'labours.'

False affectation of modern writers.

It is strange to see how differently the vanity of mankind runs, in different times and seasons. It is at present the boast of almost every enterpriser in the Muses' art, 'That by his genius alone, and a 'natural rapidity of style and thought, he is able to 'carry all before him; that he plays with his busi-

'ness, does things in passing, at a venture, and in 'the quickest period of time.' In the days of Attic elegance, as works were then truly of another form and turn, so workmen were of another humour, and had their vanity of a quite contrary kind. They became rather affected in endeavouring to discover the pains they had taken to be correct. They were glad to insinuate how laboriously, and with what expense of time, they had brought the smallest work of theirs (as perhaps a single ode or satire, an oration or panegyric) to its perfection. When they had so polished their piece, and rendered it so natural and easy, that it *seemed* only a lucky flight, a hit of thought, or flowing vein of humour, they were then chiefly concerned lest it should *in reality* pass for such, and their artifice remain undiscovered. They were willing it should be known how serious their play was, and how elaborate their freedom and facility, that they might say as the agreeable and polite poet, glancing on himself,

> Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur[1] . . .

And,

> . . . . . ut sibi quivis
> Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustraque laboret
> Ausus idem : tantùm series juncturaque pollet.[2]

The true workman appreciates and courts real criticism.

Such accuracy of workmanship requires a *critic's* eye. It is lost upon a vulgar judgment. Nothing grieves a real artist more than that indifference of the public, which suffers work to pass uncriticised. Nothing, on the other side, rejoices him more than

[1] HOR. *Epist.* II. ii. 124. [2] Ibid. *de Arte Poet.* 240.

the nice view and inspection of the accurate examiner and judge of work. It is the mean genius, the slovenly performer, who knowing nothing of true workmanship, endeavours, by the best outward gloss and dazzling show, to turn the eye from a direct and steady survey of his piece.

Instances in the Fine Arts.

What is there which an expert musician more earnestly desires, than to perform his part in the presence of those who are knowing in his art? It is to the ear alone he applies himself, *the critical*, the nice ear. Let his hearers be of what character they please: be they naturally austere, morose, or rigid, no matter, so they are *critics*, able to censure, remark, and sound every accord and symphony. What is there mortifies the good *painter* more, than when amidst his admiring spectators there is not one present who has been used to compare the hands of different masters, or has an eye to distinguish the advantages or defects of every style? Through all the inferior orders of mechanics, the rule is found to hold the same. In every science, every art, the real masters, or proficients, rejoice in nothing more than in the thorough search and examination of their performances, by all the rules of art and nicest criticism. Why therefore (in the Muses' name!) is it not the same with our pretenders to the writing art, our poets, and prose authors in every kind? Why in this profession are we found such critic-haters, and indulged in this unlearned aversion, unless it be taken for granted, that as wit and learning stand at present in our nation, we are still upon the foot of empirics and mountebanks?

Criticism an instrument of progress.

From these considerations, I take upon me absolutely to condemn the fashionable and prevailing custom of inveighing against critics as 'the common enemies, the pests; and incendiaries of the commonwealth of wit and letters.'[1] I assert, on the contrary, that they are the props and *pillars* of this building, and that without the encouragement and propagation of such a race, we should remain as Gothic architects as ever.

Literature the product of national prosperity.

[2] In the weaker and more imperfect societies of mankind, such as those composed of federate tribes, or mixed colonies, scarce settled in their new seats, it might pass for sufficient good-fortune, if the people proved only so far masters of language, as to be able to understand one another, in order to confer about their wants, and provide for their common necessities. Their exposed and indigent state could not be presumed to afford them either that full leisure, or easy disposition, which was requisite to raise them to any curiosity of speculation. They who were neither safe from violence, nor secure of

[1] The epithets and titles which have been bestowed on the critics are collected by DALLAS (*The Gay Science*, p. 12): 'Ben Jonson spoke of critics as tinkers, who make more faults than they mend; Samuel Butler, as the fierce inquisitors of wit, and as butchers who have no right to sit on a jury; Sir Richard Steele, as of all mortals the silliest; Swift, as dogs, rats, wasps, or, at best, the drones of the learned world; Shenstone, as asses, which by gnawing vines, first taught the advantage of pruning them; Burns, as cut-throat bandits in the path of fame; Walter Scott, humourously reflecting the general sentiment, as caterpillars,' &c.—ED.

[2] As to this, and what remains of the section, see Treatise VI. iii. 1.

plenty, were unlikely to engage in unnecessary arts. Nor could it be expected they should turn their attention towards the numbers of their language, and the harmonious sounds which they accidentally emitted. But when, in process of time, the affairs of the society were settled on an easy and secure foundation, when debates and discourses on these subjects of common interest and public good, were grown familiar, and the speeches of prime men and leaders were considered and compared together, there would naturally be observed, not only a more agreeable measure of sound, but a happier and more

[2] LUDOV. VIVES (*de Caussis Corruptarum Artium*, iv.), in tracing the growth of Oratory, assigns the origin to the Sicilians: 'Quum crebra tyrannorum mutatione, quorum nulla fuit regio feracior, possessiones et bona adempta aliis essent, aliis donata, postea vero tyranno vel occiso vel pulso, qui exulabant et patrimoniis erant devoluti, legibus et judiciis et æquitate juris sua repeterent, instituerunt excultius quoddam et politius dicendi genus in forum adducere, tum acrius tum argumentosius, idoneum ad persuadendum permovendumque judicum mentes et totius coronæ.' And on the general influence of popular institutions on ancient civilization compare GROTE (*History of Greece*, pt. ii. c. xlvi.): 'The first establishment of the dikasteries is nearly coincident with the great improvement of Attic tragedy in passing from Æschylus to Sophocles. The same development of the national genius now preparing splendid manifestations both in tragic and comic poetry, was called with redoubled force into the path of oratory by the new judicial system. A certain power of speech now became necessary, not merely for those who intended to take a prominent part in politics, but also for private citizens to vindicate their rights or repel accusations in a court of justice. It was an accomplishment of the greatest practical utility, even apart from ambitious purposes; hardly less so than the use of arms or the practice of the gymnasium.' The wider bearings of oratory on the Sophistic philosophy are fully discussed by Sir A. GRANT, *Aristotle's Ethics*, vol. i. pp. 83–89.—ED.

easy rangement of thoughts, in one speaker than in another.

Ovatory the mother of the arts.

It may easily be perceived from hence, that the goddess *Persuasion* must have been in a manner the mother of poetry, rhetoric, music, and the other kindred arts. For it is apparent, that where chief men and leaders had the strongest interest *to persuade*, they used the highest endeavours *to please*. So that in such a state or polity as has been described, not only the best order of thought, and turn of fancy, but the most soft and inviting numbers, must have been employed, to charm the public ear, and to incline the heart, by the agreeableness of expression.

Almost all the ancient masters of this sort were said to have been musicians; and tradition, which soon grew fabulous, could not better represent the first founders or establishers of these larger societies, than as real songsters, who, by the power of their voice and lyre, could charm the wildest beasts, and draw the rude forests and rocks into the form of fairest cities. Nor can it be doubted, that the same artists, who so industriously applied themselves to study the numbers of speech, must have made proportionable improvements in the study of mere sounds and natural harmony, which, of itself, must have considerably contributed towards the softening the rude manners and harsh temper of their new people.

Despotism tends to ruin the interests of the people in

If therefore it so happened in these free communities, made by consent and voluntary association, that, after a while, the power of one, or of a few, grew prevalent over the rest; if force took

litera-ture.

place, and the affairs of the society were administered without their concurrence, by the influence of awe and terror: it followed, that these pathetic sciences and arts of speech were little cultivated, since they were of little use. But where persuasion was the chief means of guiding the society, where the people were to be *convinced* before they acted, there elocution became considerable, there orators and bards were heard, and the chief geniuses and sages of the nation betook themselves to the study of those arts, by which the people were rendered more treatable in a way of reason and understanding, and more subject to be led by men of science and erudition. The more these artists courted the public, the more they instructed it. In such constitutions as these, it was the interest of the wise and able, that the community should be judges of ability and wisdom. The high esteem of ingenuity was what advanced the ingenious to the greatest honours; and they who rose by science and politeness in the higher arts, could not fail to promote that taste and relish to which they owed their personal distinction and pre-eminence.

Hence it is that those arts have been delivered to us in such perfection by free nations, who, from the nature of their government, as from a proper soil, produced the generous plants; whilst the mightiest bodies and vastest empires, governed by force and a despotic power, could, after ages of peace and leisure, produce no other than what was deformed and barbarous of the kind.

Origin of criticism.

When the persuasive arts were grown thus into

repute, and the power of moving the affections become the study and emulation of the forward wits and aspiring geniuses of the times, it would necessarily happen, that many geniuses of equal size and strength, though less covetous of public applause, of power, or of influence over mankind, would content themselves with the contemplation merely of these enchanting arts. These they would the better enjoy the more they refined their *taste*, and cultivated their ear. For to all music there must be an ear proportionable. There must be an art of *hearing* found, ere the performing arts can have their due effect, or any thing exquisite in the kind be felt or comprehended. The just performers therefore in each art would naturally be the most desirous of improving and refining the public ear; which they could no way so well effect, as by the help of those latter geniuses, who were in a manner their interpreters to the people, and who, by their example, taught the public to discover what was just and excellent in each performance.

Criticism as a distinct profession.

Hence was the origin of critics, who, as arts and sciences advanced, would necessarily come withal into repute, and being heard with satisfaction in their turn, were at length tempted to become authors, and appear in public. These were honoured with the name of *Sophists*, a character which in early times was highly respected. Nor did the gravest Philosophers, who were censors of manners, and critics of a higher degree, disdain to exert their criticism in the inferior arts, especially in those relating to speech, and the power of argument and persuasion.

When such a race as this was once risen, it was no longer possible to impose on mankind by what was specious and pretending. The public would be paid in no false wit or jingling eloquence. Where the learned critics were so well received, and Philosophers themselves disdain not to be of the number, there could not fail to arise critics of an inferior order, who would subdivide the several provinces of this empire. Etymologists, philologists, grammarians, rhetoricians, and others of considerable note, and eminent in their degree, would everywhere appear, and vindicate the truth and justice of their art, by revealing the hidden beauties which lay in the works of just performers, and by exposing the weak sides, false ornaments, and affected graces of mere pretenders. Nothing of what we call sophistry in argument, or bombast in style, nothing of the effeminate kind, or of the false tender, the pointed witticism, the disjointed thought, the crowded simile, or the mixed metaphor, could pass even on the common ear, whilst the notaries, the expositors, and prompters above-mentioned, were everywhere at hand, and ready to explode the unnatural manner.

Early style affected the sublime in diction.

It is easy to imagine, that, amidst the several styles and manners of discouse or writing, the easiest attained and earliest practised, was the miraculous, the pompous, or what we generally call the *sublime*. Astonishment is of all other passions the easiest raised in raw and inexperienced mankind. Children in their earliest infancy are entertained in this manner; and the known way of pleasing such as these is to make them *wonder*, and lead the way for them

in this passion, by a feigned surprise at the miraculous objects we set before them. The best music of barbarians is hideous and astonishing sounds; and the fine sights of Indians are enormous figures, various odd and glaring colours, and whatever of that sort is amazingly beheld, with a kind of horror and consternation.

Composition of the sublime.

In poetry, and studied prose, the astonishing part, or what commonly passes for sublime, is formed by the variety of figures, the multiplicity of metaphors,[1] and by quitting as much as possible the natural and easy way of expression, for that which is most unlike to humanity, or ordinary use. This the prince

[1] Λέξεως δὲ ἀρετή, σαφῆ καὶ μὴ ταπεινὴν εἶναι. σαφεστάτη μὲν οὖν ἡ ἐκ τῶν κυρίων ὀνομάτων, ἀλλὰ ταπεινὴ . . . . σεμνὴ δὲ καὶ ἐξαλλάττουσα τὸ ἰδιωτικόν, ἡ τοῖς ξενικοῖς κεκρημένη. ξενικὸν δὲ λέγω, γλῶτταν καὶ μεταφορὰν καὶ ἐπέκτασιν καὶ πᾶν τὸ παρὰ τὸ κύριον. ἀλλ' ἂν τις ἅμα ἅπαντα τὰ τοιαῦτα ποιήσῃ, ἢ αἴνιγμα ἔσται ἢ βαρβαρισμός. ἂν μὲν οὖν ἐκ μεταφορῶν, αἴνιγμα· ἐὰν δὲ ἐκ γλωττῶν, καὶ βαρβαρισμός.—ARIST. *de Poet.* cap. 22. This the same master-critic explains further in his Rhetorics, lib. iii. cap. 1, where he refers to these passages of his Poetics. Ἐπεὶ δὲ οἱ ποιηταὶ λέγοντες εὐήθη, διὰ τὴν λέξιν ἐδόκουν πορίσασθαι τήνδε τὴν δόξαν, διὰ τοῦτο ποιητικὴ πρώτη ἐγένετο λέξις . . . . καὶ νῦν ἔτι οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀπαιδεύτων τοὺς τοιούτους οἴονται διαλέγεσθαι κάλλιστα· τοῦτο δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν . . . . οὐδὲ γὰρ οἱ τὰς τραγῳδίας ποιοῦντες ἔτι χρῶνται τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον. ἀλλ' ὥσπερ καὶ ἐκ τῶν τετραμέτρων εἰς τὸ ἰαμβεῖον μετέβησαν, διὰ τὸ τῷ λόγῳ τοῦτο τῶν μέτρων ὁμοιότατον εἶναι τῶν ἄλλων· οὕτω καὶ τῶν ὀνομάτων ἀφήκασιν, ὅσα παρὰ τὴν διάλεκτόν ἐστιν . . . . καὶ ἔτι νῦν οἱ τὰ ἑξάμετρα ποιοῦντες ἀφήκασιν. διὸ γελοῖον μιμεῖσθαι τούτους, οἱ αὐτοὶ οὐκ ἔτι χρῶνται ἐκείνῳ τῷ τρύπῳ. That among the early reformers of this bombastic manner, he places Homer as the chief, we may see easily in his Poetics. As particularly in that passage, cap. 24. Ἔτι τὰς διανοίας καὶ τὴν λέξιν ἔχειν καλῶς, οἷς ἅπασιν Ὅμηρος κέχρηται καὶ πρῶτος καὶ ἱκανῶς . . . . πρὸς δὲ τούτοις λέξει καὶ διανοίᾳ πάντας ὑπερβέβληκε.

of critics assures us to have been the manner of the earliest poets before the age of Homer, or till such time as this father-poet came into repute, who deposed that spurious race, and gave rise to a legitimate and genuine kind. He retained only what was decent of the figurative or metaphoric style, introduced the natural and simple, and turned his thoughts towards the real beauty of composition, the unity of design, the truth of characters, and the just imitation of nature in each particular.

Different styles in different departments of literature.

The manner of this father-poet was afterwards variously imitated, and divided into several shares, especially when it came to be copied in dramatic. Tragedy came first, and took what was most solemn and sublime. In this part the poets succeeded sooner than in comedy, or the facetious kind; as was natural indeed to suppose, since this was in reality the easiest manner of the two, and capable of being brought the soonest to perfection. For so the same prince of critics sufficiently informs us.[1] And it is highly worth remarking, what this mighty genius and judge of arts declares concerning tragedy; that whatever idea might be formed of the utmost perfection of this kind of poem, it could in practice rise no higher than it had been already

[1] Γενομένης οὖν ἀπ' ἀρχῆς αὐτοσχεδιαστικῆς καὶ αὐτὴ καὶ ἡ κωμῳδία . . . ., &c., *de Poet.* cap. 4. When he has compared both this and tragedy together, he recapitulates in his next chapter. Αἱ μὲν οὖν τῆς τραγῳδίας μεταβάσεις καὶ δι' ὧν ἐγένοντο οὐ λελήθασιν ἡ δὲ κωμωδία, διὰ τὸ μὴ σπουδάζεσθαι ἐξ ἀρχῆς, ἔλαθεν. καὶ γὰρ χόρον κωμῳδῶν ὀψέ ποτε ὁ ἄρχων ἔδωκε, &c. cap. 5. See Treatise VI. III. i. (notes).

carried in his time:[1] 'having at length,' says he, 'attained its ends, and being apparently consummate in itself.' But for comedy, it seems, it was still in hand. It had been already in some manner reduced; but, as he plainly insinuates, it lay yet unfinished, notwithstanding the witty labours of an Aristophanes, and the other comic poets of the first manner, who had flourished a whole age before this critic. As perfect as were those wits in style and language, and as fertile in all the varieties and turns of humour, yet the truth of characters, the beauty of order, and the simple imitation of nature, were in a

[1] Καὶ πολλὰς μεταβολὰς μεταβαλοῦσα ἡ τραγῳδία ἐπαύσατο, ἐπεὶ ἔσχε τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν, cap. 4. So true a prophet as well as critic was this great man. For, by the event, it appeared that tragedy being raised to its height by Sophocles and Euripides, and no room left for further excellence or emulation, there were no more tragic poets besides these endured, after the author's time. Whilst comedy went on, improving still to the second and third degree, tragedy finished its course under Euripides; whom, though our great author criticizes with the utmost severity in his Poetics, yet he plainly enough confesses to have carried the style of tragedy to its full height and dignity. For as to the reformation which that poet made in the use of the sublime and figurative speech, in general, see what our discerning author says in his Rhetorics, where he strives to show the impertinence and nauseousness of the florid speakers, and such as understood not the use of the simple and natural manner. 'The just masters and right managers of the poetic or high style should learn,' says he, 'how to conceal the manner as much as possible.' διὸ δεῖ λανθάνειν ποιοῦντας, καὶ μὴ δοκεῖν λέγειν πεπλασμένως, ἀλλὰ πεφυκότως· τοῦτο γὰρ πιθανόν, ἐκεῖνο δὲ τοὐνάντιον. ὡς γὰρ πρὸς ἐπιβουλεύοντα διαβάλλονται, καθάπερ πρὸς τοὺς οἴνους τοὺς μεμιγμένους. καὶ οἷον ἡ Θεοδώρου φωνὴ πέπονθε πρὸς τὴν τῶν ἄλλων ὑποκριτῶν· ἡ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ λέγοντος ἔοικεν εἶναι, αἱ δὲ ἀλλότριαι· κλέπτεται δ' εὖ, ἐάν τις ἐκ τῆς εἰωθυίας διαλέκτου ἐκλέγων συντιθῇ· ὅπερ Εὐριπίδης ποιεῖ, καὶ ὑπέδειξε πρῶτος.—*Rhet.* lib. iii. cap. 2.

manner wholly unknown to them, or through petulancy, or debauch of humour, were, it seems, neglected and set aside. A Menander had not as yet appeared, who arose soon after, to accomplish the prophecy of our grand master of art and consummate philologist.

Uses of comedy.

Comedy[1] had at this time done little more than what the ancient parodies[2] had done before it. It was of admirable use to explode the *false sublime* of early poets, and such as, in its own age, were on every occasion ready to relapse into that vicious manner. The good tragedians themselves could hardly escape its lashes. The pompous orators were its never-failing subjects. Everything which might be imposing, by a false gravity or solemnity, was forced to endure the trial of this touchstone. Manners and characters, as well as speech and writings, were discussed with the greatest freedom. Nothing could be better fitted than this genius of wit, to unmask the face of things, and remove those

[1] ὥσπερ δὲ καὶ τὰ σπουδαῖα μάλιστα ποιητὴς Ὅμηρος ἦν (μόνος γὰρ οὐχ ὅτι εὖ, ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ μιμήσεις δραματικὰς ἐποίησε) οὕτω καὶ τὰ τῆς κωμῳδίας σχήματα πρῶτος ὑπέδειξεν.—ARIST. *Poet.* cap. 4. No wonder, if, in this descent, comedy came late. See below, p. 270, in the notes.

[2] The *parodies* were very ancient; but they were in reality no other than mere burlesque or farce. *Comedy*, which borrowed something from those humours, as well as from the *phallica* below mentioned, was not, however, raised to any form or shape of art (as said above), till about the time of Aristophanes, who was of the first model, and a beginner of the kind; at the same time that *tragedy* had undergone all its changes, and was already come to its last perfection, as the grand critic has shown us, and as our other authorities plainly evince.

larvæ naturally formed from the tragic manner, and pompous style, which had preceded.

> Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
> Successit vetus his comœdia.[1] . . .

The different parts of literature react upon one another.

It was not by chance that this succession happened in Greece, after the manner described, but rather through necessity, and from the reason and nature of things.[2] For, in healthy bodies, nature dictates remedies of her own, and provides for the cure of what has happened amiss in the growth and progress of a constitution. The affairs of this free people being in the increase, and their ability and judgment every day improving, as letters and arts advanced, they would, of course, find in themselves a strength of nature, which, by the help of good ferments, and a wholesome opposition of humours, would correct in one way whatever was excessive or peccant (as physicians say) in another. Thus the

[1] Hor. *de Arte Poet.* The immediate preceding verses of Horace, after his having spoken of the first tragedy under Thespis, are,

> Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
> Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
> Et docuit, &c.

Before the time of Thespis, tragedy indeed was said to be, as Horace calls it here (in a concise way), 'ignotum genus.' It lay in a kind of chaos intermixed with other kinds, and hardly distinguishable by its gravity and pomp from the humours which gave rise afterwards to comedy. But, in a strict historical sense, as we find Plato speaking in his Minos, tragedy was of ancienter date, and even of the very ancientest with the Athenians. His words are, *ἡ δὲ τραγῳδία ἐστι παλαιὸν ἐνθάδε, οὐχ, ὡς οἴονται, ἀπὸ Θέσπιδος ἀρξαμένη, οὐδ' ἀπὸ Φρυνίχου. ἀλλ' εἰ θέλεις ἐννοῆσαι, πάνυ παλαιὸν αὐτὸ εὑρήσεις ὂν τῆσδε τῆς πόλεως εὕρημα.*

[2] Of this subject see more in Treatise VI. iii. 1.

florid and over-sanguine humour of the *high style* was allayed by something of a contrary nature. The comic genius was applied, as a kind of caustic, to those exuberances and funguses of the swollen dialect, and magnificent manner of speech. But after a while, even this remedy itself was found to turn into a disease; as medicines, we know, grow corrosive, when the fouler matters on which they wrought are sufficiently purged, and the obstructions removed.

. . . . [1] In vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi: [2] . . .

The enforcement of good taste not an infringement of liberty.

It is a great error to suppose, as some have done, that the restraining this licentious manner of wit by law, was a violation of the liberty of the Athenian state, or an effect merely of the power of foreigners, whom it little concerned, after what manner those citizens treated one another in their comedies, or what sort of wit or humour they made choice of for their ordinary diversions. If, upon a change of government, as during the usurpation of the Thirty, or when that nation was humbled at any time, either by a Philip, an Alexander, or an Antipater, they had been forced, against their wills, to enact such laws as these, it is certain they would have soon repealed them when those terrors were removed (as they soon were), and the people restored to their former liberties. For, notwithstanding what this nation suffered *outwardly*, by several shocks received from

[1] HOR. *de Arte Poet.*

[2] It follows:

. . . . lex est accepta; chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

foreign states, notwithstanding the dominion and power they lost abroad, they preserved the same government *at home*. And how passionately interested they were in what concerned their diversions and public spectacles, how jealous and full of emulation in what related to their poetry, wit, music, and other arts, in which they excelled all other nations, is well known to persons who have any comprehension of ancient manners, or been the least conversant in history.

The citizens bound to protect their own honour.

Nothing, therefore, could have been the cause of these public decrees, and of this gradual reform in the commonwealth of wit, beside the real reform of taste and humour in the commonwealth or government itself. Instead of any abridgment, it was in reality an increase of liberty, an enlargement of the security of property, and an advancement of private ease and personal safety, to provide against what was injurious to the good name and reputation of every citizen. As this intelligence in life and manners grew greater in that experienced people, so the relish of wit and humour would naturally in proportion be more refined. Thus Greece in general grew more and more polite, and, as it advanced in this respect, was more averse to the obscene, buffooning manner. The Athenians still went before the rest, and led the way in elegance of every kind. For even their first comedy was a refinement upon some irregular attempts which had been made in that dramatic way. And the grand critic shows us,[1] that in his own time

[1] Lib. *de Poet.* cap. iv.: 'De tragœdia et comœdia, scilicet, καὶ ἡ μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν ἐξαρχόντων τὸν διθύραμβον, ἡ δὲ ἀπο τῶν τὰ φαλλικά, ἃ ἔτι καὶ νῦν ἐν πολλαῖς τῶν πόλεων διαμένει νομιζόμενα, κατὰ μικρὸν ηὐξήθη,' &c.

the *phallica*, or scurrilous and obscene farce, prevailed still, and had the countenance of the magistrates, in some cities of Greece, who were behind the rest in this reform of taste and manners.

Censorship of the stage at Rome.

But what is yet a more undeniable evidence of this natural and gradual refinement of styles and manners among the ancients, particularly in what concerned their stage, is, that this very case of prohibition and restraint happened among the Romans themselves, where no effects of foreign power, or of a home tyranny, can be pretended. Their Fescennin, and Atellan way of wit, was in early days prohibited, and laws made against it, for the public's sake, and in regard to the welfare of the community; such licentiousness having been found in reality contrary to the just liberty of the people.

. . . . [1] Doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi. Quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi . . . .

Historical conditions of

In defence of what I have here advanced, I could, besides the authority of grave historians,[2] and

[1] HOR. *Epist.* II. i. 150.

[2] To confirm what is said of this natural *succession* of wit and style, according to the several authorities above cited in the immediate preceding notes, see STRABO, lib. I. ὡς δ' εἰπεῖν, ὁ πεζὸς λόγος ὅ γε κατεσκευασμένος, μίμημα τοῦ ποιητικοῦ ἐστι. πρώτιστα γὰρ ἡ ποιητικὴ κατασκευὴ παρῆλθεν εἰς τὸ μέσον καὶ εὐδοκίμησεν· εἶτα ἐκείνην μιμούμενοι, λύσαντες τὸ μέτρον, τἆλλα δὲ φυλάξαντες τὰ ποιητικά, συνέγραψαν οἱ περὶ Κάδμον καὶ Φερεκύδη καὶ Ἑκαταῖον· εἶτα οἱ ὕστερον, ἀφαιροῦντές ἀεί τι τῶν τοιούτων, εἰς τὸ νῦν εἶδος κατήγαγον, ὡς ἂν ἀπὸ ὕψους τινός· καθάπερ ἄν τις καὶ τὴν κωμῳδίαν φαίη λαβεῖν τὴν σύστασιν ἀπὸ τῆς τραγῳδίας καὶ τοῦ κατ' αὐτὴν ὕψους καταβιβασθεῖσαν εἰς τὸ λογοειδὲς νυνὶ καλούμενον.

chronologists, produce the testimony of one of the wisest and most serious of ancient authors; whose single authority would be acknowledged to have equal force with that of many concurring writers. He shows us, that this first-formed comedy and scheme of ludicrous wit was introduced upon the neck of the sublime.[1] The familiar airy muse was privileged as a sort of counter pedagogue against the pomp and formality of the more solemn writers. And what is highly remarkable, our author shows us, that, in philosophy itself, there happened, almost at the very same time, a like succession of wit and humour, when, in opposition to the sublime philosopher, and afterwards to his grave disciple and successor in the academy,[2] there arose a comic philosophy, in the person of another master and other disciples, who personally, as well as in their writings, were set in direct opposition to the former; not as differing in opinions or maxims, but in their style

burlesque.

[1] Πρῶτον αἱ τραγῳδίαι παρήχθησαν ὑπομνηστικαὶ τῶν συμβαινοντων, καὶ ὅτι ταῦτα οὕτω πέφυκε γίνεσθαι, καὶ ὅτι οἷς ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς ψυχαγωγεῖσθε, τούτοις μὴ ἄχθεσθε ἐπὶ τῆς μείζονος σκηνῆς . . . . . μετὰ δὲ τὴν τραγῳδίαν ἡ ἀρχαία κωμῳδία παρήχθη, παιδαγωγικὴν παῤῥησίαν ἔχουσα καὶ τῆς ἀτυφίας οὐκ ἀχρήστως δι' αὐτῆς τῆς εὐθυῤῥημοσύνης ὑπομιμνήσκουσα· πρὸς οἷόν τι καὶ Διογένης ταυτὶ παρελάμβανε· μετὰ ταῦτα τίς ἡ μέση κωμωδία καὶ λοιπὸν ἡ νέα.—M. AUREL. *Medit.* xi.

Οὕτως δεῖ παρ' ὅλον τὸν βίον ποιεῖν, καὶ ὅπου λίαν ἀξιοπιστότατα πράγματα φαντάζεται, ἀπογυμνοῦν αὐτὰ καὶ τὴν εὐτελείαν αὐτῶν καθορᾷν καὶ τὴν ἱστορίαν, ὑφ' ἣ σεμνύνεται, περιαιρεῖν· δεινὸς γὰρ ὁ τῦφος παραλογιστής. καὶ ὅτε δοκεῖς μάλιστα περὶ τὰ σπουδαῖα καταγίνεσθαι, τότε μάλιστα καταγοητεύει· ὅρα γοῦν ὁ Κράτης, τί περὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ Ξενοκράτους λέγει.—Id. vi.

[2] See the citations immediately preceding.

and manner, in the turn of humour, and method of instruction.[1]

Parallel development of poetry and philosophy.

It is pleasant enough to consider how exact the resemblance was between the lineage of philosophy and that of poetry, as derived from their two chief founders or patriarchs, in whose loins the several races lay as it were enclosed. For as the grand poetic sire[2] was, by the consent of all antiquity, allowed to have furnished subjects both to the tragic, the comic, and every other kind of genuine poetry, so the philosophical Patriarch, in the same manner, containing within himself the several geniuses of philosophy, gave rise to all those several manners in which that science was delivered.

Socrates and the Socratic schools.

His disciple of noble birth and lofty genius, who aspired to poetry and rhetoric, took the sublime part, and shone above his other condisciples.[3] He

[1] *Tunica distantia* . . . . Juv. *Sat.* XIII. 222.

[2] See above, p. 264, in the notes. According to this Homerical lineage of poetry, comedy would naturally prove the drama of latest birth. For though Aristotle, in the same place, cites Homer's Margites as analogous to comedy, yet the Iliad and Odyssey, in which the heroic style prevails, having been ever highest in esteem, were likeliest to be first wrought and cultivated.

[3] His dialogues were real poems (as has been shown above, pt. i. § 3, &c.). This may easily be collected from the Poetics of the grand master. We may add what is cited by Athenæus from another treatise of that author. ὁ τοὺς ἄλλους ἅπαξ ἁπλῶς κακολογήσας, ἐν μὲν τῇ πολιτείᾳ Ὁμηρον ἐκβάλλων καὶ τὴν μιμητικὴν ποίησιν, αὐτὸς δὲ [Πλάτων] τοὺς διαλόγους μιμητικῶς γράψας, ὧν τῆς ἰδέας οὐδ' αὐτὸς εὑρετὴς ἐστιν. πρὸ γὰρ αὐτοῦ τοῦθ' εὗρε τὸ εἶδος τῶν λόγων ὁ Τήϊος Ἀλεξάμενος, ὡς Νικίας ὁ Νικαεὺς ἱστορεῖ καὶ Σωτηρίων. Ἀριστοτέλης δὲ ἐν τῷ περὶ ποιητῶν οὕτως γράφει, Οὐκοῦν οὐδὲ ἐμμέτρους τοὺς καλουμένους Σώφρονος μίμους, μὴ φῶμεν εἶναι λόγους καὶ μιμήσεις, ἢ τοὺς Ἀλεξαμένου τοῦ Τηΐου τοὺς πρώτους γραφέντας

of mean birth, and poorest circumstances, whose constitution as well as condition inclined him most to the way we call satiric, took the reproving part, which, in his better-humoured and more agreeable successor, turned into the comic kind, and went upon the model of that ancient comedy which was then prevalent.[1] But another noble disciple, whose genius was towards action, and who proved afterwards the greatest hero of his time, took the genteeler part and softer manner. He joined what was deepest and most solid in philosophy with what was easiest and most refined in breeding, and in the character and manner of a gentleman. Nothing could be remoter than his genius was from the scholastic, the rhetorical, or mere poetic kind. He was as distant, on one hand, from the sonorous, high, and pompous strain, as, on the other hand, from the ludicrous, mimical, or satiric.

This was that natural and simple genius of antiquity, comprehended by so few, and so little relished by the vulgar.[2] This was that philosophical Menander of earlier time, whose works one may wonder to see preserved from the same fate, since, in the darker ages through which they passed, they might probably be alike neglected, on the account of their like simplicity of style and composition.

Rise of dialectics.

There is, besides the several manners of writing above described, another of considerable authority

τῶν Σωκρατικῶν διαλόγων; ἀντικρυς φάσκων ὁ πολυμαθέστατος Ἀριστοτέλης πρὸ Πλάτωνος διαλόγους γεγραφέναι τὸν Ἀλεξάμενον.

[1] According to the last two citations, p. 269.

[2] Treatise VI. v. 1.

and weight, which had its rise chiefly from the critical art itself, and from the more accurate inspection into the works of preceding masters. The grand critic, of whom we have already spoken, was a chief and leader in this order of penmen. For though the Sophists of elder time had treated many subjects methodically, and in form, yet this writer was the first who gained repute in the methodic kind. As the talent of this great man was more towards polite learning, and the arts, than towards the deep and solid parts of philosophy, it happened, that in his school there was more care taken of other sciences, than of ethics, dialect, or logic,[1] which provinces were chiefly cultivated by the successors of the Academy and Porch.

Characteristics of the dialectical method.

It has been observed of this methodic or scholastic manner, that it naturally befitted an author, who, though endowed with a comprehensive and strong genius, was not in himself of a refined temper, blessed by the graces, or favoured by any muse; one who was not of a fruitful imagination, but rather dry and rigid, yet withal acute and piercing, accurate and distinct. For the chief nerve and sinew of this style consists in the clear division and partition of the

[1] 'Dialectic' is used with considerable variations of meaning:

1. In its widest sense, it is the conscious employment of reason as such, and of language as the instrument of reason.

2. In a more conventional sense, it is the drawing out, by a process of discussion, of *an unknown* from a *known* truth.

3. Not unfrequently, also, it means an argument in subject-matter that is either contingent or merely probable.

But to trace minutely the history of the word would be to trace the history of logic itself.—ED.

subjects. Though there is nothing exalting in the manner, it is naturally powerful and commanding, and, more than any other, subdues the mind, and strengthens its determinations. It is from this genius that firm conclusions and steady maxims are best formed, which, if solidly built, and on sure ground, are the shortest and best guides towards wisdom and ability, in every kind, but if defective, or unsound in the least part, must of necessity lead us to the grossest absurdities, and stiffest pedantry and conceit.

The dialectical method is somewhat artificial and mannered.

Now, though every other style, and genuine manner of composition, has its order and method as well as this, which, in a peculiar sense, we call *the methodic*, yet it is this manner alone which professes method, dissects itself in parts, and makes its own anatomy. The sublime can no way condescend thus, or bear to be suspended in its impetuous course. The comic, or derisory manner, is further still from making show of method. It is then, if ever, that it presumes to give itself this wise air, when its design is to expose the thing itself, and ridicule the formality and sophistry so often sheltered beneath it. The simple manner, which being the strictest imitation of nature, should of right be the completest in the distribution of its parts, and symmetry of its whole, is yet so far from making any ostentation of method, that it conceals the artifice as much as possible, endeavouring only to express the effect of art, under the appearance of the greatest ease and negligence; and even when it assumes the censuring or reproving part, it does it in the most concealed and gentle way.

Comparison of methods.

The authors indeed of our age are as little capable of receiving as of giving advice, in such a way as this: so little is the general palate formed as yet to a taste of real simplicity. As for the sublime, though it be often the subject of criticism, it can never be the manner, or afford the means. The way of form and method, the didactic or perceptive manner, as it has been usually practised amongst us, and as our ears have been so long accustomed, has so little force towards the winning our attention, that it is apter to tire us than the metre of an old ballad. We no sooner hear the theme propounded, the subject divided and subdivided (with '*first of the first*,' and so forth, as order requires), but instantly we begin a strife with nature, who otherwise might surprise us in the soft fetters of sleep, to the great disgrace of the orator, and scandal of the audience. The only manner left in which criticism can have its just force amongst us, is the ancient comic; of which kind were the first Roman miscellanies, or satiric pieces, a sort of original writing of their own, refined afterwards by the best genius, and politest poet of that nation, who, notwithstanding, owns the manner to have been taken from the Greek comedy above mentioned. And if our home-wits would refine upon this pattern, they might perhaps meet with considerable success.

The most successful form of criticism in England.

In effect, we may observe, that, in our own nation, the most successful criticism, or method of refutation, is that which borders most on the manner of the earliest Greek comedy. The highly-rated burlesque poem, written on the subject of our religious contro-

versies in the last age, is a sufficient token of this kind.[1] And that justly admired piece of comic wit,[2] given us some time after by an author of the highest quality, has furnished our best wits in all their controversies, even in religion and politics, as well as in the affairs of wit and learning, with the most effectual and entertaining method of exposing folly, pedantry, false reason, and ill writing. And without some such tolerated manner of criticism as this, how grossly we might have been imposed on, and should continue to be, for the future, by many pieces of dogmatical rhetoric, and pedantic wit, may easily be apprehended by those who know anything of the state of letters in our nation, or are in the least fitted to judge of the manner of the common poets, or formal authors of the times.

In what form or manner soever criticism may appear amongst us, or critics choose to exert their talent, it can become none, besides the grossly superstitious or ignorant, to be alarmed at this spirit. For if it be ill managed, and with little wit, it will be destroyed by something wittier in the kind; if it be witty itself, it must of necessity advance wit.

And thus, from the consideration of ancient as well as modern time, it appears that the cause and interest of critics is the same with that of wit, learning, and good sense.

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[1] *Hudibras.* [2] The *Rehearsal.* See Treatise VI. v. 2.

SECTION III.

Influence of the people in determining the standard of taste.

THUS we have surveyed the state of authors, as they are influenced from without, either by the frowns or favour of the great, or by the applause or censure of the critics. It remains only to consider how the people, or world in general, stand affected towards our modern penmen, and what occasion these adventurers may have of complaint or boast, from their encounter with the public.

Real artists are their own *standard.*

There is nothing more certain, than that a real genius, and thorough artist, in whatever kind, can never, without the greatest unwillingness and shame, be induced to act below his character, and, for mere interest, be prevailed with to prostitute his art or science, by performing contrary to its known rules. Whoever has heard anything of the lives of famous statuaries, architects, or painters, will call to mind many instances of this nature. Or whoever has made any acquaintance with the better sort of mechanics, such as are real lovers of their art, and masters in it, must have observed their natural fidelity in this respect. Be they ever so idle, dissolute, or debauched, how regardless soever of other rules, they abhor any transgression in their art, and would choose to lose customers and starve, rather than, by a base compliance with the world, to act

contrary to what they call the justness and truth of work.

'Sir,' says a poor fellow of this kind to his rich customer, 'you are mistaken in coming to me for such a piece of workmanship. Let who will make it for you, as you fancy: I know it to be wrong. Whatever I have made hitherto, has been *true work*: and neither for your sake, nor anybody's else, shall I put my hand to any other.'

Truth of work the measure of greatness.

This is virtue! *real* virtue, and love of truth, independent of opinion, and above the world. This disposition transferred to the *whole of life*, perfects a character, and makes that probity and worth which the learned are often at such a loss to explain. For is there not a workmanship and a truth in *actions*? Or, is the workmanship of this kind less becoming, or less worthy our notice, that we should not in this case be as surly at least as the honest artisan, who has no other philosophy than what nature and his trade have taught him?

The true workman's aim to lead, not to follow, public taste.

When one considers this zeal and honesty of inferior artists, one would wonder to see those who pretend to skill and science in a higher kind have so little regard to truth, and the perfection of their art. One would expect it of our writers, that if they had real ability, they should draw the world to them, and not meanly suit themselves to the world, in its weak state. We may justly indeed make allowances for the simplicity of those early geniuses of our nation, who, after so many barbarous ages, when letters lay yet in their ruins, made bold excursions into a vacant field, to seize the posts of honour, and

attain the stations which were yet unpossessed by the wits of their own country. But since the age is now so far advanced, learning established, the rules of writing stated, and the truth of art so well apprehended, and everywhere confessed and owned, it is strange to see our writers as unshapen still and monstrous in their works as heretofore. There can be nothing more ridiculous than to hear our Poets, in their prefaces, talk of art and structure, whilst in their pieces they perform as ill as ever, and with as little regard to those professed rules of art, as the honest Bards, their predecessors, who had never heard of any such rules, or at least had never owned their justness or validity.

Example of the Greek poets.

Had the early poets of Greece thus complimented their nation, by complying with its first relish and appetite, they had not done their countrymen such service, nor themselves such honour, as we find they did, by conforming to truth and nature. The generous spirits who first essayed the way, had not always the world on their side, but soon drew after them the best judgments, and soon afterwards the world itself. They forced their way into it, and by weight of merit turned its judgment on their side. They formed their audience, polished the age, refined the public ear, and framed it right, that in return they might be rightly and lastingly applauded. Nor were they disappointed in their hope. The applause soon came, and was lasting; for it was sound. They have justice done them at this day. They have survived their nation, and live, though in a dead language. The more the age is enlightened, the more they

shine. Their fame must necessarily last as long as letters; and posterity will ever own their merit.

Authorship often a mere trade.

Our modern authors, on the contrary, are turned and modelled (as themselves confess) by the public relish, and current humour of the times. They regulate themselves by the irregular fancy of the world, and frankly own they are preposterous and absurd, in order to accommodate themselves to the genius of the age. In our days, *the audience makes the poet*,[1] and *the bookseller the author*: with what profit to the public, or what prospect of lasting fame and honour to the writer, let any one who has judgment imagine.

The law of literary supply and demand.

But though our writers charge their faults thus freely on the Public, it will, I doubt, appear from many instances, that this practice is mere imposture, since those absurdities, which they are the aptest to commit, are far from being delightful or entertaining. We are glad to take up with what our language can afford us, and, by a sort of emulation with other nations, are forced to cry up such writers of our own as may best serve us for comparison. But when we are out of this spirit, it must be owned, we are not

[1] Cf. RUSKIN'S *Modern Painters*, vol. i. p. 412: 'Public taste, as far as it is the encourager and supporter of art, has been the same in all ages, a fitful and vacillating current of vague impression, perpetually liable to change, subject to epidemic desires, and agitated by infectious passion, the slave of passion, and the fool of fancy; but yet always distinguishing with singular clearsightedness between that which is best and that which is worst of the particular class of food which its morbid appetite may call for, never failing to distinguish that which is produced by intellect from that which is not, though it may be intellect degraded by ministering to its misguided will.'—ED.

apt to discover any great fondness or admiration of our authors. Nor have we any, whom by mutual consent we make to be our standard. We go to plays, as to other shows, and frequent the theatre, as the booth. We reads epics and dramatics, as we do satires and lampoons. For we must of necessity know what wit, as well as what scandal, is stirring. Read we must, let writers be ever so indifferent. And this perhaps may be some occasion of the laziness and negligence of our authors, who, observing this need which our curiosity brings on us, and making an exact calculation in the way of trade, to know justly the quality and quantity of the public demand, feed us thus from hand to mouth, resolving not to overstock the market, or be at the pains of more correctness or wit than is absolutely necessary to carry on the traffic.[1]

Literary extravagances of the time.

Our Satire therefore is scurrilous, buffooning, and without morals or instruction, which is the majesty and life of this kind of writing. Our Encomium or Pane-

[1] One point must not be left out of the consideration,—and that is the influence of the spirit of rivalry and competition *among authors themselves*. What Mandeville says on this subject is true enough as far as it goes. 'What promotes arts and sciences is the reward, money and honour; and thousands of perfections are attained to that would have had no existence if men had been less proud or less covetous. Ambition, avarice, and often necessity are great spurs to industry and application. . . . While professions are lucrative and have great dignities belonging to them, there will always be men that excel in them.'—*Second Part of the Fable of the Bees*, p. 330. This writer explains the existence of the fact that there are lovers of art and learning *for their own sake*, as ultimate facts, on the principle that 'some men are fox-hunters, and others take delight in angling.'—ED.

gyric is as fulsome and displeasing, by its prostitute and abandoned manner of praise. The worthy persons who are the subjects of it, may well be esteemed sufferers by the manner. And the public, whether it will or no, is forced to make untoward reflections, when led to it by such satirizing panegyrists. For in reality the nerve and sinew of modern panegyric lies in a dull kind of satire, which the author, it is true, intends should turn to the advantage of his subject; but which, if I mistake not, will appear to have a very contrary effect.

Bad taste alike in satire and encomium.

The usual method which our authors take, when they would commend either a brother-author, a wit, a hero, a philosopher, or a statesman, is to look abroad, to find within the narrow compass of their learning, some eminent names of persons who answered to these characters in a former time. These they are sure to lash, as they imagine, with some sharp stroke of satire. And when they have stripped these reverend personages of all their share of merit, they think to clothe their hero with the spoils. Such is the sterility of these encomiasts! they know not how to praise but by detraction. If a fair one is to be celebrated, Helen must in comparison be deformed, Venus herself degraded. That a modern may be honoured, some ancient must be sacrificed. If a poet is to be extolled, down with a Homer or a Pindar; if an orator, or philosopher, down with Demosthenes, Tully, Plato; if a general of our army, down with any hero whatever of time past. 'The Romans knew no discipline! the Grecians never learned the art of war!'

Satire and detraction different things.

Were there an art of writing to be formed upon the modern practice, this method we have described might perhaps be styled *the rule of dispatch*, or the Herculean law, by which encomiasts, with no other weapon than their single club, may silence all other fame, and place their hero in the vacant throne of honour. I would willingly, however, advise these celebrators to be a little more moderate in the use of this club-method. Not that I pretend to ask quarter for the ancients. But for the sake merely of those moderns, whom our panegyrists undertake to praise, I would wish them to be a little cautious of comparing characters. There is no need to call up a Publicola or a Scipio, an Aristides or a Cato, to serve as foils. These were patriots and good generals in their time, and did their country honest service. No offence to any who at present do the same. A Fabricius, an Æmilius, a Cincinnatus (poor men!) may be suffered to rest quietly; or, if their ghosts should, by this unlucky kind of enchantment, be raised in mockery and contempt, they may perhaps prove troublesome in earnest, and cast such reflections on our panegyrists and their modern patrons, as may be no way for the advantage of either. The well-deserving ancients will have always a strong party among the wise and learned of every age; and the memory of foreign worthies, as well as those of our own nation, will with gratitude be cherished by the nobler spirits of mankind. The interest of the dead is not so disregarded, but that, in case of violence offered them, through partiality to

the living, there are hands ready prepared to make sufficient reprisals.

Ancient panegyrics.

It was in times when flattery grew much in fashion, that the title of panegyric was appropriated to such pieces as contained only a profuse and unlimited praise of some single person. The ancient panegyrics were no other than merely such writings as authors of every kind recited at the solemn assemblies of the people. They were the exercises of the wits and men of letters, who, as well as the men of bodily dexterity, bore their part at the Olympic, and other national and panegyric games.

Conditions for the existence of the elevation of common life wanting in modern times.

The British nation, though they have nothing of this kind ordained or established by their laws, are yet by nature wonderfully inclined to the same panegyric exercises. At their fairs, and during the time of public festivals, they perform their rude Olympics, and show an activity and address beyond any other modern people whatever. Their trials of skill, it is true, are wholly of the body, not of the brain. Nor is it to be wondered at, if, being left to themselves, and no way assisted by the laws or magistrate, their bodily exercises retain something of the barbarian character, or at least show their manners [1] to hold

[1] Whoever has a thorough taste of the wit and manner of Horace, if he only compares his Epistle to Augustus (lib. 2) with the secret character of that Prince from Suetonius and other authors, will easily find what judgment that poet made of the Roman taste, even in the person of this sovereign and admired Roman Prince, whose natural love of amphitheatrical spectacles and other entertainments (little accommodated to the interest of the Muses) is there sufficiently insinuated. The Prince indeed was (as it is said above, pt. ii. § 1) obliged in the highest degree

more of Rome[1] than Greece. The gladiatorian and other sanguinary sports, which we allow our people, discover sufficiently our national taste. And the baitings and slaughter of so many sorts of creatures, tame as well as wild, for diversion merely, may witness the extraordinary inclination we have for amphitheatrical spectacles.

Why our satirists are so merciless and bitter.

I know not whether it be from this killing disposition remarked in us, that our satirists prove such very slaughter-men, and even our panegyric authors, or encomiasts, delight so much in the dispatching method above described; but sure I am, that our[2] dramatic poets stand violently affected this way, and delight to make havock and destruction of every kind.

Causes of the depre-

It is alleged indeed by our stage poets, in excuse

to his poetical and witty friends for guiding his taste, and forming his manners; as they really did, with good effect and great advantage to his interest. Witness what even that flattering court-historian, Dion, relates of the frank treatment which that Prince received from his friend Mæcenas, who was forced to draw him from his bloody tribunal, and murderous delight, with the reproach of 'Surge verò tandem, carnifex!' But Horace, according to his character and circumstances, was obliged to take a finer and more concealed manner, both with the prince and favourite.

'Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.'—PERS. *Sat.* I.

See Treatise VI. v. 1.

[1] We may add to this note what Tacitus or Quintilian remarks on the subject of the Roman taste: 'Jam vero propria et peculiaria hujus urbis vitia penè in utero matris concipi mihi videntur, histrionalis favor, et gladiatorum equorumque studia: quibus occupatus et obsessus animus quantulum loci bonis artibus relinquit?'—*Dial. de Oratoribus*, cap. 29.

[2] Treatise VI. v. 1.

for vile ribaldry and other gross irregularities, both in the fable and language of their pieces, that their success, which depends chiefly on the ladies, is never so fortunate as when this havock is made on virtue and good sense, and their pieces are exhibited publicly in this monstrous form. I know not how they can answer it to the fair sex, to speak (as they pretend) *experimentally*, and with such nice distinction of their audience. How far this excuse may serve them in relation to common amours and love-adventures, I will not take upon me to pronounce. But, I must own, I have often wondered to see our[1] fighting plays become so much the entertainment of that tender sex. *ciation of the drama.*

They who have no help from learning to observe the wider periods or revolutions of human kind, the alterations which happen in manners, and the flux and reflux of politeness, wit, and art, are apt at every turn to make the present age their standard, and imagine nothing barbarous or savage but what is contrary to the manners of their own time. The same pretended judges, had they flourished in our Britain at the time when Cæsar made his first descent, would have condemned, as a whimsical critic, the man who should have made bold to censure our deficiency of clothing, and laugh at the blue cheeks and party-coloured skins which were then in fashion with our ancestors. Such must of necessity be the judgment of those who are only critics by fashion. But to a just naturalist or humanist, who knows the *Necessity for an enlarged sphere of culture.*

[1] Treatise VI. v. 1.

creature Man, and judges of his growth and improvement in society, it appears evidently that we British men were as barbarous and uncivilized in respect of the Romans under a Cæsar, as the Romans themselves were in respect of the Grecians, when they invaded that nation under a Mummius.

Influence of the fair sex upon taste and manners.

The noble wits of a court-education, who can go no further back into antiquity than their pedigree will carry them, are able however to call to mind the different state of manners in some few reigns past, when Chivalry was in such repute. The ladies were then spectators not only of feigned combats and martial exercises, but of real duels and bloody feats of arms. They sat as umpires and judges of the doughty frays. These were the 'saint-protectrices,' to whom the champions chiefly paid their vows, and to whom they recommended themselves by these gallant quarrels, and elegant decisions of right and justice. Nor is this spirit so entirely lost amongst us, but that even at this hour the fair sex inspire us still with the fancy of like gallantries. They are the chief subject of many such civil turmoils, and remain still the secret influencing constellation by which we are engaged to give and ask that satisfaction which is peculiar to the fine gentlemen of the age. For thus a certain gallant of our court expressed the case very naturally, when being asked by his friends, why one of his established character for courage and good sense would answer the challenge of a coxcomb, he confessed, 'that for his *own sex* he could safely trust their judgment; but how should he appear at night before *the maids of honour?*'

Historical variations of moral sentiment.

Such is the different genius of nations, and of the same nation in different times and seasons. For so among the ancients, some have been known tender of the [1] sex to such a degree, as not to suffer them to expose their modesty, by the view of masculine games, or theatrical representations of any kind whatever. Others, on the contrary, have introduced them into their amphitheatres, and made them sharers in the cruellest spectacles.

But there are great capacities in the public taste.

But let our authors or poets complain ever so much of the genius of our people, it is evident we are not altogether so barbarous or Gothic as they pretend. We are naturally no ill soil, and have musical parts which might be cultivated with great advantage, if these gentlemen would use the art of

[1] 'Contra ea, pleraque nostris moribus sunt decora, quæ apud illos turpia putantur. Quem enim Romanorum pudet, uxorem ducere in convivium? aut cujus materfamilias non primum locum tenet ædium, atque in celebritate versatur? Quod multo fit aliter in Græcia. Nam neque in convivium adhibetur, nisi propinquorum; neque sedet, nisi in interiore parte ædium, quæ gynæconitis appellatur; quo nemo accedit, nisi propinqua cognatione conjunctus.—CORN. NEP. in præfat. See also ÆLIAN, cap. 1, lib. x., and the law in Pausanias, lib. v. cap. 6, and the story of Ælian, better related, as to the circumstances: 'Hinc de saxo fœminas dejicere lex jubet, quæ ad Olympicos ludos penetrasse deprehensæ fuerint, vel quæ omnino Alpheum transmiserint, quibus est eis interdictum diebus: non tamen deprehensam esse ullam perhibent præter unam Callipatiram, quam alii Pherenicem nominant. Hæc, viro mortuo, cum virili ornatu exercitationum se magistrum simulans, Pisidorum filium in certamen deduxit; jamque eo vincente, sepimentum id quo magistros seclusos habent, transiluit veste amissa. Inde fœminam agnitam omni crimine liberarunt. Datum hoc ex judicum æquitate, patris, fratrum, et filii gloriæ; qui omnes ex Olympicis ludis victores abierant. Ex eo lege sancitum, ut nudati adessent ludis ipsi etiam magistri.'

masters in their composition. They have power to work upon our better inclinations, and may know by certain tokens, that their audience is disposed to receive nobler subjects, and taste a better manner, than that which, through indulgence to themselves more than to the world, they are generally pleased to make their choice.

Influence of real artists in creating a public taste.

Besides some laudable attempts which have been made with tolerable success, of late years, towards a just manner of writing, both in the heroic and familiar style, we have older proofs of a right disposition in our people towards the moral and instructive way. Our old dramatic poet[1] may witness for our good ear and manly relish.[2] Notwithstanding his natural

[1] SHAKSPEARE.

[2] But modern criticism sees in this very irregularity the strength and grandeur of Shakspeare's genius. Cf. M. TAINE (*Histoire de la Littérature anglaise*, ii. 4) : 'Shakspeare pensait par blocs, et nous pensons par morceaux : de là son style et notre style, qui sont deux langues inconciliables. . . . Nous atteignons la justesse et la clarté, mais non la vie. Shakspeare laisse là la justesse et la clarté et atteint la vie. Du milieu de sa conception complexe et de sa demi-vision colorée, il arrache un fragment, quelque fibre palpitante, et vous le montre ; à vous, sur ce débris, de deviner le reste ; derrière le mot il y a tout un tableau, une attitude, un long raisonnement en raccourci, un amas d'idées fourmillantes ; vous les connaissez, ces sortes de mots abréviatifs et pleins : ce sont ceux que l'on crie dans la fougue de l'invention ou dans l'accès de la passion, termes d'argot et de mode qui font appel aux souvenirs locaux et à l'expérience personnelle, petites phrases hachées et incorrectes qui expriment par leur irrégularité la brusquerie et les cassures du sentiment intérieur, mots triviaux, figures excessives. Il y a un geste sous chacune d'elles, une contraction subite de sourcils, un plissement des lèvres rieuses, une pantalonnade ou un déhanchement de toute la machine. Aucune de ces phrases ne note des idées, toutes suggèrent des images ; chacune d'elles est

rudeness, his unpolished style, his antiquated phrase and wit, his want of method and coherence, and his deficiency in almost all the graces and ornaments of this kind of writing; yet by the justness of his *moral*, the aptness of many of his descriptions, and the plain and natural turn of several of his characters, he pleases his audience, and often gains their ear, without a single bribe from luxury or vice. That [1] piece of his which appears to have most affected English hearts, and has perhaps been oftenest acted of any which have come upon our stage, is almost one continued *moral*—a series of deep reflections, drawn from one mouth, upon the subject of one single accident and calamity, naturally fitted to move horror and compassion. It may be properly said of this play, if I mistake not, that it has only one character or principal part. It contains no adoration or flattery of the sex, no ranting at the gods, no blustering heroism, nor anything of that curious mixture of the fierce and tender, which makes the hinge of modern tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of love and honour.

Upon the whole, since in the two great poetic stations, the epic and dramatic, we may observe the moral genius so naturally prevalent; since our [2] most

l'extrémité et l'aboutissement d'une action mimique complète ; aucune d'elles n'est l'expression et la définition d'une idée partielle et limitée. C'est pour cela que Shakspeare est étrange et puissant, obscur et créateur par delà tous les poëtes de son siècle et de tous les siècles, le plus immodéré entre tous les violateurs du langage, *le plus extraordinaire entre tous les fabricateurs d'âmes, le plus éloigné de la logique régulière et de la raison classique*, le plus capable d'éveiller en nous un monde de formes et de dresser en pied devant nous des personnages vivants.'—ED.

[1] The tragedy of *Hamlet*. [2] MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

approved heroic poem has neither the softness of language, nor the fashionable turn of wit, but merely solid thought, strong reasoning, noble passion, and a continued thread of moral doctrine, piety, and virtue, to recommend it—we may justly infer, that it is not so much the public ear as the ill hand and vicious manner of our poets which needs redress.

Moral as well as intellectual discipline necessary to the artist.

And thus, at last, we are returned to our old article of advice, that main preliminary of *self-study* and *inward converse*, which we have found so much wanting in the authors of our time. They should add the wisdom of the heart to the task and exercise of the brain, in order to bring proportion and beauty into their works. That their composition and vein of writing may be natural and free, they should settle matters, in the first place, with *themselves*. And having gained a mastery here, they may easily, with the help of their genius, and a right use of art, command their audience, and establish a good taste.

It is on themselves that all depends. We have considered their other subjects of excuse. We have acquitted the great Men, their presumptive patrons, whom we have left to their own discretion. We have proved the Critics not only an inoffensive, but highly useful race. And for the Audience, we have found it not so bad as might, perhaps, at first be apprehended.

Authors shown to be solely responsible for the character of their own

It remains that we pass sentence on our authors, after having precluded them their last refuge. Nor do we condemn them on their want of wit or fancy, but of judgment and correctness, which can only be attained by thorough diligence, study, and impartial

censure of themselves. It is *manners* which is wanting.[1] It is a due sentiment of *morals* which alone can make us knowing in order and proportion, and give us the just tone and measure of human passion. *productions.*

So much the Poet must necessarily borrow of the Philosopher, as to be master of the '*common topics*' of morality. He must at least be speciously honest, and in all appearance a friend to virtue throughout his poem. The good and wise will abate him nothing in this kind, and the people, though corrupt, are, in the main, best satisfied with this conduct.

> . . . . speciosa locis, morataque recte
> Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
> Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
> Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.[2]

[1] Treatise I. v. 3 and III. v. 3; also Treatise VI. v. 1.

[2] HOR. *de Arte Poet.* 319.

PART III.

SECTION I.

What is meant by 'surpassing oneself;'

IT is esteemed the highest compliment which can be paid a writer, on the occasion of some new work he has made public, to tell him 'that he has undoubtedly *surpassed himself*.' And, indeed, when one observes how well this compliment is received, one would imagine it to contain some wonderful hyperbole of praise. For, according to the strain of modern politeness, it is not an ordinary violation of truth, which can afford a tribute sufficient to answer any common degree of merit. Now it is well known that the gentlemen whose merit lies towards authorship, are unwilling to make the least abatement on the foot of this ceremonial. One would wonder therefore to find them so entirely satisfied with a form of praise, which in plain sense amounts to no more than a bare affirmative, 'That they have in some manner *differed* from themselves, and are become somewhat worse or better than their common rate.' For if the vilest writer grows viler than ordinary, or exceeds his natural pitch on either side, he is justly said 'to exceed,' or 'go beyond himself.'

or by 'acting

We find in the same manner, that there is no ex-

pression more generally used in a way of compliment to great men and princes, than that plain one, which is so often verified, and may be safely pronounced for truth, on most occasions: 'That they have acted '*like themselves*, and suitably to their own genius and character.' The compliment, it must be owned, sounds well. No one suspects it. For what person is there who in his imagination joins not something worthy and deserving with his true and native self, as oft as he is referred to it, and made to consider *who he is*? Such is the natural affection of all mankind towards moral beauty and perfection, that they never fail in making this presumption in behalf of themselves: 'That *by nature* they have something estimable and worthy in respect of others of their kind; and that their genuine, true, and natural *self*[1] is, as it ought to be, of real value in society, and justly honourable for the sake of its merit and good qualities.' They conclude therefore they have the height of praise allotted them, when they are assured by any one, that they have done nothing 'below themselves,' or that, in some particular action, they have exceeded the ordinary tenor of their character.

like one-self?'

Thus is every one convinced of the reality of *a better self*, and of the cult or homage which is due to

By 'self' is generally

[1] Cf. EPICTETUS, *Diss.* II. viii. 11: *σὺ δὲ προηγούμενον εἶ· σὺ ἀπόσπασμα εἶ τοῦ Θεοῦ· ἔχεις τι ἐν σεαυτῷ μέρος ἐκείνου. τί οὖν ἀγνοεῖς σὺ τὴν εὐγενείαν; τί οὐκ οἶδας πόθεν ἐλήλυθας; οὐ 'θέλεις μεμνῆσθαι ὅταν ἐσθίῃς, τίς ὢν ἐσθίεις καὶ τίνα τρέφεις; ὅταν συνουσίᾳ χρῇ, τίς ὢν χρῇ; ὅταν ὁμιλίᾳ, ὅταν γυμνάζῃ, ὅταν διαλέγῃ, οὐκ οἶδας ὅτι θεὸν τρέφεις, θεὸν γυμνάζεις; θεὸν περιφέρεις, τάλας, καὶ ἀγνοεῖς*.—ED.

meant an 'ideal' or 'better self.'

it.[1] The misfortune is, we are seldom taught to comprehend this 'self,' by placing it in a distinct view from its representative or counterfeit. In our Holy Religion, which, for the greatest part, is adapted to the very meanest capacities, it is not to be expected that a speculation of this kind should be openly advanced. It is enough that we have *hints* given us of a nobler self, than that which is commonly supposed the basis and foundation of our actions. 'Self-interest' is there taken, as it is vulgarly conceived; though, on the other side, there are, in the most sacred characters,[2] examples given us of the highest contempt of all such interested views, of a willingness to suffer without recompense for the sake of others, and of a desire to part even with life and being itself, on account of what is generous and worthy. But in the same manner as the celestial phenomena are in the sacred volumes generally treated according to com-

Biblical economy in regard to the concep-

[1] There is a similar thought, beautifully expressed, in St. Augustine, with half religious, half philosophic, mysticism: 'Redite ad cor: quid itis a vobis, ac peritis ex vobis? Erratis vagando: redite. Quo?—ad Dominum. Cito est: primo *redi ad cor tuum; exul vagaris a te foris; teipsum non nosti.* Redi, redi ad cor, tolle te a corpore. Corpus tuum habitatio tua est: cor tuum sentit etiam per corpus tuum: sed corpus tuum non quod cor tuum. Vide *ibi* quid sentias forte de Deo, quia *ibi est imago Dei. In interiore homine habitat Christus; in interiore homine renovaris ad imaginem Dei; in imagine sua cognosce auctorem ejus.*'—*In Johan. Evang.* Tract. xviii. 10. Compare also FÉNÉLON (*Demonstration of the Existence of God*, c. lvi.): 'Because Thou art too intimately within them and they never at home, Thou art to them *an unknown God.* For while they rove and wander abroad, the most intimate part of themselves is most remote from their sight.'—ED.

[2] EXOD. xxxii. 31, 32, &c. and ROM. ix. 1, 2, 3, &c.

mon imagination, and the then current system of astronomy and natural science, so the moral appearances are in many places preserved without alteration, according to vulgar prejudice, and the general conception of interest and self-good. Our real and genuine 'self' is sometimes supposed that ambitious one which is fond of power and glory, sometimes that childish one which is taken with vain show, and is to be invited to obedience by promise of finer habitations, precious stones and metals, shining garments, crowns, and other such dazzling beauties, by which another earth, or material city, is represented. *tion of 'self.'*

It must be owned, that even at that time, when a greater and purer light disclosed itself in the chosen nation, their natural gloominess appeared still,[1] by the great difficulty they had 'to know themselves,' or learn their real interest, after such long tutorage and instruction from above. The simplicity of that people must certainly have been very great, when the best doctrine could not go down without a treat, and the best disciples had their heads so running upon their loaves, that they were apt to construe every divine saying in a belly-sense,[2] and thought nothing more self-constituent than that inferior receptacle. Their taste in morals could not fail of being suitable to this extraordinary estimation of themselves. No wonder, if the *better and nobler self* was left as a mystery to a people who, of all human kind, were the most grossly selfish, crooked, and *Inherent confusion in the Jewish mind between 'self' and 'selfishness.'*

[1] Treatise I. 3, and Treatise VI. ii. 1 and 3.

[2] St. Matthew xvi. 6, 7, 8, &c.

perverse. So that it must necessarily be confessed, in honour of their divine legislators, patriots, and instructors, that they exceeded all others in goodness and generosity, since they could so truly love their nation and brethren, such as they were, and could have so generous and disinterested regards for those who were in themselves so sordidly interested and undeserving.

Purpose of philosophy to teach what 'self' really is.

But whatever may be the proper effect or operation of Religion, it is the known province of philosophy, *to teach us ourselves*, keep us the *self-same*[1] persons, and so regulate our governing fancies, passions, and humours, as to make us comprehensible to ourselves, and knowable by other features than those of a bare countenance. For it is not certainly by virtue of our face merely that we are *ourselves*. It is not WE who change, when our complexion or shape changes. But there is *that* which being wholly metamorphosed and converted, WE are thereby in reality transformed and lost.

Illustration of what would constitute a change of personality.

Should an intimate friend of ours, who had endured many sicknesses, and run many ill adventures while he travelled through the remotest parts of the east, and hottest countries of the south, return to us so altered in his whole outward figure, that, till we had for a time conversed with him, we could not know him again to be the same person, the matter

[1] Cf. SENECA, *Ep.* xx. 2: 'Facere docet philosophia, non dicere; et hoc exigit ut ad legem suam quisque vivat, ne orationi vita dissentiat, ut ipsa inter se vita unius, sine actionum dissentione, coloris sit. Maximum hoc et officium sapientiæ et indicium, ut verbis opera concordent, ut *et ipse ubique par sibi idemque sit.*—ED.

would not seem so very strange, nor would our concern on this account be very great. But should a like face and figure of a friend return to us, with thoughts and humours of a strange and foreign turn, with passions, affections, and opinions wholly different from any thing we had formerly known, we should say in earnest, and with the greatest amazement and concern, that this was another creature, and not the friend whom we once knew familiarly. Nor should we in reality attempt any renewal of acquaintance or correspondence with such a person, though perhaps he might preserve in his memory the faint marks or tokens of former transactions which had passed between us.

The physical, the moral, and the philosophic 'self.'

When a revolution of this kind, though not so total, happens at any time in a character, when the passion or humour of a known person changes remarkably from what it once was, it is to philosophy we then appeal. It is either the want or weakness of this principle which is charged on the delinquent. And on this bottom it is that we often challenge ourselves, when we find such variation in our manners, and observe that it is not always *the same self*, nor *the same interest* we have in view, but often a direct contrary one, which we serve still with the same passion and ardour. When, from a noted liberality, we change perhaps to as remarkable a parsimony; when, from indolence and love of rest, we plunge into business, or from a busy and severe character, abhorrent from the tender converse of the fair sex, we turn on a sudden to a contrary passion, and become amorous or uxorious

we acknowledge the weakness, and charging our defect on the general want of philosophy, we say, sighing, 'that, indeed, we none of us truly *know ourselves.*' And thus we recognize the authority and proper object of philosophy; so far at least, that though we pretend not to be complete philosophers, we confess, 'that as we have more or less of this intelligence or comprehension of ourselves, we are accordingly more or less *truly men*,' and either more or less to be depended on, in friendship, society, and the commerce of life.'

Philosophy as a result, or as a process.

The fruits of this science are indeed the fairest imaginable, and, upon due trial, are found to be as well relished, and of as good favour with mankind. But when invited to the speculation, we turn our eyes on that which we suppose the tree, it is no wonder if we slight the gardenership, and think the manner of culture a very contemptible mystery. *Grapes*, it is said, *are not gathered from thorns, nor figs from thistles.* Now, if in the literate world there be any choking weed, any thing purely thorn or thistle, it is in all likelihood that very kind of plant which stands for philosophy in some famous schools.[1] There can be nothing more ridiculous than to expect that manners or understanding should sprout from such a stock. It pretends, indeed, some relation to manners, as being definitive of the natures, essences, and properties of spirits; and some relation to reason, as describing the shapes and forms of certain instruments employed in the reasoning art.

1 *Infra*, § 3; and Treatise V. i. 1. in VOL. II.

But had the craftiest of men, for many ages together, been employed in finding out a method to confound reason, and degrade the understanding of mankind, they could not perhaps have succeeded better than by the establishment of such a mock-science.

Connection of solitude and meditation.

I knew once a notable enthusiast of the itinerant kind, who being upon a high spiritual adventure, in a country where prophetic missions are treated as no jest, was, as he told me, committed a close prisoner, and kept for several months where he saw no manner of light. In this banishment from letters and discourse, the man very wittily invented an amusement much to his purpose, and highly preservative both of health and humour. It may be thought, perhaps, that, of all seasons or circumstances, here was one the most suitable to our oft-mentioned practice of *Soliloquy*; especially since the

[1] In solitude the mind will reflect its narrower self, whatever education and contact with the world has made. If spiritual ideas have occupied it, they will then become greatly intensified, and form a complete world for the imagination. Hence the truth of S. AMBROSE's well-known saying (*Epist.* iv. 31): 'Nunquam minus solus quàm quum solus esse videor nec minus otiosus quàm quum otiosus.' The philosopher and the saint both agree as to the means, but their imagination is strangely different. To the saint the end to be attained by solitude is communion with GOD. 'Vox Dei non auditur in foro, non sonat in publico; secretum concilium, secretum quærit auditum.'—S. BERNARD, *Epist.* 107. Yet that communion required a certain preparation of heart: 'Ingredere tu et omnis domus tua in Arcam, hoc est: *intra tu in te ipsum, intra in tuam mentem*—ibi salus est, foris diluvium, foris periculum.' —S. AMBROSE, *de Offic.* iii. The only fear is, that if a man does not become a θεὸς he will certainly become a θήριον under such circumstances. S. Ambrose was one of those who saw in

prisoner was one of those whom in this age we usually call philosophers, a successor of Paracelsus, and a master in the occult sciences. But as to moral science, or any thing relating to *self-converse*, he was a mere novice. To work therefore he went, after a different method. He tuned his natural pipes, not after the manner of a musician, to practise what was melodious and agreeable in sounds, but to fashion and form all sorts of articulate voices the most distinctly that was possible. This he performed by strenuously exalting his voice, and essaying it in all the several dispositions and configurations of his throat and mouth. And thus bellowing, roaring, snarling, and otherwise variously exerting his organs of sound, he endeavoured to discover what letters of the alphabet could best design each species, or what new letters were to be invented, to mark the undiscovered modifications. He found, for instance, the letter A to be a most genuine character, an original and pure vowel, and justly placed as principal in the front of the alphabetic order. For, having duly extended his underjaw to its utmost distance from the upper, and, by a proper insertion of his fingers, provided against the contraction of either corner of his mouth, he experimentally discovered it impossible for human tongue, under these circumstances, to emit any other modification of sound than that which was described by

solitude the most certain conditions for purity and greatness. 'Solus erat Adam quando in Paradiso constitutus est, solus erat et quando ad imaginem Dei factus est; sed non erat solus quando de Paradiso ejectus est.'—ED.

this primitive character. The vowel O was formed by an orbicular disposition of the mouth; as was aptly delineated in the character itself. The vowel U, by a parallel protrusion of the lips. The other vowels and consonants, by other various collisions of the mouth, and operations of the active tongue upon the passive gum or palate. The result of this profound speculation and long exercise of our prisoner was a philosophical treatise, which he composed when he was set at liberty. He esteemed himself the only master of voice and language, on the account of this his radical science, and fundamental knowledge of sounds. But whoever had taken him to improve their voice, or teach them an agreeable or just manner of accent or delivery, would, I believe, have found themselves considerably deluded.

Comparative estimate of the sciences.

It is not that I would condemn as useless this speculative science of articulation. It has its place, no doubt, among the other sciences, and may serve

[1] LEIBNITZ says on this subject: 'Je crois qu'on veut parler de feu M. van Helmont le fils qui fut dans les prisons de l'Inquisition à Rome, et qui s'avisa dans cette solitude d'examiner l'usage des organes dans la prononciation des lettres et crut y trouver la formation de leurs caractères. J'ai connu particulièrement le même personnage, et il faut que je lui rende la justice de dire qu'il n'étoit pas si ignorant dans la morale qu'il semble qu'on le représente ici. Ce fut lui qui fit remprimer le *Lycurgus d'Ottavio Pisani*, qui avoit donné des avis au public sur la manière d'abréger les procès. Sa conduite étoit sans reproche, ses actions pleines de charité et de désintéressement, et à quelques chimères près qui lui étoient restées des impressions de la jeunesse et comme une maladie héréditaire, c'étoit un excellent homme, dont la conversation étoit très-instructive pour ceux qui en savoient profiter. Ses ouvrages ne font voir que ce qu'il y avoit en lui de moins louable.'—ED.

to grammar as grammar serves to rhetoric, and to other arts of speech and writing. The solidity of mathematics, and its advantage to mankind, is proved by many effects in those beneficial arts and sciences which depend on it: though astrologers, horoscopers, and other such, are pleased to honour themselves with the title of mathematicians. As for metaphysics,[1] and that which in the schools is taught for logic or for ethics, I shall willingly allow it to pass for philosophy, when, by any real effects, it is proved capable to refine our spirits, improve our understandings, or mend our manners. But if the defining material or immaterial substances,[2] and dis-

[1] 'An extraordinary change has gradually and insensibly taken place, since the publication of LOCKE's *Essay*, in the meaning of the word *Metaphysics*; a word formerly appropriated to the ontology and pneumatology of the schools, but now understood as equally applicable to all those inquiries which have for their object to trace the various branches of human knowledge to their first principles in the constitution of our nature. This change can be accounted for only by a change in the philosophical pursuits of Locke's successors; a change from the idle abstractions and subtleties of the dark ages to studies subservient to the culture of the understanding; to the successful exercise of its faculties and powers, and to a knowledge of the great ends and purposes of our being.'—STEWART, *Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy* in *Encyc. Britann.*—ED.

[2] Shaftesbury is thinking of Metaphysics in the antiquated sense, which is well explained by HOBBES: 'There is a certain *Philosophia prima* on which all other Philosophy ought to depend; and consisteth principally in right limiting of the significations of such appellations or names as are of all others the most universal: which limitations serve to avoid ambiguity and equivocation in reasoning, and are commonly called Definitions; such as are the Definitions of Body, Time, Place, Matter, Form, Essence, Subject, Substance, Accident, Power, Act, Finite, Infinite, Quantity, Quality, Motion, Action, Passion, and divers others, necessary to the explaining of

tinguishing their properties and modes, is recommended to us as the right manner of proceeding in the discovery of our own natures, I shall be apt to suspect such a study as the more delusive and infatuating, on account of its magnificent pretension.

Relative value of mathematics and of metaphysics.

The study of triangles and circles interferes not with the study of *minds*. Nor does the student in the meanwhile suppose himself advancing in wisdom, or the knowledge of himself or mankind. All he desires is, to keep his head sound, as it was before. And well he thinks indeed he has come off, if, by good fortune, there be no crack made in it. As for other ability or improvement, in the knowledge of human nature or the world, he refers himself to other studies and practice. Such is the mathematician's modesty and good sense. But for the philosopher, who pretends to be wholly taken up in considering his higher faculties, and examining the powers and principles of his understanding, if, in reality, his philosophy be foreign to the matter professed, if it goes beside the mark, and reaches nothing we can truly call our interest or concern, it must be somewhat worse than mere ignorance or idiotism. The most ingenious way of becoming foolish, is *by a system*.[1] And the surest method to

a man's conceptions concerning the nature and generation of bodies. The explication (that is, the settling of the meaning) of which and the like terms, is commonly in the Schools called *Metaphysics*.' Cf. Sir W. HAMILTON's edition of STEWART (*Works*, i. 475): 'As for the researches mentioned by Hobbes they are no longer to be heard of, even within the walls of our Universities.' — ED.

[1] This remark will bear a wider application. The influence of

prevent good sense, is to set up something in the room of it. The liker any thing is to wisdom, if it be not plainly the thing itself, the more directly it becomes its opposite.

Metaphysics viewed in their bearings on life and conduct.

One would expect it of these physiologists and searchers of modes and substances, that, being so exalted in their understandings, and enriched with science above other men, they should be as much above them in their passions and sentiments. The consciousness of being admitted into the secret recesses of nature, and the inward resources of a

a 'love of system' is described with his usual perspicacity of judgment by MACKINTOSH (*Ethical Philosophy*, p. 70, ed. Whewell): 'Genius for system, though it cramps the growth of knowledge, perhaps finally atones for that mischief by the zeal and activity which it rouses among followers and opponents who discover truth by accident, when in pursuit of weapons for their warfare. . . . . Perhaps Aristotle, Hobbes, and Kant are the only persons who united in the highest degree the great faculties of comprehension and discrimination which compose the '*Genius of System.*' Of the three, Aristotle alone could throw it off where it was glaringly unsuitable; and it is deserving of observation, that the reign of system seems, from these examples, progressively to shorten in proportion as reason is cultivated and knowledge advances. But, in the first instance, consistency passes for truth. When principles in some instances have proved sufficient to give an unexpected explanation of facts, the delighted reader is content to accept as true all other deductions from the principles. Specious premisses being assumed to be true, nothing more can be required than logical inference. Mathematical forms pass current as the equivalent of mathematical certainty. The unwary admirer is satisfied with the completeness and symmetry of the plan of the house, unmindful of the need of examining the firmness of the foundation and the soundness of the materials. The system-maker, like the conqueror, long dazzles and overawes the world; but, when their sway is past, the vulgar herd, unable to measure their astonishing faculties, take revenge by trampling on fallen greatness.'—ED.

human heart, should, one would think, create in these gentlemen a sort of magnanimity, which might distinguish them from the ordinary race of mortals. But if their pretended knowledge of the machine of this world, and of their own frame, is able to produce nothing beneficial either to the one or to the other, I know not to what purpose such a philosophy can serve, except only to shut the door against better knowledge, and introduce impertinence and conceit with the best countenance of authority.

It is hardly possible for a student, but more especially an author, who has dealt in ideas, and treated formally of the passions, in a way of *natural philosophy*, not to imagine himself more wise on this account, and more knowing in his own character, and the genius of mankind. But that he is mistaken in his calculation, experience generally convinces us; none being found more impotent in themselves, of less command over their passions, less free from superstition and vain fears, or less safe from common imposture and delusion, than the noted head pieces of this stamp. Nor is this a wonder. The speculation in a manner bespeaks the practice. There needs no formal deduction to make this evident. A small help from our familiar method of soliloquy may serve turn; and we may perhaps

Advantages to the metaphysician of the method of Soliloquy.

[1] 'On remarque que la connoissance physiologique des passions à laquelle M. Descartes s'est attaché ne sert pas assez dans la morale quoiqu'elle ait son utilité dans la médecine. Les Stoïciens avoient peut-être tort de définir les passions par l'opinion, comme par leur genre commun, mais ils avoient raison d'examiner les opinions qui contribuent à les former et à les entretenir.'—LEIBNITZ, *op. cit.*—ED.

decide this matter in a more diverting way, by confronting this super-speculative philosophy with a more practical sort, which relates chiefly to our acquaintance, friendship, and good correspondence with ourselves.

On this account it may not be to my reader's disadvantage, if, forgetting him for a while, I apply chiefly to *myself*, and, as occasion offers, assume that *self-conversant practice* which I have pretended to disclose. It is hoped, therefore, he will not esteem it as ill-breeding, if I lose the usual regard to his presence. And should I fall insensibly into one of the paroxysms described, and, as in a sort of frenzy, enter into high expostulation with myself, he will not surely be offended with the free language, or even with the reproaches he hears from a person who only makes bold with whom he may.

Mechanical knowledge is not real knowledge,

If a passenger should turn by chance into a watchmaker's shop, and thinking to inform himself concerning watches, should inquire, of what metal, or what matter, each part was composed; what gave the colours, or what made the sounds, without examining what the real use was of such an instrument, or by what movements its end was best attained, and its perfection acquired, it is plain, that such an examiner as this would come short of any understanding in the real nature of the instrument. Should a philosopher, after the same manner, employing himself in the study of human nature, discover only what effects each passion wrought upon the body,

and physiology is not philosophy.

what change of aspect or feature they produced, and in what different manner they affected the limbs and muscles, this might possibly qualify him to give advice to an anatomist or a limner, but not to mankind, or to himself; since, according to this survey, he considered not the real operation or energy of his subject, nor contemplated the *man*, as *real* MAN, and as a human agent, but as a watch or common machine.

Instance of the physical mode of explanation.

'The passion of fear,' as a modern philosopher[1] informs me, 'determines the spirits to the muscles of the knees, which are instantly ready to perform their motion, by taking up the legs with incomparable celerity, in order to remove the body out of harm's way.'—Excellent mechanism! But whether the knocking together of the knees be any more the cowardly symptom of flight, than the chattering of the teeth is the stout symptom of resistance, I shall not take upon me to determine. In this whole subject of inquiry I shall find nothing of the least *self*-concernment. And I may depend upon it, that, by the most refined speculation of this kind, I shall neither learn to diminish my fears, or raise my courage. This, however, I may be assured of, that it is the nature of fear, as well as of other passions, to have its increase and decrease, as it is fed by opinion, and influenced by custom and practice.

Contrast of the moral

These passions, according as they have the ascendancy in me, and differ in proportion with one an-

[1] DESCARTES, *Traité des Passions de l'Âme.*

mode of explanation.

other, affect my character, and make me different with respect to myself and others. I must, therefore, of necessity find redress and improvement in this case, by reflecting justly on the manner of my own motion, as guided by affections which depend so much on apprehension and conceit. By examining the various turns, inflections, declensions, and inward revolutions of the passions, I must undoubtedly come the better to understand a human breast, and judge the better both of others and myself. It is impossible to make the least advancement in such a study, without acquiring some advantage, from the regulation and government of those passions on which the conduct of a life depends.

Influence of mind upon body.

For instance, if superstition be the sort of fear which most oppresses, it is not very material to inquire, on this occasion, to what parts or districts the blood or spirits are immediately detached, or where they are made to rendezvous. For this no more imports me to understand, than it depends on me to regulate or change. But when the grounds of this superstitious fear are considered to be from *opinion*, and the subjects of it come to be thoroughly searched and examined, the passion itself must necessarily diminish, as I discover more and more the imposture which belongs to it.

Mental aspect of physical conditions.

In the same manner, if vanity be from opinion, and I consider how vanity is conceived, from what imaginary advantages, and inconsiderable grounds; if I view it in its excessive height, as well as in its contrary depression, it is impossible I should not in some measure be relieved of this distemper.

> Laudis amore tumes : sunt certa piacula . . . .
> Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
> Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.[1]

The same must happen in respect of anger, ambition, love, desire, and the other passions from whence I frame the different notion I have of *interest.* For as these passions veer, my interest veers, my steerage varies; and I make alternately, now this, now that, to be my course and harbour. The man in anger has a different happiness from the man in love; and the man lately become covetous, has a different notion of satisfaction from what he had before when he was liberal. Even the man in humour has another thought of interest and advantage than the man out of humour, or in the least disturbed. The examination, therefore, of my humours, and the inquiry[2] after my passions, must necessarily draw along with it the search and scrutiny of my *opinions*, and the sincere consideration of my *scope* and *end.* And thus the study of human affection cannot fail of leading me towards the knowledge of human nature, and of MYSELF.

Self-knowledge the

This is the philosophy which, by nature, has the pre-eminence above all other science or knowledge.[3]

[1] HOR. *Epist.* I. i. 36. [2] See Treatise IV.

[3] Cf. Dr. MANSEL (*Metaphysics*), p. 8: 'The *à priori* reasoner may pervert his conception of absolute being into a form which finds no counterpart in the human consciousness, and confident in the infallibility of his own process, may condemn as worthless the mirror which refuses to reflect back the distorted image. And the investigator of the facts of consciousness, when his imperfect analysis has failed to discover the hidden element of reality, may proclaim reality itself to be a dream and a delusion, and the mind and all that it contains a mere aggregate of phenomena. Deceived

basis of all other knowledge.

Nor can this surely be of the sort called 'vain' or 'deceitful,'[1] since it is the only means by which I can discover vanity and deceit. This is not of that kind which depends on 'genealogies or traditions,' and 'ministers' questions and vain jangling.' It has not its name, as other philosophies, from the mere subtlety and nicety of the speculation, but, by way of excellence, from its being superior to all other speculations, from its presiding over all other sciences and occupations, teaching the measure of each, and assigning the just value of every thing in life. By this science Religion itself is judged, spirits are searched, prophecies proved, miracles distinguished, the sole measure and standard being taken from *moral rectitude*, and from the discernment of what is sound and just in the affections. For if the[2] *tree is known only by its fruits*, my first endeavour must be, to distinguish the true taste of fruits, refine my palate, and establish a just relish in the kind. So that to bid me judge authority by morals, whilst the rule of morals is supposed dependent on mere authority and will,[3] is the same in reality as to bid me see with my eyes shut, measure without a standard, and count without arithmetic.

by the apparent parallelism of the distant rays, the opposing theorists forget that those rays must converge somewhere in a common centre: they forget that *philosophy itself is but the articulate development of consciousness—that from consciousness all inquiries set out, and to consciousness they must all return.*'—ED.

[1] COLOSS. ii. 8; TIT. iii. 9; 1 TIM. i. 4 and 6, and vi. 20.

[2] ST. LUKE, vi. 43, 44, and ST. MATTH. vii. 16. See Vol. II. *Rhapsody*, part ii. § 3.

[3] *Supra*, Treatise II. iii. 1.

Philosophy independent of science.

And thus PHILOSOPHY, which judges both of herself and of everything besides, discovers her own province and chief command, teaches me to distinguish between her person and her likeness, and shows me her immediate and real self, by that sole privilege of teaching me 'to know myself,' and what belongs to me. She gives to every inferior science its just rank, leaves some to measure sounds, others to scan syllables, others to weigh vacuums and define spaces and extensions; but reserves to herself her due authority and majesty, keeps her state and ancient title of *Vitæ Dux*, *Virtutis Indagatrix*, and the rest of those just appellations which of old belonged to her, when she merited to be apostrophized, as she was, by the orator:[2] *Tu inventrix*

[1] Cf. M. AURELIUS, ii. 17 (Long's *trans.*): 'Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. And to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapour, and life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What then is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing, and one thing only—philosophy. But this consists in keeping the dæmon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, nor feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and, besides accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and finally waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements, of which every living being is compounded.' What philosophy has done imperfectly for the few, the Christian religion has by a sublimer method done for humanity as a whole.—ED.

[2] CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. v.

legum, tu magistra morum et disciplinæ. . . . Est autem unus dies bene et ex præceptis tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati anteponendus.' Excellent mistress! but easy to be mistaken! whilst so many handmaids wear as illustrious apparel, and some are made to outshine her far in dress and ornament.

Philosophy not mere speculation.

In reality, how specious a study, how solemn an amusement is raised from what we call 'philosophical speculations!'—the 'formation of ideas!'—their 'compositions,' 'comparisons,' 'agreement,' and 'disagreement!'—What can have a better appearance, or bid fairer for genuine and true philosophy? Come on then. Let me philosophize in this manner, if this be indeed the way I am to grow wise. Let me examine my ideas of *space* and *substance*; let me look well into *matter*, and its modes—if this be looking into MYSELF—if this be to improve my *understanding*, and enlarge my mind. For of this I may

[1] The same thought is found in CARLYLE'S *Sartor Resartus*: 'Pity that all Metaphysics had proved hitherto so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret—a riddle that he cannot read, and for ignorance of which he suffers death; the worst death—a spiritual. What are your Axioms and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. High Air-castles are cunningly built of words,' the words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar, wherein, however, no knowledge will come to lodge.' On the other hand, LEIBNITZ (*op. cit.*): 'On a raison de mépriser une philosophie stérile; mais je suis d'opinion que si l'on avoit des idées véritables de l'espace et de la matière et sur-tout de la substance (dont on y parle comme d'assez inutiles, mais qui ne sont pas si communes et si connues qu'on pourroit bien s'imaginer) on y trouveroit cette connoissance de *soi-même* qu'on y recommande. On y trouveroit encore ce qu'on cherche, savoir le moyen de s'assurer de ses idées et d'accorder les opinions présentes avec les futures.'—ED.

soon be satisfied. Let me observe therefore, with diligence, what passes here, what connection and consistency, what agreement or disagreement I find *within*: 'whether, according to my present *ideas*, 'that which I approve this hour I am like to approve 'as well the next, and in case it be otherwise with 'me, how, or after what manner, I shall relieve my-'self, how ascertain my ideas, and keep my opinion, 'liking, and esteem of things, *the same.*' If this remains unsolved, if I am still the same mystery to myself as ever, to what purpose is all this reasoning and acuteness? wherefore do I admire my philosopher, or study to become such a one myself?

Philosophy therefore is the reflection of the changing self;

To-day things have succeeded well with me; consequently my ideas are raised: ''Tis a fine 'world! all is glorious! everything delightful and 'entertaining! mankind, conversation, company, 'society; what can be more desirable?' To-morrow comes disappointments, crosses, disgrace. And what follows? 'O miserable mankind! wretched 'state! who would live out of solitude? who would 'write or act for such a world?' Philosopher! where are thy *ideas*? where is 'truth,' 'certainty,' 'evidence,' so much talked of? It is here, surely, they are to be maintained, if any where. It is here I am to preserve some 'just distinctions' and 'adequate ideas,' which if I cannot do a jot the more by what such a philosophy can teach me, the philosophy is in this respect imposing and delusive. For whatever its other virtues are, it relates not to *me myself*, it concerns not *the man*, nor any otherwise affects the mind than by the conceit of knowledge, and the

false assurance raised from a supposed improvement.

just as opinion is not knowledge;

Again, what are my *ideas* of the world, of pleasure, riches, fame, life? what judgment am I to make of mankind and human affairs? what sentiments am I to frame? what opinions? what maxims? If none at all, why do I concern myself in speculations about my ideas? what is it to me, for instance, to know what kind of idea I can form of *space*? 'Divide a solid body, of whatever dimension,' says a renowned modern philosopher, 'and it will be impossible for 'the parts to move within the bounds of its super-'ficies; if there be not left in it a void space,[1] as big 'as the least part into which the said body is di-'vided.' . . . .

nor abstractions science.

Thus the Atomist, or Epicurean, pleading for a *vacuum*. The plenitudinarian, on the other side, brings his *fluid* in play, and joins the idea of body and extension. 'Of this,' says one, 'I have clear 'ideas. Of this, says the other, I can be certain. 'And what, say I, if in the whole matter there be 'no certainty at all?' For mathematicians are divided, and mechanics proceed as well on one hypothesis as on the other. My *mind*, I am satisfied, will proceed either way alike; for it is concerned

[1] These are the words of the particular author cited.

[2] 'La question s'il y a du vuide ou non, est plus éloignée de la morale; mais celui qui voudra établir les vrais principes, même de la morale, et s'en assurer par des démonstrations, ne la trouvera point méprisable. L'agrément et la désagrément des idées ne se connoît pas par une simple confrontation de nos imaginations; il faut venir à une analyse qui n'a pas été assez connue à M. Locke, tout habile homme qu'il étoit.'—LEIBNITZ, *op. cit.*—ED.

on neither side.—'Philosopher! let me hear con-'cerning what is of some moment to me. Let me 'hear concerning LIFE, what the right notion is, and 'what I am to stand to upon occasion; that I may 'not, when life seems retiring, or has run itself out 'to the very dregs, cry "vanity!" condemn the 'world, and at the same time complain, that *life is* '*short and passing.*' For why so *short* indeed if not found *sweet*? why do I complain both ways? Is vanity, *mere vanity*, a happiness? or can misery pass away too soon?

Problem of 'life' the real problem of philosophy.

This is of moment to me to examine: this is worth my while. If, on the other side, I cannot find the 'agreement or disagreement of my ideas' in this place; if I can come to nothing *certain* here, what is all the rest to me? what signifies it how I come by my ideas, or how 'compound' them; which are 'simple,' and which 'complex?' If I have a right idea of *life*, now when perhaps I think slightly of it, and resolve with myself, 'that it may easily be laid down on any honourable occasion of service to my friends or country,' teach me how I may preserve this idea; or, at least, how I may get safely rid of it, that it may trouble me no more, nor lead me into ill adventures. Teach me how I came by such an opinion of worth and virtue; what it is which at one time raises it so high, and at another time reduces it to nothing; how these disturbances and fluctuations happen; 'by what innovation,' what 'composition,' what 'intervention of other ideas.' If this be the subject of the philosophical art, I readily apply to it, and embrace the study. If there be nothing of this

in the case, I have no occasion for this sort of learning, and am no more desirous of knowing how I form or compound those ideas which are marked by words, than I am of knowing how, and by what motions of my tongue or palate I form those articulate sounds, which I can full as well pronounce, without any such science or speculation.

SECTION II.

Reasons of the author for the publication of this work.

BUT here it may be convenient for me to quit myself awhile in favour of my reader, lest, if he prove one of the uncourteous sort, he should raise a considerable objection in this place. He may ask perhaps, 'Why a writer for *self*-entertainments 'should not keep his writings to himself, without 'appearing in public, or before the world?'

In answer to this, I shall only say, that for appearing in public, or before the world, I do not readily conceive what our worthy objector may understand by it. I can call to mind, indeed, among my acquaintance, certain merchant-adventurers in the letter-trade, who, in correspondence with their factor bookseller, are entered into a notable commerce with the world. They have directly, and in due form of preface, and epistle dedicatory, solicited the public, and made interest with friends for favour and protection on this account. They have ventured, perhaps, to join some great man's reputation with their own, having obtained his permission to address a work to him, on presumption of its passing for something considerable in the eyes of mankind. One may easily imagine that such patronized and avowed authors as these, would be shrewdly disappointed if the public took no notice of their labours.

But for my own part, it is of no concern to me, what regard the public bestows on my amusements, or after what manner it comes acquainted with what I write for my private entertainment, or by way of advice to such of my acquaintance as are thus desperately embarked.

It is requisite that my friends who peruse these advices, should read them in better characters than those of my own handwriting. And by good luck I have a very fair hand offered, which may save me the trouble of recopying, and can readily furnish me with as many handsome copies as I would desire, for my own and friends' service. I have not, indeed, forbid my amanuensis the making as many as he pleases for his own benefit. What I write, is not worth being made a mystery. And, if it be worth any one's purchasing, much good may it do the purchaser. It is a traffic I have no share in, though I accidentally furnish the subject-matter.

And thus am I no wise more an author for being in print. I am conscious of no additional virtue, or dangerous quality, from having lain at any time under the weight of that alphabetic engine called the press. I know no conjuration in it, either with respect to church or state. Nor can I imagine why the machine should appear so formidable to scholars and renowned clerks, whose very mystery and foundation depends on the letter-manufacture. To allow 'benefit of clergy,' and 'to restrain the press,' seems to me to have something of cross purpose in it. I can hardly think that the quality of what is written can be altered by the manner of writing; or that

there can be any harm in a quick way of copying fair, and keeping copies alike. Why a man may not be permitted to write with iron as well as quill, I cannot conceive; or how a writer changes his capacity, by this new dress, any more than by the wear of wove stockings after having worn no other manufacture than the knit.

Prevalent distaste for philosophy owing to the premature study of it in youth.

So much for my reader, if perchance I have any besides the friend or two above-mentioned. For being engaged in morals, and induced to treat so rigorous a subject as that of self-examination, I naturally call to mind the extreme delicacy and tenderness of modern appetites, in respect of the philosophy of this kind. What distaste possibly may have arisen from some medicinal doses of a like nature, administered to raw stomachs, at a very early age, I will not pretend to examine. But whatever manner in philosophy happens to bear the least resemblance to that of catechism, cannot, I am persuaded, of itself, prove very inviting. Such a smart way of questioning ourselves in our youth, has made our manhood more averse to the expostulatory discipline. And though the metaphysical points of our belief are by this method, with admirable care and caution, instilled into tender minds, yet the manner of thus anticipating philosophy, may make the after-work of reason, and the inward exercise of the mind, at a riper age, proceed the more heavily, and with greater reluctance.

True philosophy apt

It must needs be a hard case with us, after having passed so learned a childhood, and been instructed in

to elude our grasp through its very simplicity.

our own and other higher 'natures,' 'essences,' 'incorporeal substances,' 'personalities,' and the like; to condescend at riper years to ruminate and con over this lesson a second time.[1] It is hard, after having, by so many pertinent interrogatories, and decisive sentences, declared *who* and *what* we are, to come leisurely, in another view, to inquire concerning our *real self* and *end*, the judgment we are to make of *interest*, and the opinion we should have of *advantage and good*: which is what must necessarily determine us in our conduct, and prove the leading principle of our lives.

Philosophy viewed in the mirror of age and experience.

Can we bear looking anew into these mysteries? Can we endure a new schooling, after having once learned our lesson from the world?—Hardly, I presume. For by the lesson of this latter school, and according to the sense I acquire in converse with prime men, should I at any time ask myself, *What governed me*? I should answer readily, *My interest.* —'But what *is* interest? and how governed?—By 'opinion and fancy.—Is every thing, therefore, my '*interest* which I fancy such? or may my fancy pos- 'sibly be wrong?—It may.—If my fancy of interest 'therefore be wrong, can my pursuit or aim be

[1] Cf. CARLYLE (*Sartor Resartus*, i. 8): 'Who am I; what is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance—some embodied, visualized Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas! poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am, and lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that GOD-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning?'—ED.

'right?—Hardly so.—Can I then be supposed *to* '*hit*, when I know not, in reality, so much as how *to* '*aim*?'

The phenomenal and the real good.

My chief interest it seems, therefore, must be *to get an aim*, and know certainly *where* my happiness and advantage lies. 'Where else can it lie, than in '*my pleasure*, since my advantage and good must 'ever be pleasing: and what is pleasing, can never 'be other than my advantage and good?—Excel-'lent! Let *fancy* therefore govern, and *interest* be 'what *we please*. For if that which *pleases us* be 'our good,[1] *because* it pleases us, *any thing* may be 'our interest or good. Nothing can come amiss. 'That which we fondly make our happiness at one 'time, we may as readily unmake at another. No 'one can learn what *real good* is. Nor can any 'one upon this foot be said to understand his '*interest*.'

Pleasure cannot be an end in itself.

Here we see are strange embroils!—But let us try to deal more candidly with ourselves, and frankly own, that pleasure[2] is no rule of *good*; since when we follow pleasure merely, we are disgusted, and change[3] from one sort to another, condemning that at

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[1] Treatise V. ii. 1 and Treatise VI. iv. 1.

[2] Treatise III. iii. 3.

[3] Cf. EPICTETUS, *Diss.* II. xi. 19: *ὕπαγε τὴν ἡδονὴν τῷ καπήλῳ, βαλὲ αὐτὴν εἰς τὸν ζύγον. τὸ ἀγαθὸν δεῖ εἶναι τοιοῦτον ἐφ' ᾧ θαῤῥεῖν ἄξιον; Ναί. Καὶ ᾧ πεποιθέναι; Δεῖ. Ἀβεβαίῳ τινι θαῤῥεῖν ἄξιον; Οὔ. Μήτι οὖν βέβαιον ἡ ἡδονή; Οὔ. Ἄρον οὖν καὶ βαλὲ ἔξω ἐκ τοῦ ζύγου καὶ ἀπέλασον τῆς χώρας τῶν ἀγαθῶν μακράν.*—ED.

Cf. also SIMPLICIUS *ad Epicteti Enchiridion*, lvi.: *ἡ σωματικὴ ἡδονὴ βλαβερωτάτη ἐστὶ τῇ ψυχῇ. ἑκάστη γὰρ ὥσπερ ἧλος προσηλοῖ τὴν ψυχὴν καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ὁ Θεὸς ὀλιγοχρόνιον αὐτὴν ἐποίησεν.*—ED.

one time, which at another we earnestly approve, and never judging equally of happiness, whilst we follow passion and mere humour.

It only wearies by repetition.

A lover, for instance, when struck with the idea or fancy of his enjoyment, promises himself the highest felicity, if he succeeds in his new amour. —He succeeds in it, finds not the felicity he expected, but promises himself the same again *in some other.*—The same thing happens: he is disappointed as before, but still has *faith.*—Wearied with this game, he quits the chace, renounces the way of courtship and intrigue, and detests the ceremony and difficulty of the pleasure.—A *new* species of amours invites him. Here too he meets the same inquietude and inconstancy.—Scorning to grow sottish, and plunge in the lowest sink of vice, he shakes off his intemperance, despises gluttony and riot, and hearkens to *ambition.* He grows a man of business, and seeks authority and fame.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?[1]

The pleasure of doing good proved to be the only permanent one.

Lest this therefore should be my own case, let me see whether I can *control* my fancy, and fix it, if possible, on something which may hold good.—When I exercise my reason in moral subjects, when I employ my affection in friendly and social actions, I find I can sincerely 'enjoy myself.'[2] If there be a pleasure

[1] HOR. *Epist.* I. i. 90.

[2] Cf. ARISTOTLE, *Eth. Nic.* I. vii. (CHASE'S ed.): 'Now in the case of the multitude of men, the things which they individually esteem pleasant, clash, because they are not such by nature; whereas, to the lovers of nobleness, those things are pleasant which are such by nature; but the actions in accordance with

therefore of this kind, why not indulge it? or what harm would there be, supposing it should grow *greater* by indulgence? If I am lazy, and indulge myself in the languid pleasure, I know the harm, and can foresee the drone. If I am luxurious, I know the harm of this also, and have the plain prospect of the sot. If avarice be my pleasure, the end, I know, is being a miser. But if *honesty* be my delight, I know no other consequence from indulging such a passion, than that of growing *better natured*, and *enjoying more and more the pleasures of society*.[1]

virtue are of this kind, so that they are pleasant both to the individuals and also to themselves. So then *their life has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage* (ὥσπερ περιάπτου τινός), *but involves pleasure in itself*.' Again (*Eth. Nic.* X. iv.): 'The very same things please some and pain others, and what are painful and hateful to some are pleasant to and liked by others. . . . Now, in all such cases *that is held to be which impresses the good man with the notion of being such and such*; and if this is a sound maxim (as it is usually held to be), and Virtue—that is, the Good Man, in that he is such—is the measure of everything, then those must be real pleasures which give *him* the impression of being so, and those things pleasant in which *he* takes pleasure.' Of course there are pleasures which are confessedly disgraceful, and are not real pleasure, except to those who are utterly demoralized. 'But of those which are thought to be good, what kind or which must we say is *The Pleasure of Man*? Is not the answer plain, from considering the Workings, because the Pleasures follow upon these. Whether, then, there be one or several Workings which belong to the perfect and blessed man, the pleasures which perfect these workings must be said to be specially and properly *the Pleasures of Man*; and all the rest in a secondary sense and in various degrees, according as the workings are related to those highest and best ones.—ED.

[1] Cf. HARTLEY, *Observations on Man*, II. prop. lxviii.; where he proves that 'the pleasures of *sympathy* improve those of sensation, imagination, ambition, and self-interest, and unite with those of

On the other hand, if this honest pleasure be lost, by knavish indulgence and immorality, there can hardly be a satisfaction left of any kind, since goodnature and social affection[1] are so essential even to the pleasures of a debauch.

The pleasure in morality should therefore be made the central aim of the affections.

If, therefore, the only pleasure I can freely and without reserve indulge, be that of the *honest* and *moral* kind,[2] if the rational and social enjoyment be so constant in itself, and so essential to happiness, why should I not bring my other pleasures to correspond and be friends with it, rather than raise myself other pleasures which are destructive of this foundation, and have no manner of correspondency with one another?

Upon this bottom, let me try how I can bear the assault of *fancy*, and maintain myself in my moral fortress, against the attacks which are raised on the side of corrupt *interest* and a *wrong self*. When the idea of pleasure strikes, I ask myself: 'Before I was thus struck by the idea, was any thing amiss with me?—No.—Therefore remove the idea, and I am

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theopathy and the moral sense,' that '*they are consistent, and admit of an unlimited extent*,' and that 'they may, therefore, be our primary pursuit.'—ED.

[1] Treatise IV. ii. 2.

[2] A subtle distinction was made by the Stoics as to the relation of pleasure to virtue, to avoid the appearance of advocating a philosophy of selfishness. 'Non, si voluptatem præstatura virtus est, ideo propter hanc petitur. . . . *Voluptas non est merces nec causa virtutis, sed accessio; nec quia delectat, placet, sed quia placet, delectat.* Summum bonum, in ipso judicio est, et habitu optimæ mentis; quæ quum suum ambitum implevit et finibus se suis cinxit, consummatum est summum bonum nec quidquam amplius desiderat.'—SENECA, *de Vitâ Beatâ*, c. ix.—ED.

well.—But having this idea such as I now have, I cannot want the thing without regret.—See, therefore, which is best; either to suffer under this want, till the idea be removed; or, by satisfying the want, confirm not only this idea, but all of the same stamp?'

The necessity shown for a discipline of the imagination.

In reality, has not *every* fancy a like privilege of passing, if any single one be admitted upon its own authority? And what must be the issue of such an economy, if the whole fantastic crew be introduced, and the door refused to none? What else is it than this management which leads to the most dissolute and profligate of characters? What is it, on the contrary, which raises us to any degree of worth or steadiness, besides a direct contrary practice and conduct? Can there be strength of mind, can there be command over one's self, if the ideas of pleasure, the suggestions of fancy, and the strong pleadings of appetite and desire are not often withstood, and the imaginations soundly reprimanded, and brought under subjection?[1]

[1] The question of the influence of imagination and fancy upon the affections and will, is very well discussed by M. Tissot in his work on *l'Imagination* (Paris, 1868). He shows that imagination is an essential part of rational life, and enters into every mental process. Its influence for good or evil depends on education and character. A *good* man will give body and reality to his moral ideas, and imagination will attach such a value and importance to the desire to do right under all circumstances, that it will become a positive passion. 'C'est l'imagination qui allume le feu de la passion par la peinture séduisante ou terrible de l'objet qui nous impressionne. C'est elle qui par les mêmes moyens donne à l'amour et à la haine une force telle que l'esprit se trouve plongé comme dans un monde presque tout fantastique, jusqu'à ce

Thus it appears, that the method of examining our ideas is no pedantic practice. Nor is there any thing ungallant in the manner of thus questioning the lady-fancies, which present themselves as charmingly dressed as possible, to solicit their cause, and obtain a judgment, by favour of that worse part, and *corrupt self*, to whom they make their application.

Subtle but pervading influence of the fancies.

It may be justly said of these, that they are very powerful solicitresses. They never seem to importune us, though they are ever in our eye, and meet us whichever way we turn. They understand better how to manage their appearance, than by always throwing up their veil, and showing their faces openly in a broad light, to run the danger of cloying our sight, or exposing their features to a strict examination. So far are they from such forwardness, that they often stand as at a distance, suffering us to make the first advance, and contenting themselves with discovering a side-face, or bestowing now and then a glance in a mysterious manner, as if they endeavoured to conceal their persons.

The fear of death tends to give a false idea of life.

One of the most dangerous of these enchantresses appears in a sort of dismal weed, with the most mournful countenance imaginable, often casting up

qu'elle l'égare complétement en transformant les objets réels, et en faisant prendre ses propres fantômes pour des réalités plus réelles même que celles qui lui sont offertes par les sens. L'imagination est comme un de ces miroirs qui exagèrent ou réduisent les formes en les dénaturant, ou, ce qui est bien autre chose, comme ces miroirs magiques qui ont la singulière propriété de transformer les objets au point de les rendre tout-à-fait invisibles et de mettre à leur place des objets entièrement chimériques.'—ED.

her eyes, and wringing her hands,[1] so that it is impossible not to be moved by her, till her meaning be considered, and her imposture fully known. The airs she borrows are from the tragic muse Melpomene. Nor is she in her own person any way amiable or attractive. Far from it. Her art is, to render herself as forbidding as possible, that her sisters may, by her means, be the more alluring. And if, by her tragic aspect, and melancholy looks, she can persuade us, that *death* (whom she represents) is such a hideous form, she conquers in behalf of the

[1] '*The sting of death is sin.*' It would be a dreadful thing if the fear of death had no sting for the wicked; and as dreadful that that sting should be deadened by unbelief. To the mass of men Death is the greatest motive to goodness and holiness. 'Who knows the power of GOD's wrath? Who knows how miserable GOD can make *bad* men? This makes it a senseless thing for men to harden themselves against the fears of the other world, because they know not what it is; and how then can they tell, though they could bear up under all known miseries, but that there may be such punishments as they cannot bear? That they are unknown, argues that they are something more terrible than they are acquainted within this world. They are represented indeed by the most dreadful and terrible things—by "lakes of fire and brimstone," "blackness of darkness," "the worm that never dieth, and the fire that never goeth out." But bad men think that this cannot be true in a literal sense; that there can be no fire to burn *souls* and torment them eternally. Now, suppose it were so, yet if they believe these threatenings, they must believe that some terrible thing is signified by "everlasting burnings;" and if fire and brimstone serve only for *metaphors* to describe these torments by, what will the real sufferings of the damned be! For the Spirit of GOD does not use to describe things by such metaphors as are greater than the things themselves.'—Dean SHERLOCK, *Discourse on Death*, p. 78 (ed. 1715). Shaftesbury's reasoning applies only to GOOD men who love goodness *for the sake of goodness*, and not through the fear of Hell, or from hope of Heaven.—ED.

whole fantastic tribe of wanton, gay, and fond desires. Effeminacy and cowardice instantly prevail. The poorest means of life grow in repute, when the ends and just conditions of it are so little known, and the dread of parting with it raised to so high a degree. The more eagerly we grasp at life, the more impotent we are in the enjoyment of it. By this avidity, its very lees and dregs are swallowed, the ideas of sordid pleasure are advanced. Worth, manhood, generosity, and all the nobler opinions and sentiments of *honest good* and *virtuous pleasure*, disappear, and fly before this *Queen of Terrors*.

Fear of death the basis of a sensuous morality.

It is a mighty delight which a sort of counter-philosophers take in seconding this phantom, and playing her upon our understandings, whenever they would take occasion to confound them.[1] The vicious

[1] The argument in the text will not be admitted by any one who fairly weighs the circumstances of human life. Bad men ought 'to fear on till the fear of death cures their vicious passion and fondness for this world, and then the fear of death will by degrees cure itself.' Of those who fear death, some indeed fear only annihilation, others fear the judgment of a 'most righteous Judge Eternal.' Those who regard death as annihilation are sure to be sensual, and that only proves that the ordinary fear of death as a judgment ought to be fostered by the philosopher in every possible way.

The philosophic aspect of the fear of death is admirably drawn out by Sherlock (*op. cit.* p. 288): 'There are great and wise reasons why GOD should imprint this aversion to Death on human nature, because it obliges us to take care of ourselves and to avoid everything that will destroy or shorten our lives. This in many cases is a great principle of virtue as it preserves us from all fatal and destructive vices; it is a great instrument of government, and makes men afraid of committing such villanies as the laws of their country have made capital. . . . Some men are wholly sunk into flesh and sense, and have no taste at all of rational and manly

poets employ this spectre too on their side, though after a different manner. By the help of this tragic actress, they gain a fairer audience for the luxurious fancies, and give their Eratos, and other playsome Muses, a fuller scope in the support of riot and debauch. The gloomy prospect of death becomes the incentive to pleasures of the lowest order. Ashes and shade, the tomb and cypress, are made to serve as foils to luxury. The abhorrence of an insensible state makes mere vitality and animal sensation highly cherished.

> Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia, nostrum est
> Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.[1]

It is no wonder if luxury profits by the deformity of this spectre-opinion. She supports her interest by this childish bugbear, and, like a mother by her infant, is hugged so much the closer by her votary, as the fear presses him, and grows importunate. She invites him to *live fast*, according to her best measure of life. And well she may. Who would not willingly make life pass away as quickly as was possible, when the nobler pleasures of it were already lost or corrupted by a wretched fear of death? The

pleasures, much less of those which are purely intellectual and divine; they are slaves to their lusts, lay no restraint on their brutish appetites; the world is their God, and they dote on the riches and pleasures and honours of it as the only real and substantial goods. Now these men have great reason to be afraid of death; for when they go out of this world, they will find nothing that belongs to this world in the next, and thus their happiness and their lives must end together. It is fitting they should fear death, for *if the fear of death will not cure their fondness for this world, nothing else can.*'—ED.

[1] PERS. *Sat.* v. 151.

intense selfishness and meanness which accompanies this fear, must reduce us to a low ebb of enjoyment, and in a manner bring to nothing that main sum of satisfactory sensations, by which we vulgarly rate the happiness of our private condition and fortune.

Counter-charms of virtue and knowledge.

But see! a lovely form advances to our assistance, introduced by the prime Muse, the beauteous Calliope! She shows us what real beauty is, and what those numbers are, which make life perfect, and bestow the chief enjoyment. She sets virtue before our eyes, and teaches us how to rate life, from the experience of the most heroic spirits. She brings her sisters Clio and Urania to support her. From the former she borrows whatever is memorable in history and ancient time, to confront the tragic spectre, and show the fixed contempt which the happiest and freest nations, as well as single heroes, and private men worthy of any note, have ever expressed for that impostress. From the latter she borrows what is sublimest in philosophy, to explain the laws of nature, the order of the universe, and represent to us the justice of accompanying this amiable administration. She shows us, that by this just compliance we are made happiest; and that the measure of a happy life is not from the fewer or more suns we behold, the fewer or more breaths we draw, or meals we repeat, but from the having once *lived well*, acted our part handsomely, and made our exit cheerfully, and as became us.

Virtue has the fairest retinue.

Thus we retain on virtue's side the noblest party of the Muses. Whatever is august among those

sisters, appears readily in our behalf. Nor are the more jocund ladies wanting in their assistance, when they act in the perfection of their art, and inspire some better geniuses in this kind of poetry. Such were the nobler lyrics, and those of the latter and more refined comedy of the ancients. The Thalias, the Polyhymnias, the Terpsichores, the Euterpes willingly join their parts, and being alike interested in the cause of numbers, are with regret employed another way, in favour of disorder. Instead of being made syrens, to serve the purposes of vice, they would with more delight accompany their elder sisters, and add their graces and attractive charms to what is most harmonious, muse-like, and divine in human life. There is this difference only between these and the more heroic dames, that they can more easily be perverted, and take the vicious form. For what person of any genius or masterly command in the poetic art, could think of bringing the epic or tragic muse to act the pandar, or be subservient to effeminacy and cowardice? It is not against death, hazards, or toils, that tragedy and the heroic fable are pointed. It is not *mere life* which is here exalted, or has its price enhanced. On the contrary, its calamities are exposed, the disorders of the passions set to view, fortitude recommended, honour advanced, the contempt of death placed as the peculiar note of every generous and happy soul, and the tenacious love of life as the truest character of an abject wretch.

Usque adeone mori miserum est?[1] . . . .

[1] VIRG. *Æneid*, XII.

Cheerfulness diffused by virtue over the whole of life.

It is not to be imagined how easily we deal with the deluding apparitions and false ideas of happiness and good, when this frightful spectre of misery and ill is after this manner well laid, and by honest magic conjured down, so as not to give the least assistance to the other tempting forms. This is that occult science, or sort of counter-necromancy, which, instead of ghastliness and horror, inspires only what is gentle and humane, and dispels the imposing phantoms of every kind. He may pass undoubtedly for no mean conjuror, who can deal with spirits of this sort.—But hold!—Let us try the experiment in due form, and draw the magic circle. Let us observe how the inferior imps appear, when the head-goblin is securely laid.

Flight of Indolence.

See the enchantress Indolence presents herself, in all the pomp of ease and lazy luxury. She promises the sweetest life, and invites us to her pillow, enjoins us to expose ourselves to no adventurous attempt, and forbids us any engagement which may bring us into action. 'Where then are the pleasures which 'ambition promises, and love affords? How is the 'gay world enjoyed? Or are those to be esteemed 'no pleasures, which are lost by dulness and in-'action?—But indolence is the highest pleasure.—'To live, and not to *feel!*—To *feel no trouble.*—'What good then?—*Life* itself.—And is this pro-'perly *to live? Is sleeping life?* Is *this* what I 'should study to prolong?'—Here the fantastic tribe itself seems scandalized. A civil war begins. The major part of the capricious dames range themselves on Reason's side, and declare against the

languid syren. Ambition blushes at the offered sweet. Conceit and Vanity take superior airs. Even Luxury herself, in her polite and elegant humour, reproves the apostate sister, and marks her as an alien to true pleasure. — 'Away, thou 'drowsy *phantom!* haunt me no more, for I have 'learned from better than thy sisterhood, that life 'and happiness consist in action and employment.'

and of Avarice.

But here a busy form solicits us; active, industrious, watchful, and despising pains and labour. She wears the serious countenance of Virtue, but with features of anxiety and disquiet. What is it she mutters? What looks she on with such admiration and astonishment?—Bags, coffers, heaps of shining metal! 'What! for the service of '*Luxury*? for *her* these preparations? Art thou 'then *her* friend, grave fancy! Is it for *her* thou 'toilest?—No; but for provision against want.—But, 'Luxury apart, tell me now, hast thou not already a 'competence?—It is good to be secure against the 'fear of starving.—Is there then no death beside '*this*? no other passage out of life? Are other 'doors secured, if this be barred? Say, Avarice, 'thou emptiest of phantoms! is it not vile Cowardice 'thou servest? What further have I then to do 'with thee, thou doubly vile dependent, when once 'I have dismissed thy patroness, and despised her 'threats?'

Imagination the seat of moral ideas.

Thus I contend with fancy and opinion,[1] and search the mint and foundry of *Imagination*. For

[1] Treatise VI. iv. 1.

here the appetites and desires are fabricated. Hence they derive their privilege and currency. If I can stop the mischief here, and prevent false coinage, I am safe. 'Idea! wait a while till I have examined 'thee, whence thou art, and to whom thou retainest. 'Art thou of Ambition's train? or dost thou promise 'only *pleasure*? Say! what am I to sacrifice for 'thy sake? what honour? what truth? what man-'hood?—What bribe is it thou bringest along with 'thee? Describe the flattering object, but without 'flattery; plain, as the thing is; without addition, 'without sparing or reserve. Is it wealth? is it 'a report? a title? or a female? Come not in a 'troop, ye fancies! bring not your objects crowding, 'to confound the sight. But let me examine your 'worth and weight distinctly. Think not to raise '*accumulative happiness*. For if, separately, you 'contribute nothing, in conjunction, you can only 'amuse.'

Consciously or unconsciously fancy is sure to influence the will.

Whilst I am thus penning a soliloquy in form, I cannot forbear reflecting on my work. And when I view the manner of it with a familiar eye, I am readier, I find, to make myself diversion on this occasion, than to suppose I am in good earnest about a work of consequence. 'What! am I to be 'thus fantastical? must I busy myself with *phantoms*, 'fight with apparitions and chimeras?—For certain; 'or the chimeras will be beforehand with me, and 'busy themselves so as to get the better of my 'understanding.—What! talk to myself like some '*madman*, in different persons, and under different 'characters!—Undoubtedly; or it will be soon seen

'who is a *real madman*, and changes *character* in 'earnest, without knowing how to help it.'

The mind must determine what that influence shall be.

This indeed is but too certain, that as long as we enjoy a mind, as long as we have appetites and sense, the fancies of all kinds will be hard at work; and whether we are in company, or alone, they must range still, and be active. They must have their field. The question is, Whether they shall have it wholly to themselves, or whether they shall acknowledge some *controller* or *manager*? If none, it is this, I fear, which leads to madness. It is this, and nothing else, which can be called *madness*, or *loss of reason*.[1] For if fancy be left judge of *any* thing, she must be judge of *all*. Everything is right, if any thing be so, *because I fancy it*. 'The house turns 'round. The prospect turns.—No, but *my head* 'turns indeed: I have a giddiness; that's all. '*Fancy* would persuade me thus and thus: but I 'know better.' It is by means, therefore, of a controller and corrector of fancy that I am saved from

[1] The question of 'the freedom of the will' thus resolves itself into the simpler one: 'How far is conduct a matter of reason, how far of impulse and fancy?' The answer is plain from the consideration that men are every hour forming *habits*; and in proportion as those habits are rational, in that proportion a man can act from reason, and his will can be *free*. 'Actio recta non erit (says SENECA, *Ep.* xcv. 56) nisi recta fuerit voluntas. Ab hac enim est actio. Rursus voluntas non erit recta nisi habitus animi rectus fuerit. Ab hoc enim est voluntas. Habitus porro animi non erit in optimo nisi totius vitæ leges perceperit et quid de quoque judicandum sit, exegerit, nisi res ad verum redegerit. Non contingit tranquillitas nisi immutabile certumque judicium adeptis: ceteri decidunt subinde et reponuntur et inter omissa appetitaque alterius fluctuantur. Causa hujus jactationis est, quod nihil liquet incertissimo regimine utentibus, fama.'—ED.

being mad. Otherwise, it is *the house turns*, when I am giddy: it is *things* which change (for so I must suppose) when *my passion merely, or temper*, changes.—'But I was out of order. I dreamed.—'Who tells me this?—Who besides the correctrice, 'by whose means I am in my wits, and without 'whom I am no longer *myself?*'

Indeed the character depends on the influence, whatever it be, of fancy.

Every man indeed who is not absolutely beside himself, must of necessity hold his fancies under some kind of discipline and management. The stricter this discipline is, the more the man is rational, and in his wits. The looser it is, the more fantastical he must be, and the nearer to the madman's state. This is a business which can never stand still. I must always be winner or loser at the game. Either I work upon my fancies, or they on me. If I give quarter, they won't. There can be no truce, no suspension of arms between us. The one or the other must be superior, and have the command. For if the fancies are left to themselves, the government must of course be theirs. And then, what difference between such a state and madness?

The government of mind, like the government of a household.

The question therefore is the same here, as in a family or household, when it is asked, 'Who rules? or, Who is master?' Learn by the voices. Observe who speaks aloud, in a commanding tone; who talks, who questions; or who is talked with, and who questioned. For if the servants take the former part, they are the masters, and the government of the house will be found such as naturally may be expected in these circumstances.

Self-examination.

How stands it, therefore, in my own economy, my

principal province and command? How stand my *fancies*? how deal they with me? or do I take upon me rather to deal with them? Do I talk, question, arraign? or am I talked with, arraigned, and contented to hear, without giving a reply? If I vote with fancy, resign my opinion[1] to her command, and judge of happiness and misery as *she* judges, how am I *myself?*

Moral madness.

He who in a plain imagines precipices at his feet, impending rocks over his head; fears bursting clouds in a clear sky; cries *Fire! Deluge! Earthquake! or Thunder!* when all is quiet: does he not rave? But one whose eyes seemingly strike fire by a blow; one whose head is giddy from the motion of a ship, after having been newly set ashore; or one who, from a distemper in his ear, hears thundering noises, can readily redress these several apprehensions, and is by this means saved from madness.

A distemper in my eye may make me see the strangest kind of figures; and when cataracts and other impurities are gathering in that organ, flies, insects, and other various forms, seem playing in the air before me. But let my senses err ever so widely, I am not on this account *beside myself*; nor am I out of my own possession, whilst there is a person left within, who has power to dispute the appearances, and redress the imagination.[2]

[1] Treatise VI. iv. 1.

[2] Cf. SIMPLICIUS, *ad Epicteti Enchiridion* (Stanhope's ed.) ch. v.: 'A man ought to harden and set himself against imagination, and disarm it of all its force by this consideration, that *it is but a fancy of his own and no more.* Now our fancies, we know, do some-

Self-determination the remedy for moral ill.

I am accosted by ideas and striking apprehensions; but I take nothing on their report. I hear their story, and return them answer, as they deserve. Fancy and I are not all one. The disagreement makes me *my own*. When, on the contrary, I have no debate with her, no controversy, but take for happiness and misery, for good and ill, whatever *she* presents as such, I must then join voices with her, and cry *Precipice! Fire! Cerberus! Elysium!*

> Sandy deserts! flowery fields!
> Seas of milk, and ships of amber!

Alexander an example of the power of fancy.

A Grecian Prince, who had the same madness as Alexander, and was deeply struck with the fancy of conquering worlds, was ingeniously shown the method of expostulating with his lady-governess, when by a discreet friend, and at an easy hour, he was asked little by little concerning his design, and the *final purpose*, and promised *good*, which the flattering dame proposed to him. The story is sufficiently

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times give us the representations of things as they really are, as things that are really pleasant and beneficial, and sometimes they delude us with wild inconsistencies, gaudy vanities and empty dreams. But the strength of these representations depends upon the impressions which they make in our minds; and this is exceedingly weakened by making this single consideration habitual to us, that there is very often a wide difference between the things themselves and the representations of them to us. For when once we are thus fixed, no violence they can use will be able to justle out our reason, nor pervert our judgment, which, as soon as we have allayed the heat of the imagination and made our minds quiet and calm should be presently employed in a nice examination of the idea represented to us.'—εὐθὺς μετὰ τὸ γαλυντιασθῆναι τὴν φαντασίαν καὶ τῆς τραχύτητος ἀπαλλαγῆναι παραινεῖ προσάγειν (τὴν τοῦ λόγου κρίσιν) εἰς ἀκριβῆ διάθεσιν τοῦ φαντασθέντος.—ED.

noted. All the artifice employed against the Prince was a well-managed interrogatory of *What next*? Lady Fancy was not aware of the design upon her, but let herself be wormed out by degrees. At first, she said the Prince's design was only upon a tract of land, which stood out like a promontory before him, and seemed to eclipse his glory. A fair rich island, which was close by, presented itself next, and, as it were, naturally invited conquest. The opposite coast came next in view; then the continent on each side the larger sea; and then (what was easiest of all, and would follow of course) the dominion both of sea and land. 'And *what next*?' replied the friend. 'What shall we do, when we 'are become thus happy, and have obtained our 'highest wish?—Why, then, we'll sit down peace-'ably, and be good company over a bottle.—Alas, 'Sir, what hinders us from doing the same, where 'we now are? Will our humour, or our wine, grow 'better? Shall we be more secure, or at heart's 'ease? What you may possibly lose by these 'attempts, is easy to conceive. But which way you 'will be a gainer, *your own fancy*, you see, cannot 'so much as suggest.' Fancy in the meanwhile carried her point: for she was absolute over the monarch, and had been too little talked to *by herself*, to bear being reproved in company. The Prince grew sullen, turned the discourse, abhorred the profanation offered to his sovereign-empress, delivered up his thoughts to her again with deep devotion, and fell to conquering with all his might. The sound of victory rung in his ears. Laurels and

crowns played before his eyes.—What was this beside *giddiness* and *dream—appearances uncorrected?* 'Worlds dancing? phantoms playing?

'Seas of milk, and ships of amber!'

Soliloquy a means of overmastering passion and fancy.

It is easy to bring the hero's case home to ourselves, and see, in the ordinary circumstances of life, how Love, Ambition, and the gayer tribe of fancies, as well as the gloomy and dark spectres of another sort, prevail over our mind. It is easy to observe how they work on us, when we refuse to be beforehand with them, and bestow repeated lessons on the encroaching sorceresses. On this it is that our offered advice and method of SOLILOQUY depends. And whether this be of any use towards making us either wiser or happier, I am confident it must help to make us wittier and politer. It must, beyond any other science, teach us the turns of humour and passion, the variety of manners, the justness of characters, and *truth* of things, which, when we rightly understand, we may naturally describe. And on this depends chiefly the skill and art of a good writer. So that if to write well be a just pretence to merit, it is plain that writers, who are apt to set no small value on their art, must confess there is something valuable in this self-examining practice, and method of *inward colloquy.*

Inward soliloquy good for its own sake.

As for the writer of these papers (as modern authors are pleased modestly to style themselves), he is contented, for his part, to take up with this practice, barely for his own proper benefit, without regard to the high function or capacity of author. It

may be allowed him, in this particular, to imitate the best genius and most gentleman-like of Roman poets. And though, by an excess of dulness, it should be his misfortune to learn nothing of this poet's wit, he is persuaded he may learn something of his honesty and good humour.

> . . . . Neque enim, cum lectulus, aut me
> Porticus excepit, desum mihi: 'Rectius hoc est:
> Hoc faciens, vivam melius; sic dulcis amicis
> Occurram.' . . .
> . . . . Hæc ego mecum
> Compressis agito labris.[1]. . .

[1] HOR. *Sat.* I. iv. 133.
And again:

> Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor:
> 'Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
> Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,
> Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
> . . . . . .
> Non es avarus? abi. Quid? cætera jam simul isto
> Cum vitio fugêre? caret tibi pectus inani
> Ambitione? caret mortis formidine, et ira?
> Ibid. *Epist.* II. ii. 145.

SECTION III.

General bearings of the subject.

WE are now arrived to that part of our performance, where it becomes us to cast our eye back on what has already passed. The observers of method generally make this the place of recapitulation. Other artists have substituted the practice of apology, or extenuation. For the anticipating manner of prefatory discourse is too well known, to work any surprising effect in the author's behalf, *preface* being become only another word to signify *excuse*; besides that the author is generally the most straitened in that preliminary part, which on other accounts is too apt to grow voluminous. He therefore takes the advantage of this corollary or winding-up, and ends pathetically, by endeavouring in the softest manner to reconcile his reader to those faults which he chooses rather to excuse than to amend.

General practice has made this a necessary part of elegance, hardly to be passed over by any writer. It is the chief stratagem by which he engages in personal conference with his reader, and can talk immoderately of *himself*, with all the seeming modesty of one who is the furthest from any selfish views, or conceited thoughts of his own merit. There appears such a peculiar grace and ingenuity in the method of confessing laziness, precipitancy,

carelessness, or whatever other vices have been the occasion of the author's deficiency, that it would seem a pity, had the work itself been brought to such perfection as to have left no room for the penitent party to enlarge on his own demerits. For, from the multiplicity of these, he finds subjects to ingratiate himself with his reader, who doubtless is not a little raised by this submission of a 'confessing author,' and is ready, on these terms, to give him absolution, and receive him into his good grace and favour.

False humility often a prudential means of success.

In the gallant world, indeed, we easily find how far a humility of this kind prevails. They who hope to rise by merit are likeliest to be disappointed in their pretensions.[1] The confessing lover, who ascribes all to the bounty of the fair one, meets his reward the sooner, for having studied *less* how to deserve it. For merit is generally thought presumptuous, and supposed to carry with it a certain assurance and ease, with which a mistress is not so well contented. The claim of well-deserving seems to derogate from

[1] Self-abasement, if it be a *natural* attitude of soul, ought surely to extend over the whole of life and not merely the relations between man and GOD. This is recognized by pagan as well as Christian writers, as is seen by the existence of such words as *μέτρια καὶ ἴσα ἀνθρώποις φρονεῖν*, modestia (as opposed to *μέγα φρονεῖν*, *ὑψηλὰ φρονεῖν*, arrogantia). But if it be an unnatural, or forced state of the will, then, as St. Augustine says, *simulatio humilitatis major est superbia.* Shaftesbury does not seem to understand that it is not a Christian virtue 'to think of ourselves' as worse than we are, but '*as we are*,' only with a certain mental distrust of over-rating ourselves; as St. Paul bids everyone *μὴ ὑπερφρονεῖν παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν*.—ROM. xii. 3.—ED.

the pure grace and favour of the benefactrix, who then appears to herself most sovereign in power, and likeliest to be obeyed without reserve, when she bestows her bounty where there is least title or pretension.

Thus a certain adoration of the sex, which passes in our age without the least charge of profaneness or idolatry, may, according to vulgar imagination, serve to justify these gallant votaries in the imitation of the real religious and devout. The method of self-abasement[1] may perhaps be thought the properest to make approaches to the sacred shrines, and the entire resignation of merit, in each case, may be esteemed the only ground of well-deserving. But what we allow to Heaven, or to the fair, should not, methinks, be made a precedent in favour of the world. Whatever deference is due to that body of men whom we call readers, we may be supposed to treat them with sufficient honour, if, with thorough diligence and pains, we endeavour to render our works *perfect*, and leave them to judge of the performance, as they are able.

But the conscious striving after an ideal the true path to literary greatness.

However difficult or desperate it may appear in any artist to endeavour to bring perfection into his work, if he has not at least the *idea of perfection* to give him aim, he will be found very defective and mean in his performance. Though his intention be to please the world, he must nevertheless be in a manner *above it*, and fix his eye upon that consummate grace, that beauty of nature, and that per-

[1] *Supra*, Treatise I. 4.

fection of numbers, which the rest of mankind, feeling only by the effect, whilst ignorant of the cause, term the *je-ne-sçai-quoi*, the unintelligible, or the 'I know not what;' and suppose to be a kind of charm or enchantment, of which the artist himself can give no account.

True preparation for authorship.

But here, I find, I am tempted to do what I have myself condemned. Hardly can I forbear making some apology for my frequent recourse to the rules of common artists, to the masters of exercise, to the academies of painters, statuaries, and to the rest of the *virtuoso* tribe. But in this I am so fully satisfied I have reason on my side, that, let custom be ever so strong against me, I had rather repair to these inferior schools, to search for truth and nature, than to some other places where higher arts and sciences are professed.

The schooling of literature and the schooling of the world.

I am persuaded that, to be a virtuoso (so far as befits a gentleman), is a higher step towards the becoming a man of virtue and good sense, than the being what in this age we call *a scholar*.[1] For even

[1] It seems, indeed, somewhat improbable, that according to modern erudition, and as science is now distributed, our ingenious and noble youths should obtain the full advantage of a just and liberal education, by uniting the *scholar*-part with that of the real *gentleman and man of breeding*. Academies for exercises, so useful to the public, and essential in the formation of a genteel and liberal character, are unfortunately neglected. Letters are indeed banished, I know not where, in distant cloisters and *unpractised cells*, as our poet has it, confined to the commerce and mean *fellowship of bearded boys*. The sprightly arts and sciences are severed from philosophy, which consequently must grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real know-

rude nature itself, in its primitive simplicity, is a better guide to judgment, than improved sophistry and pedantic learning. The *Faciunt, næ, intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant*, will ever be applied by men of discernment and free thought to such logic, such principles, such forms and rudiments of knowledge, as are established in certain schools of literature and

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ledge and practice of the world and mankind. Our youth accordingly seem to have their only chance between two widely different roads, either that of *pedantry and school-learning*, which lies amidst the dregs and most corrupt part of ancient literature; or that of the *fashionable illiterate world*, which aims merely at the character of the fine gentleman, and takes up with the foppery of modern languages and foreign wit. The frightful aspect of the former of these roads makes the journey appear desperate and impracticable. Hence that aversion so generally conceived against *a learned character*, wrong turned, and hideously set out, under such difficulties, and in such seeming labyrinths and mysterious forms. As if a Homer or a Xenophon imperfectly learned, in raw years, might not afterwards, in a riper age, be studied, as well in a capital city and amidst the world, as at a college or country-town! or as if a Plutarch, a Tully, or a Horace could not accompany a young man in his travels, at a court, or (if occasion were) even in a camp! The case is not without precedent. Leisure is found sufficient for other reading of numerous modern translations, and worse originals, of Italian or French authors, who are read merely for amusement. The French indeed may boast of some legitimate authors, of a just relish, correct, and without any mixture of the affected or spurious kinds, the *false tender*, or the *false sublime*, the conceited jingle, or the ridiculous 'point.' They are such geniuses as have been formed upon the natural model of the ancients, and willingly own their debt to those great masters. But for the rest, who draw from another fountain, as the Italian authors in particular, they may be reckoned no better than the corrupters of true learning and erudition; and can indeed be relished by those alone, whose education has unfortunately denied them the familiarity of the noble ancients, and the practice of a better and more natural taste. See above, Treatise III. iii. 1, and V. I. i.

science. The case is sufficiently understood even by those who are unwilling to confess the truth of it. Effects betray their causes; and the known turn and figure of those understandings which sprout from nurseries of this kind, give a plain idea of what is judged on this occasion. It is no wonder if, after so wrong a ground of education, there appears to be such need of redress and amendment, from that excellent school which we call *the world*. The mere amusements of *gentlemen* are found more improving than the profound researches of *pedants*. And, in the management of our youth, we are forced to have recourse to the former as an antidote against the genius peculiar to the latter. If the formalists of this sort were erected into patentees, with a sole commission of authorship, we should undoubtedly see such writing in our days as would either wholly wean us from all books in general, or at least from all such as were the product of our own nation, under such a subordinate and conforming government.

An appreciation of moral beauty essential to a writer.

However this may prove, there can be no kind of writing which relates to men and manners, where it is not necessary for the author[1] to understand poetical and moral truth, the beauty of sentiments, the sublime of characters; and to carry in his eye the model or exemplar of that natural grace which gives to every action its attractive charm. If he has naturally no eye or ear for these interior numbers, it is not likely he should be able to judge better of

[1] *Supra*, Treatise III. ii. 1.

that exterior proportion and symmetry of composition which constitutes a legitimate piece.

Foundations of a moral taste.

Could we once convince ourselves of what is in itself so evident,[1] 'That, in the very nature of things, there must of necessity be the foundation of a right and wrong taste, as well in respect of inward characters and features, as of outward person, behaviour, and action;' we should be far more ashamed of ignorance and wrong judgment in the former than in the latter of these subjects. Even in the arts, which are mere imitations of that outward grace and beauty, we not only confess a *taste*, but make it a part of refined breeding, to discover, amidst the many false manners and ill styles, the true and natural one, which represents the *real beauty* and *Venus* of the kind.[2] It is the like *moral Grace* and

[1] Treatise VI. iii. 2.

[2] Treatise II. iv. 2, and Treatise VI. iii. 2 (note).

'Beauty is not anything that exists in objects independently of the mind that perceives them. . . . *It is an emotion of the mind*, varying, therefore, like all our other emotions, with the varying tendencies of the mind, in different circumstances. We have not to inquire into the nature of any *fixed essence* which can be called *the beautiful*,—τὸ καλὸν, but into the nature of transient feelings excited by objects which may agree in no respect but as they excite emotions in some degree similar. . . . . There is not *one* beauty, more than there is *one colour* or *one form*. But there are various beauties—that is to say, various pleasing emotions that have a certain resemblance, in consequence of which we class them together. The beautiful exists no more in objects than species or genera exist in individuals.'—DR. T. BROWN, *Philosophy of Mind*, lect. lvii. The whole work of education therefore is to train the mind to feel pleasure only at what is *really* (*i.e.* politically or morally) pleasurable: δεῖ ἦχθαί πως εὐθὺς ἐκ νέων, ὡς ὁ Πλάτων φησὶν, ὥστε χαίρειν τε καὶ λυπεῖσθαι οἷς δεῖ.—*Eth. Nic.* ii. 3. The mind can only see so much of moral or intellectual beauty 'as it

Venus, which, discovering itself in the turns of *character*, and the variety of human affection, is copied by the writing artist. If he knows not this Venus, these Graces, nor was ever struck with the beauty, the *decorum* of this inward kind, he can neither paint advantageously after the life, nor in a feigned subject, where he has full scope.[1] For never can he, on these terms, represent merit and virtue, or mark deformity and blemish. Never can he, with justice and true proportion, assign the boundaries of either part, or separate the distant characters. The schemes must be defective, and the draughts confused, where the standard is weakly established, and the measure out of use. Such a designer, who has so little feeling of these proportions, so little consciousness of this excellence, or these perfections, will never be found able to describe a *perfect character*; or, what is more according to art,[2] 'express the effect and force of this *perfection*, from the result of various and mixed characters of life.' And thus the sense of inward numbers, the knowledge and practice of the social virtues, and the familiarity and favour of the *moral Graces*, are essential to the character of a deserving artist, and just

brings with it *power of seeing*.' Hence 'the historical variations' of the moral ideals. For 'though the *great principles* of moral distinction are too deeply fixed in our breast by our Divine Author to allow approbation and pleasure to be attached to the contemplation of pure malignity, or withheld from pure benevolence,' the emotions of moral beauty have been associated with just those objects which the circumstances of national or social life brought into prominence.—ED.

[1] Treatise III. i. 3.

[2] Treatise VI. v. 1.

favourite of the Muses. Thus are the arts and virtues mutually friends; and thus the science of virtuosos, and that of virtue itself, become in a manner one and the same.

Good taste in art acquired by a study of the most perfect models.

One who aspires to the character of a man of breeding and politeness, is careful to form his judgment of arts and sciences upon right models of perfection. If he travels to Rome, he inquires which are the truest pieces of architecture, the best remains of statues, the best paintings of a Raphael, or a Caracci. However antiquated, rough, or dismal they may appear to him at first sight, he resolves to view them over and over, till he has brought himself to relish them; and finds their hidden graces and perfections. He takes particular care to turn his eye from everything which is gaudy, luscious, and of a false taste. Nor is he less careful to turn his ear from every sort of music, besides that which is of the best manner and truest harmony.

A similar method desirable in things relating to life and conduct.

It were to be wished we had the same regard to a right taste in life and manners. What mortal, being once convinced of a difference in *inward character*, and of a preference due to one kind above another, would not be concerned to make his own the best? If civility and humanity be a *taste*; if brutality, insolence, riot be in the same manner a *taste*, who, if he could reflect, would not choose to form himself on the amiable and agreeable, rather than the odious and perverse model? Who would not endeavour to *force nature* as well in this respect, as in what relates to a taste or judgment in other arts and sciences? For in each place the force on

nature is used only for its redress. If a natural good taste be not already formed in us, why should not we endeavour to form it, and become natural?

'I like! I fancy! I admire!—How?—By acci- 'dent, or, *as I please.*—No. But I *learn* to fancy, 'to admire, to please, as the subjects themselves are 'deserving, and can bear me out. Otherwise, I like 'at this hour, but dislike the next. I shall be weary 'of my pursuit, and, upon experience, find little 'pleasure in the main,[1] if my choice and judgment 'in it be from no other rule than that single one, '*because I please.* Grotesque and monstrous figures 'often please. Cruel spectacles and barbarities are 'also found to please, and, in some tempers, to please 'beyond all other subjects. But is this pleasure '*right*?[1] and shall I follow it, if it presents? not 'strive with it, or endeavour to prevent its growth 'or prevalency in my temper?—How stands the 'case in a more soft and flattering kind of pleasure? '—Effeminacy *pleases* me. The Indian figures, the 'Japan work, the enamel strikes my eye. The 'luscious colours and glossy paint gain upon my 'fancy. A French or Flemish style is highly liked 'by me at first sight; and I pursue my liking. But 'what ensues?—Do I not for ever forfeit my 'good relish? How is it possible I should thus 'come to taste the beauties of an Italian master, or 'of a hand happily formed on nature and the 'ancients? It is not by wantonness and humour 'that I shall attain my end, and arrive at the enjoy-

The capriciousness of fancy contrasted with the certainty of a true judgment.

[1] Treatise III. iii. 2, and Vol. II. *Rhapsody*, ii. 1.

'ment I propose. The *art* itself is severe, the *rules* 'rigid.[1] And if I expect the knowledge should

[1] Thus PLINY, speaking with a masterly judgment of the dignity of the then declining art of painting (*de dignitate artis morientis*), shows it to be not only severe in respect of the discipline, style, design, but of the characters and lives of the noble masters, not only in the effect, but even in the very materials of the art, the colours, ornaments, and particular circumstances belonging to the profession.—'Euphranoris discipulus Antidotus, diligentior quam numerosior, et in coloribus severus.—Niciæ comparatur, et aliquanto præfertur Athenion Maronites, Glaucionis Corinthii discipulus, et austerior colore, et in austeritate jucundior, ut in ipsa pictura eruditio eluceat. . . . Quod nisi in juventa obiisset, nemo ei compararetur.—Pausiæ et filius et discipulus Aristolaus e severissimis pictoribus fuit.—Fuit et nuper gravis ac severus pictor Amulius. . . . Paucis diei horis pingebat, id quoque cum gravitate, quod semper togatus, quamquam in machinis.' One of the moral symptoms upon which Pliny pronounces the sure death of this noble art, not long survivor to him, was what belonged in common to all the other perishing arts after the fall of liberty; I mean the luxury of the Roman court, and the change of taste and manners naturally consequent to such a change of government and dominion. This excellent, learned, and polite critic, represents to us the false taste springing from the court itself, and from that opulence, splendour, and affectation of magnificence and expense proper to the place. Thus in the statuary and architecture then in vogue, nothing could be admired beside what was costly in the mere matter or substance of the work. Precious rock, rich metal, glittering stones, and other luscious ware, poisonous to art, came every day more into request, and were imposed, as necessary materials, on the best masters. It was in favour of these court-beauties and gaudy appearances, that all good drawing, just design, and truth of work began to be despised. Care was taken to procure from distant parts, the most gorgeous splendid colours, of the most costly growth or composition: not such as had been used by Apelles and the great masters, who were justly severe, loyal, and faithful to their art. This newer colouring our critic calls *the florid kind*. The materials were too rich to be furnished by the painter, but were bespoke or furnished at the cost of the person who employed him; ('quos dominus pingenti

'come to me by accident, or in play, I shall be 'grossly deluded, and prove myself at best a *mock* '*virtuoso*, or mere *pedant* of the kind.'

Thus the method of inward colloquy is indispensable every way.

Here, therefore, we have once again exhibited our moral science in the same method and manner of SOLILOQUY as above. To this correction of *humour*, and formation of *a taste*, our reading, if it be of the right sort, must principally contribute. Whatever company we keep, or however polite and agreeable their characters may be, with whom we converse or correspond, if the authors we read are of another kind, we shall find our palate strangely turned their way. We are the unhappier in this respect for being scholars, if our studies be ill chosen. Nor can I, for this reason, think it proper to call a man well-read who reads *many* authors, since he must of necessity have more ill-models than good, and be more stuffed with bombast, ill fancy, and wry thought, than filled with solid sense, and just imagination.

Discrimination should be

But notwithstanding this hazard of our taste, from a multiplicity of reading, we are not, it seems, the

præstat'). The other he calls the *austere kind*. And thus (says he), 'Rerum, non animi pretiis excubatur:' 'The cost, and not the life and art is studied.' He shows, on the contrary, what care Apelles took to subdue the florid colours by a darkening varnish; 'ut eadem res (says he) nimis floridis coloribus austéritatem occulte daret.' And he says just before, of some of the finest pieces of Apelles, 'that they were wrought in four colours only.' So great and venerable was SIMPLICITY held among the ancients, and so certain was the ruin of all true elegance in life or art, where this mistress was once quitted or contemned! See PLINY, lib. 35. See also, above, Treatise II. iv. 3 (notes), and Treatise III. ii. 1.

exercised in the selection of literary models.

least scrupulous in our choice of subject. We read whatever comes next us. What was first put into our hand, when we were young, serves us afterwards for serious study, and wise research, when we are old. We are many of us indeed so grave, as to continue this exercise of youth through our remaining life. The exercising authors of this kind have been above described,[1] in the beginning of this treatise. The manner of exercise is called *meditation*, and is of a sort so solemn and profound, that we dare not so much as thoroughly examine the subject on which we are bid to meditate. This is a sort of *task* reading, in which a *taste* is not permitted. How little soever we take of this diet, it is sufficient to give full exercise to our grave humour, and allay the appetite towards further research, and solid contemplation. The rest is holiday, diversion, play, and fancy. We reject all *rule*, as thinking it an injury to our diversions, to have regard to *truth* or *nature*, without which, however, nothing can be truly agreeable or entertaining, much less instructive or improving. Through a certain surfeit taken in a wrong kind of *serious* reading, we apply ourselves, with full content, to the most ridiculous.[2] The more remote our pattern is from any thing moral or profitable, the more freedom and satisfaction we find in it. We care not how Gothic or barbarous our models are, what ill-designed or monstrous figures we view, or what false proportions we trace, or see described in history, romance, or fiction. And thus

Influence of books upon thought and life.

[1] Treatise III. i. 1.

[2] Treatise II. i. 5.

our eye and ear is lost. Our relish or taste must of necessity grow barbarous, whilst barbarian customs, savage manners, Indian wars, and wonders of the *terra incognita*, employ our leisure hours, and are the chief materials to furnish out a library.

These are, in our present days, what books of chivalry were in those of our forefathers. I know not what faith our valiant ancestors may have had in the stories of their giants, their dragons, and St. Georges. But for our *faith* indeed, as well as our *taste*, in this other way of reading, I must confess I cannot consider it without astonishment.

The credulity of Atheism.

It must certainly be something else than incredulity, which fashions the taste and judgment of many gentlemen, whom we hear censured as Atheists, for attempting to philosophize after a newer manner than any known of late. For my own part, I have ever thought this sort of men to be in general more credulous, though after another manner, than the mere vulgar. Besides what I have observed in conversation with the men of this character, I can produce many anathematized authors, who, if they want a true Israelitish faith, can make amends by a Chinese or Indian one. If they are short in Syria or Palestine, they have their full measure in America or Japan.[1] Histories of Incas or Iroquois, written by friars and missionaries, pirates and renegades, sea-captains and trusty travellers, pass for authentic records, and are canonical, with the virtuosos of this sort. Though Christian miracles

[1] Cf. WATERLAND, *Christianity Vindicated against Infidelity*, vol. viii. p. 53.—ED.

may not so well satisfy them, they dwell with the highest contentment on the prodigies of Moorish and Pagan countries. They have far more pleasure in hearing the monstrous accounts of monstrous men and manners, than the politest and best narrations of the affairs, the governments, and lives of the wisest and most polished people.

Consistency to be followed even in fictions and unrealities.

It is the same taste which makes us prefer a Turkish history to a Grecian or a Roman, an Ariosto to a Virgil, and a romance or novel to an Iliad. We have no regard to the character or genius of our author; nor are so far curious, as to observe how able he is in the judgment of facts, or how ingenious in the texture of his *lies*. For facts unably related, though with the greatest sincerity and good faith, may prove the worse sort of deceit; and mere *lies*, judiciously composed, can teach us the truth of things beyond any other manner.[1] But to amuse ourselves with such authors as 'neither know how to lie, nor tell truth,' discovers a *taste* which, methinks, one should not be apt to envy Yet so enchanted we are with the travelling memoirs of any casual adventurer, that, be his character or genius what it will, we have no sooner turned over a page or two, than we begin to interest ourselves highly in his affairs. No sooner has he taken shipping at the mouth of the Thames, or sent his baggage before him to Gravesend, or Buoy in the Nore, than straight

[1] The greatest of critics says of the greatest poet, when he extols him the highest, that above all others he understood *how to lie*: Δεδίδαχε δὲ μάλιστα Ὅμηρος καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους ψευδῆ λέγειν ὡς δεῖ.—ARIST. *de Poetica*, 24. Treatise VI. v. 1 (notes).

our attention is earnestly taken up. If, in order to his more distant travels, he takes some part of Europe in his way, we can with patience hear of inns and ordinaries, passage-boats and ferries, foul and fair weather, with all the particulars of the author's diet, habit of body, his personal dangers and mischances on land and sea. And thus, full of desire and hope, we accompany him, till he enters on his great scene of action, and begins by the description of some enormous fish or beast. From monstrous brutes he proceeds to yet more monstrous men. For, in this race of authors, he is ever completest, and of the first rank, who is able to speak of things the most unnatural and monstrous.

Treatment of fictitious characters by Shakspeare.

This humour our old tragic poet[1] seems to have discovered. He hit our taste in giving us a Moorish hero, full fraught with prodigy; a wondrous *story-teller*! but, for the *attentive* part, the poet chose to give it to *womankind*. What passionate reader of travels, or student in the prodigious sciences, can refuse to pity that fair lady, who fell in love with the *miraculous Moor*? especially considering with what suitable grace such a lover could relate the most monstrous adventures, and satisfy the wondering appetite with the most wondrous tales; wherein (says the hero traveller)

> Of antars vast, and deserts idle,
> It was my hint to speak:
> And of the *cannibals* that each other eat!
> The *Anthropophagi*! and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline.

[1] SHAKSPEARE.

Seriously, it was a woful tale! unfit, one would think, to win a tender fair-one.[1] It is true, the poet sufficiently condemns her fancy, and makes her, poor lady, pay dearly for it in the end. But why, amongst his Greek names, he should have chosen one which denoted the lady superstitious, I cannot imagine, unless, as poets are sometimes prophets too, he should figuratively, under this dark type, have represented to us that, about a hundred years after his time, the fair sex of this island should, by other monstrous tales, be so seduced, as to turn their favour chiefly on the persons of the taletellers, and change their natural inclination for fair, candid, and courteous knights, into a passion for a mysterious race of black enchanters, such as of old were said to 'creep into houses, and lead captive silly women.'

Relation of superstition and credulity.

It is certain there is a very great affinity between the passion of superstition and that of tales. The love of strange narrations, and the ardent appetite towards *unnatural* objects, has a near alliance with the like appetite towards the *supernatural* kind, such as are called 'prodigious,' and 'of dire omen.' For so the mind forbodes, on every such unusual sight or hearing. Fate, destiny, or the anger of heaven, seems denoted, and, as it were, delineated, by the monstrous birth, the horrid fact, or dire

[1] De Quincey (*Works*, vol. xv. p. 11), in his Essay on Shakspeare, is very angry with Lord Shaftesbury for his criticism, and, instead of estimating it, proceeds to question his general ability as a critic. However, in his *Essay on Lessing*, De Quincey is far more appreciative and just, and quite avoids ill-natured sneers and cynical disparagement.—*Works*, vol. xii. p. 323.

event. For this reason the very persons of such relators or taletellers, with a small help of dismal habit, suitable countenance and tone, become sacred and tremendous in the eyes of mortals, who are thus addicted from their youth. The tender virgins, losing their natural softness, assume this tragic passion, of which they are highly susceptible, especially when a suitable kind of eloquence and action attends the character of the narrator. A thousand Desdemonas are then ready to present themselves, and would frankly resign fathers, relations, countrymen, and country itself, to follow the fortunes of a hero of the black tribe.

But whatever monstrous zeal, or superstitious passion, the poet might foretel either in the gentlemen, ladies, or common people of an after age, it is certain that, as to books, the same Moorish fancy, in its plain and literal sense, prevails strongly at this present time. Monsters and monster-lands were never more in request; and we may often see a philosopher, or a wit, run a tale-gathering in those *idle deserts*, as familiarly as the silliest woman or merest boy.

Treatment of ideal

ONE would imagine that our philosophical writers,[1] who pretend to treat of morals, should far out-

[1] Considering what has been so often said on this subject of philosophy, learning, and the *sister* arts, after that ancient model which has since been so much corrupted, it may not be amiss perhaps to hear the confession of one of the greatest and most learned of moderns upon this head: 'Scilicet assensuri isti sunt veteribus sapientibus, *poeticam* τῆς σεμνοτάτης φιλοσοφίας εἶναι σύνναον, *severissimæ philosophiæ contubernalem esse;* quos videmus,

characters by professed Moralists.

do mere poets, in recommending virtue, and representing what was fair and amiable in human actions. One would imagine, that if they turned their eye

omni cura morum posthabita, quæ vera philosophia est, in nescio quibus argumentatiunculis, in nugis *sophisticis*, in puerilibus argutiolis, λωβοῖς denique ῥηματίοις τῆς διαλεκτικῆς, quod sua jam ætate Euphrades Themistius conquerebatur, summam sapientiam ponere! Scilicet facundiæ Persii virile robur, aut recondita illa eruditio eos capiet, quibus pristinam barbariem mordicus retinere, et in antiquitatis totius ignoratione versari, potius videtur esse ac melius, quam possessionem literarum, olim simili socordia extinctarum, memoria vero patrum magno Dei immortalis beneficio in lucem revocatarum ex alta hominum oblivione, sibi vindicare, et pro sua quemque virili posteris asserere! . . . . Scribit vero Arrianus, sapientissimum senem illum Epictetum, impietatis in Deum eos insimulasse, qui in philosophiæ studiis τὴν ἀπαγγελικὴν δύναμιν, sive sermonis curam, tanquam rem levem aspernarentur: quoniam quidem, aiebat vir divinus, ἀσέβοῦς ἐστιν ἀνθρώπου τὰς παρὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ χάριτας ἀτιμάζειν. En Germanum philosophum! En vocem auream! Nec minus memorabile Synesii philosophi præstantissimi vaticinium tristi eventu confirmatum, quod multo ante ab ipso est editum, cum rationem studiorum similiter perverti ab æqualibus suis cerneret. Disputans enim contra eos qui ad sanctissimæ theologiæ studia infantiam et sophisticen pro solida eruditione afferrent, fatidicam hanc quasi sortem edidit. Κίνδυνος, inquit, εἰς ἄβυσσόν τινα φλυαρίας ἐμπεσόντας τούτους διαφθαρῆναι. Periculum est ne hujusmodi homines in abyssum quamdam ineptiarum delapsi penitus corrumpantur. Utinam defuisset huic oraculo fides. Sed profecto, depravationi illi, et hujus scientiarum reginæ, et omnium aliarum, quæ postea accidit, occasionem quidem Gotthorum et Alanorum invasiones præbuerunt: at causa illius propior ac vera est, ratio studiorum perversa, et in liberalibus disciplinis prava institutio, ac linguarum simul et universæ literaturæ melioris ignoratio. . . . Atque non in eum certe finem viri magni et præcepta et exempla virtutum memoriæ commendata ad posteros transmiserunt, ut ad inanem aurium oblectationem, vel jactationem vanam inutilis eruditionis, ea cognosceremus: verum ut suis nos lucubrationibus excitarent ad effodienda et in actum producenda *recti honestique* semina; quæ cum a natura accepissemus, vitiis

towards remote countries (of which they affect so much to speak), they should search for that simplicity of manners, and innocence of behaviour, which has been often known among mere savages, ere they were corrupted by our commerce, and, by sad example, instructed in all kinds of treachery and inhumanity. It would be of advantage to us to hear the causes of this strange corruption in ourselves, and be made to consider of our deviation from nature, and from that just purity of manners which might be expected, especially from a people so assisted and enlightened by Religion. For who would not naturally expect more justice, fidelity, temperance, and honesty from Christians, than from Mahometans or mere pagans? But so far are our modern moralists from condemning any unnatural vices, or corrupt manners, whether in our own or foreign climates, that they would have vice itself appear as *natural* as virtue; and, from the worst examples, would represent to us, 'That all actions are naturally indifferent; that they have no note or character of good or ill *in themselves*, but are distinguished by mere *Fashion, Law, or arbitrary Decree.*' Wonderful philosophy! raised from the dregs of an illiterate mean kind, which was ever despised among

tamen circumfusa, et tantum non obruta, sic in nostris animis, nisi cultura melior accedat, latent, quasi in altum quendam scrobem penitus defossa. Huc spectant tot illa volumina quæ de morali disciplina philosophi confecerunt. Tendit eodem et Græcorum Latinorumque poëtarum pleraque manus; sed itineribus diversis. Quot sunt enim poëtarum genera (sunt autem quamplurima), tot fere diverticula et viarum ambages eo ducentium.'—Is. CASAUB. *in præfatione Com. ad Pers.*

the great ancients, and rejected by all men of action or sound erudition, but, in these ages, imperfectly copied from the original, and, with much disadvantage, imitated and assumed, in common, both by devout and indevout attempters in the moral kind.

Comparison of moral and musical harmonies.

Should a writer upon music, addressing himself to the students and lovers of the art, declare to them, 'That the measure or rule of harmony was caprice or will, humour or fashion,' it is not very likely he should be heard with great attention, or treated with real gravity. For harmony is harmony *by nature*, let men judge ever so ridiculously of music. So is symmetry and proportion founded still in nature, let men's fancy prove ever so barbarous, or their fashions ever so Gothic in their architecture, sculpture, or whatever other designing art. It is the same case where *life and manners* are concerned. Virtue has the same fixed standard. The same numbers, harmony, and proportion will have place in *Morals*, and are discoverable in the characters and affections of mankind, in which are laid the just foundations of an art and science superior to every other of human practice and comprehension.

In fact nature is the only model for the artist as for the moralist.

This, I suppose therefore, is highly necessary, that a writer should comprehend. For things are stubborn, and will not be as we fancy them, or as the fashion varies, but as they stand in nature. Now, whether the writer be poet, philosopher, or of whatever kind, he is in truth no other than *a copyist after nature*. His style may be differently suited to the different times he lives in, or to the different

humour of his age or nation. His manner, his dress, his colouring, may vary. But if his drawing be incorrect, or his design *contrary to nature*, his piece will be found ridiculous, when it comes thoroughly to be examined. For nature will not be mocked. The prepossession against her can never be very lasting. Her decrees and instincts are powerful, and her sentiments *inbred*. She has a strong party abroad, and as strong a one *within ourselves*; and, when any slight is put upon her, she can soon turn the reproach, and make large reprisals on the taste and judgment of her antagonists.

If the taste be reformed, it must be remodelled after nature.

Whatever philosopher, critic, or author is convinced of this prerogative of *nature*, will easily be persuaded to apply himself to the great work of *reforming his taste*, which he will have reason to suspect, if he be not such a one as has deliberately endeavoured to frame it by the just *standard of nature*. Whether this be his case, he will easily discover by appealing to his memory. For custom and fashion are powerful seducers; and he must of necessity have fought hard against these, to have attained that justness of taste, which is required in one who pretends 'to follow nature.' But if no such conflict can be called to mind, it is a certain token that the party has his taste very little different from the vulgar. And on this account he should instantly betake himself to the wholesome practice recommended in this treatise. He should set afoot the powerfullest faculties of his mind, and assemble the best forces of his wit and judgment, in order to make a formal descent on the territories of the

heart: resolving to decline no combat, nor hearken to any terms till he had pierced into its inmost provinces, and reached the seat of empire. No treaties should amuse him, no advantages lead him aside. All other speculations should be suspended, all other mysteries resigned, till this necessary campaign was made, and these inward conflicts learned; by which he would be able to gain at least some tolerable insight into *himself*, and knowledge of *his own natural principles.*

Objection anticipated that Holy Scripture is the highest model.

It may here perhaps be thought, that notwithstanding the particular advice we have given, in relation to the forming of a taste in natural characters and manners, we are still defective in our performance, whilst we are silent on supernatural cases, and bring not into our consideration the manners and characters delivered to us in Holy Writ. But this objection will soon vanish, when we consider, that there can be no rules given by human wit to that which was never humanly conceived, but *divinely dictated and inspired.*[1]

[1] Hebrew poetry differs from that of other nations chiefly in this—that it was not the work of conscious reflection, conformable to rules of art and of criticism, but it was the work of writers who were carried away by the powerful force of a moral inspiration (ὑπὸ Πνεύματος Ἁγίου φερόμενοι ἐλάλησαν οἱ ἅγιοι Θεοῦ ἄνθρωποι). (2 PET. i. 21.) This circumstance will account for the want of the dramatic element which distinguishes it. 'Hebrew poetry, though it exhibits every variety of composition, is destitute of the dramatic element. The sublime and Homeric Isaiah celebrates in a triumphant epinician the glories of Israel. The mournful and affectionate *threni* of Jeremiah remind us of the elegies of Simonides; one-seventh of the Psalms are elegies; the book of Job abounds in

For this reason, it would be in vain for any poet,[1] or ingenious author, to form his characters after the models of our sacred penmen. And whatever certain critics may have advanced concerning the structure of a heroic poem of this kind, I will be bold to prophesy, that the success will never be answerable to expectation.

It must be owned that, in our Sacred History, we have both leaders, conquerors, founders of nations, deliverers, and patriots, who, even in a human sense, are no way behind the chief of those so much celebrated by the ancients. There is nothing in the story of Æneas which is not equalled or exceeded by a Joshua or a Moses. But as illustrious as are the acts of these sacred Chiefs, it would be hard to copy them in just *heroic*. It would be hard to give to many of them that graceful air, which is necessary to render them naturally pleasing to mankind,

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them; the songs of Miriam and Deborah, the prophecy of Balaam, the numerous Psalms which sing the praises of the Most High, are grander odes and hymns than can be found throughout the whole range of Classic poetry. The proverbs of Solomon contain a collection of didactic poetry in comparison of which the wisest gnomes of the Greeks sink into insignificance. Ezekiel is in his ideas and language as tragic as Æschylus, but he did not write tragedies. Even those portions of Holy Scripture which most resemble dramatic compositions are not dramas. The sixty-third chapter of Isaiah is simply a dialogue maintained between a Chorus and the Messiah. The Song of Solomon has no fable, no action. The story of Job has no change of fortune. All these, therefore, whilst they possess some of the qualities, are destitute of the essentials of dramatic composition.'—R. W. BROWNE, *Hist. of Classic. Lit.* I. p. 268.—ED.

[1] Treatise VI. v. 1.

according to the idea men are universally found to have of heroism and generosity.

Natural instincts the safest and the best.

Notwithstanding the pious endeavours which, as devout Christians, we may have used in order to separate ourselves from the interests of mere heathens and infidels; notwithstanding the true pains we may have taken, to arm our hearts in behalf of a *chosen people* against their neighbouring nations, of a false religion and worship; there will be still found such a partiality remaining in us, towards creatures of the same make and figure with ourselves, as will hinder us from viewing with satisfaction the punishments inflicted by human hands on such aliens and idolaters.[1]

In mere poetry, and the pieces of wit and litera-

[1] But since Shaftesbury's time a Philosophy of History has sprung up which has learned to take a more just and comprehensive view of such events. '*The Israelites' sword, in its bloodiest executions, wrought a work of mercy for all the countries of the earth, to the very end of the world.* They seem of very small importance to us now, these perpetual contests with the Canaanites and the Midianites and the Ammonites and the Philistines with which the books of Joshua and Judges and Samuel are almost filled. We may half wonder that GOD should have interfered in such quarrels, or have changed the course of nature in order to give one of the nations of Palestine the victory over another. But in these contests, on the fate of one of these nations of Palestine, the happiness of the human race depended. The Israelites fought not for themselves only, but for us.' Dr. ARNOLD (quoted in STANLEY'S *Jewish Church*, i. p. 254.) Similarly RENAN (*Études d'Histoire religieuse*, p. 88): 'La tolérance indo-européenne partait d'un sentiment plus élevé de la destinée humaine et d'une plus grande largeur d'esprit, mais qui osera dire qu'en révélant l'unité divine et en supprimant définitivement les religions locales, la race sémitique n'a pas posé la pierre fondamentale de l'unité et du progrès de l'humanité?'—ED.

ture, there is a liberty of thought and easiness of humour indulged to us, in which perhaps we are not so well able to contemplate the divine judgments, and see clearly into the justice of those ways, which are declared to be so *far from our ways*, and above our highest thoughts or understandings. In such a situation of mind, we can hardly endure to see heathen treated as heathen, and *the faithful* made the executioners of the divine wrath. There is a certain perverse humanity in us, which inwardly resists the divine commission, though ever so plainly revealed. The wit of the best poet is not sufficient to reconcile us to the campaign of a Joshua, or the retreat of a Moses, by the assistance of an Egyptian loan. Nor will it be possible, by the Muses' art, to make that Royal Hero appear amiable in human eyes, who found such favour in the eye of heaven. Such are *mere human hearts*, that they can hardly find the least sympathy with that only one which had the character of being 'after the pattern of the ALMIGHTY'S.'

The sphere of theology is in fact distinct from the sphere of human philosophy and art.

It is apparent, therefore, that the manners, actions, and characters of Sacred Writ, are in no wise the proper subject of other authors than divines themselves. They are matters incomprehensible in philosophy; they are above the pitch of the mere human historian, the politician, or the moralist,[1] and are too

[1] That is to say, if an *absolute* standard be applied—if we argue from the point of view of the present, and the social circumstances and historical conditions of the past are kept out of the consideration. A very appreciative essay on this subject by Renan will be found in his *Études d'Histoire religieuse*, from which the following

sacred to be submitted to the poet's fancy, when inspired by no other spirit than that of his profane mistresses, the Muses.

Milton an example of the danger and defects in the imitation of Sacred Characters.

I should be unwilling to examine rigorously the performance of our great poet,[1] who sung so piously the *Fall of Man.* The 'war in Heaven,' and the catastrophe of that original *pair* from whom the generations of mankind were propagated, are matters so abstrusely revealed, and with such a resemblance of mythology, that they can more easily bear what figurative construction or fantastic turn the poet may think fit to give them. But should he venture further into the lives and characters of the patriarchs, the holy matrons, heroes and heroines of the chosen seed; should he employ the 'sacred machine,' the exhibitions and interventions of divinity, according to Holy Writ, to support the action of his piece, he would soon find the weakness of his pretended orthodox muse, and prove how little those divine patterns were capable of human imitation, or of being raised to any other majesty, or sublime, than that in which they originally appear.

Heathen theology

The theology, or theogony, of the heathens could

extracts are taken. 'Essentiellement égoïste, le Sémite ne connaît guère de devoirs qu'envers lui-même : poursuivre sa vengeance, revendiquer ce qu'il croit être son droit, est à ses yeux une sorte d'obligation. La religion n'a pour lui qu'un lien fort éloigné avec la morale de tous les jours. De là ces étranges caractères de l'histoire biblique, qui provoquent l'objection, et devant lesquels l'apologie est aussi déplacée que le dénigrement. . . . Notre manière désintéressée et pour ainsi dire abstraite de juger les choses leur est inconnue.' (*L'Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, p. 77.)

[1] MILTON.

admit of such different turns and figurative expressions as suited the fancy and judgment of each philosopher or poet. But the purity of our Faith will admit of no such variation. The Christian theology—the birth, procedure, generation, and personal distinction of the DIVINITY, are mysteries only to be determined by the initiated, or ordained, to whom the state has assigned the guardianship and promulgation of the Divine Oracles. It becomes not those who are uninspired from heaven, and uncommissioned from earth, to search with curiosity into the original of those holy rites and records, *by law established.* Should we make such an attempt, we should in probability find the less satisfaction, the further we presumed to carry our speculations. Having dared once to quit the authority and direction of the law, we should easily be subject to heterodoxy and error, when we had no better warrant left us for the authority of our sacred *symbols*, than the integrity, candour, and disinterestedness of their compilers and registers. How great that candour and disinterestedness may have been, we have no other histories to inform us, than those of their own licensing or composing. But busy persons, who officiously search into these records, are ready even from hence to draw proofs very disadvantageous to the fame and character of this succession of men. And persons moderately read in these histories, are apt to judge no otherwise of the temper of ancient councils, than by that of later Synods and modern Convocations.

the mere reflection of the changing speculation of the time.

But Christian theology the work of inspiration.

When we add to this the melancholy consideration, *Further consider-*

ations from the practical danger of exciting religious passion.

of what disturbances have been raised from the disputes of this kind, what effusion of blood, what devastations of provinces, what shock and ruin of empires, have been occasioned by controversies, founded on the nicest distinction of an article relating to these *mysteries*, it will be judged vain in any poet, or polite author, to think of rendering himself agreeable or entertaining, whilst he makes such subjects as these to be his theme.

The provinces of Religion, of Morality, and of Philosophy are best kept distinct and separate.

But though the explanation of such deep mysteries and religious duties be allotted as the peculiar province of the Sacred Order, it is presumed nevertheless, that it may be lawful for other authors to retain their ancient privilege of instructing mankind in a way of pleasure and entertainment. Poets may be allowed their fictions, and philosophers their systems. It would go hard with mankind, should the patentees for religion be commissioned for all instruction and advice relating to manners or conversation. The stage may be allowed to instruct, as well as the pulpit. The way of wit and humour may be serviceable, as well as that of gravity and seriousness; and the way of plain reason as well as that of exalted revelation. The main matter is, to keep these provinces *distinct*, and settle their just boundaries. And on this account it is that we have endeavoured to represent to modern authors the necessity of making this separation justly, and in due form.

Comparison of Religion

It would be somewhat hard, methinks, if Religion, *as by law established*,[1] were not allowed the same

[1] Treatise VI. ii. 2, and Treatise VI. v. 1.

privilege as heraldry. It is agreed on all hands, that particular persons may design or paint, in their private capacity, after what manner they think fit. But they must *blazon* only as the public directs. Their *lion* or *bear* must be figured as the science appoints; and their *supporters* and *crest* must be such as their wise and gallant ancestors have procured for them. No matter whether the shapes of these animals hold just proportion with nature. No matter though different or contrary forms are joined in one. That which is denied to painters or poets, is permitted to *heralds*. Naturalists may, in their separate and distinct capacity, inquire, as they think fit, into the real existence and natural truth of things: but they must by no means dispute the authorized forms. Mermaids and griffins were the wonder of our forefathers; and, as such, delivered down to us by the authentic traditions and delineations above mentioned. We ought not so much as to criticize the features or dimensions of a *Saracen's* face, brought by our conquering ancestors from the holy wars, nor pretend to call in question the figure or size of *a dragon*, on which the history of our national champion, and the establishment of a high order and dignity of the realm, depends.

and Heraldy.

But as worshipful as are the persons of the illustrious heralds, Clarencieux, Garter, and the rest of those eminent sustainers of British honour and antiquity, it is to be hoped that, in a more civilized age, such as at present we have the good fortune to live in, they will not attempt to strain their privileges to the same height as formerly. Having been re-

Symbolism cannot revive the historical conditions of its birth.

duced by law, or settled practice, from the power they once enjoyed, they will not, it is presumed, in defiance of the magistrate and civil power, erect anew their stages and lists, introduce the manner of civil combat, set us to tilt and tournament, and raise again those defiances and mortal frays, of which their order were once the chief managers and promoters.

General summary of the benefits of self-reflection and inward meditation.

To conclude: the only method which can justly qualify us for this high privilege of giving advice is, in the first place, *to receive it ourselves*, with due submission, where the public has vouchsafed to give it us by authority. And if, in our private capacity, we can have resolution enough to criticize ourselves, and call in question our high imaginations, florid desires, and specious sentiments, according to the manner of *soliloquy* above prescribed, we shall, by the natural course of things, as we grow wiser, prove less conceited, and introduce into our character that *modesty, condescension, and just humanity*, which is essential to the success of all friendly counsel and admonition. An honest *home*-philosophy must teach us the wholesome practice within ourselves. Polite reading, and converse with mankind of the better sort, will qualify us for what remains.

APPENDIX I.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH PROPHETS.

(Referred to in Vol. I. p. 32.)

IN order to understand who the French Prophets were, it is necessary to go back to the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one of the consequences of which was the War of the Camisards. That war was only a single detail in a long series of oppressions and persecutions; but it was full of scenes and incidents which have an interest beyond themselves, if only because it exhibited some of the finest traits of heroism and devotion.

The scene of the War was the south of France, where imagination can draw a romantic background of magnificent hills and rushing streams. In those quiet fastnesses lived the Cevennois, a people of primitive habits, of earnest character, and of devoted lives. Among this people the simple forms of Protestant worship had become naturalized, and the hold of their Priests and the attractions of the ceremonial of the Catholic Religion were lost.[1] A race of shepherds, wool-combers, and foresters, they had learned to care for no religion but the religion of fresh, outspoken devotion, the instinctive utterance of a pure life and homely worship. Their only fault was that they were out of harmony with the genius of their age and country, with its hereditary forms of worship and conventional beliefs. Unfortunate it was for them, as it was disastrous for Europe

[1] For details, compare *Les Camisards*, par ERNEST ALBY. Paris, 1858.

that 'Le Grand Monarque,' who swayed the Temporal Power, was one whose character could give colour to the charge that he was one of the most superstitious, most debauched, and most unprincipled monarchs that ever sat upon a throne. So at least he appeared to the imagination of contemporaries; and the Jesuits who ruled his counsels were at least unscrupulous in the means of compassing their ends.

After the Revocation of the Edict, the Protestants, who could find the means for emigrating, had recourse to a voluntary exile rather than submit to a form of worship of which their consciences disapproved. For those who remained there was nothing but a forced submission or its terrible alternative. Among the Cevennois was a Priest (the Abbot du Chelas) who was a bitter and passionate opponent of the Protestant worships. The story is told by a French refugee[1] that this Priest kept an exact account of the Protestants in his district, and if he missed any of them at Mass he would have them tied to trees and scourged with horsewhips. Another story tells how a number of Protestants were imprisoned in his house, and rescued by a band of armed peasants, the house fired, and the Priest killed. Retreat was then as impossible as pardon was hopeless. The foresters fled to the mountains, and the war of the Camisards began. The course of the war is thus described by Smiles (*History of the Huguenots*, p. 276):—

'On the outbreak of the revolt, Jean Cavallier assembled a company of volunteers to assist the Cevennes peasantry, and before long he became their recognised leader. Though the insurrection spread over Languedoc, their entire number did not exceed 10,000 men. But they had the advantage of fighting in a mountain country, every part of which was familiar to them. They carried on the war by surprises, clothing and arming themselves with the spoils they took

[1] *An account of the torments the French Protestants endure aboard the Galleys.* By JOHN BION, heretofore Priest and Curate of the parish of Ursy, in the province of Burgundy. London, 1708.

from the royal troops. They supplied themselves with balls made from the Church bells. They had no money, and needed none; the peasantry and herdsmen of the country supplying them with food. When they were attacked they received the first fire of the soldiers on one knee, singing the sixty-eighth Psalm—"Let GOD arise, and let his enemies be scattered." Then they arose, precipitated themselves on the enemy, and fought with all the fury of despair. If they succeeded in their onslaughts and the soldiers fled, they then held assemblies which were attended by the Huguenots of the adjoining country; and when they failed, they fled into the hills, in the caverns of which were their magazins and hospitals.

'Great devastation and bloodshed marked the course of the war of the Camisards. No mercy was shown either to the peasantry taken in arms or to those who in any way assisted them. Whole villages were destroyed; for the order was issued that wherever a soldier or a Priest perished the place should immediately be burnt down. The punishment of the stake was revived. Gibbets were erected and kept at work all over Languedoc. Still the insurrection was not suppressed, and the peasantry continued to hold their religious meetings wherever they could.'

In such a state of religious oppression and heroic self-sacrifice in the cause of conscience, what wonder that the religious imagination should be quickened, and men's souls filled with a wonderful imagery of 'death and judgment,' the triumph of the saints and the destruction of Anti-Christ? Encompassed by a host of religious oppressors, with no hope of succour from without, what wonder if they took comfort from the prophecies and assurances of their Religion? And so it was: the spirit of prophecy was revived among them: five or six hundred of them gave themselves out to be inspired of the Holy Ghost.[1] 'When an assembly was

[1] See, for further particulars, '*A Cry from the Desart*,' *or Testimonials of the Miraculous things lately come to pass in the Cevennes.* London, 1707.

appointed, even before day-break, from all the hamlets round, the men, women, boys, girls, and even infants, came in crowds, hurrying from their huts, pierced through the woods, leapt over the rocks, and flew to the place of appointment. When the Prophet had been under agitation of body for a while, he began to preach and to prophecy. He pronounced with a loud voice the prayer which the Protestants are wont to use before their sermons; after which with his utmost strength he set one of the Psalms of Marot or of Beza. "Brethren," said the prophet, "amend your lives; repent ye; the end of all things draws nigh; the Holy Ghost is speaking to you through my mouth."' And thus, 'vast numbers who had fallen in an hour of tribulation, were recovered to the open confession of the Everlasting Gospel, and enabled to seal the truth thereof by manifold sufferings and deaths often, to a general sanctification of life in those who did partake of the same, to the conversion of some Papists, and weakening the hands of the Grand Oppressor of the Church.' The drama of their religious life should be read side by side with such books as the Pilgrim's Progress; the spirit of these poor Confessors was the spirit of conscious suffering yet conscious strength. The following account of the inward state and phases of emotion by one of themselves reads very much like a page of Bunyan. 'One Lord's Day morning, being at home in prayer, I fell into an extraordinary ecstacy, and GOD opened my mouth. I remained then for forty-eight hours under the operation of the Spirit in different degrees, without eating, drinking, or sleep, and I spoke often with more or less vehemence according to the nature of the things spoken. . . . But some persons, of their extreme blindness, they judging otherwise than they ought without being duly acquainted with the case, by false notions of things, have importuned me to suppress and reject to the utmost the Holy and Blessed visits of my Comforter, but I beseech them, in the name of GOD, to call to mind those direful

judgments, threatened upon such, who being once partakers of the Holy Ghost, do as much as in them lies, cast from them, the Heavenly Gift they have tasted. . . .

'I wish myself able to recollect all the circumstances of an accident truly miraculous which happened before a Cloud of Witnesses upon one called brother Campan; for that occurrence filled us all with a holy fear, and the power of the most high was apparent in it, little less than when it pleased Omnipotence to preserve his servant Clary in the midst of the flames till they were extinct.

'Campan is a young man, modest, good, of an ardent zeal, who had received very eminent gifts, a person one of the most respected in our troop. At a meeting called by our leader, Cavallier, on a Lord's Day, to administer the Communion, we were all present in the wood of Rocault, near Perredon. After the morning service ended, Brother Campan fell into exstacy, and under his agitations said by the Spirit to this effect, "My child, I command thee to demonstrate to my people how terrible are the flames of my wrath upon those who provoke me, and to show them outward tokens of that mercy and love I bear towards such as fear me and repent." After which, he made those about him give way, and formed a ring round him. It was commanded him by the Spirit to "draw near the mouth of the bottomless pit, and put his hands into the flames which burst out thence." He accordingly stept a little to the left of him, and stretcht forth his hand, but snatched it back again with shrieks most terrible. He advanced two or three times in like manner by order, and every time started back again with fright and hurry, always screaching out affrightingly. At length it was commanded him to approach Heaven Gate that was upon his right. He went accordingly and knocked, and a dreadful voice from his mouth demanded, "What would you have?" To which he answered, "The favour to come in." In that moment a voice threatening him, his body rolled up in a round, after

some strange agitations, and then was raised from the earth and flung fifteen or twenty paces backward. He rising soon after without harm, returned again to the Gate, craving mercy and forgiveness; but he was again flung back, with sharp reprimands and new menaces which was several times reiterated. He desisted not, however, and at last with great joy the Gate of Heaven was opened. Then did he signify that he saw Armies of Angels, attending the Throne of GOD, and Myriads of Saints clothed in white, singing forth anthems of praise and adoration. He himself, in symphony with them, sung sweetly, whereof we all stood admiring and delighted witnesses, as may well be conceived, on so marvellous an occasion.'[1]

To many minds these paroxysms of emotion will appear sufficiently common. The physical phenomena of hysteria are not likely now to be mistaken for the operation of the Spirit of GOD. Nervous and excitable temperaments, coloured deeply with religious convictions and ideas of the world to come, readily develope phases of self-delusion; and the creations of a fevered imagination are invested with the character of 'visions and revelations of the Lord.'

But to Shaftesbury these phenomena seemed to have the character of direct imposture or of stupid fanaticism. The philosopher and the prophet are utterly incapable of doing justice to one another. The philosopher views the prophet with undisguised pity and something of contempt. He would not persecute; but as little can he appreciate. The student of retired habits, the votary of art and philosophy,

[1] See Sir Richard Bulkeley's *Impartial Account of the Prophets of the Cevennes* (which is reprinted in an extraordinary book called '*Prophetical Extracts.*' London, 1796). Sir R. Bulkeley was, I believe, the friend in whose case Lord Shaftesbury took great interest. There was a most vigorous 'Pamphlet-warfare' on the subject of the Prophets for two or three years; but with the exception of the 'Letter on Enthusiasm,' the writers were mostly content with abusing one another. I have read a number of them; but I have been unable to find anything in them above a very low level of religious controversy.

his view of life—the surroundings in the midst of which he had lived, could not but make him see keenly and clearly the unnatural contrasts and wild extravagances which that visionary enthusiasm involved.

Nor was contempt and ridicule altogether undeserved. The spirit of prophecy among the Cevennes was natural and indigenous; and the circumstances of the time had given it a real vitality. But when the war ended and a treaty was concluded, some of the 'Prophets' found their way to London. It was then that the nobler features of the original Revival were distorted into the appearance of sensationalism and imposture. The fresh breath of strong feeling which had been in way both natural and religious among their native hills, became unnatural and untrue when transplanted to London.[1] The Prophets were intoxicated with their gifts; their 'enthusiasm' passed into a mere wonder-working superstition.

'Not contented with their happiness and their change of coarse diet,[2] from roots and potage to good beef and pudding, some French sparks, being addicted to "enthusiasms," pretended to have the spirit of prophecy, and had printed above £40 worth of books which most impudently attempted to prophecy that the world should be at an end in three months' time; how great desolations should suddenly rage in England, particularly about London;

[1] See the '*Prophetical Warnings of Elias Marion, heretofore one of the Commanders of the Protestants that had taken arms in the Cevennes: or Discourses uttered by him in London, under the operation of the Spirit, and faithfully taken in writing whilst they were spoken.*'

[2] 'The poor French Refugees' in London were reduced to a very miserable state of destitution; as may be seen from the petition they presented to the Court about this time (1707); in which they declare that 'necessity, hunger and nakedness draw out their petition from sorrowful hearts. But none pray for relief but such as are superannuated, sick, or infants under the age of ten years, or such widows as have had their husbands killed in the present war or actually incapable of any labour.' They were allowed 1,000*l.* a month by the Court; but that sum was manifestly not even a pittance. Their cause was very much damaged by the extravagances of the Prophets, one of whom was said to have turned Adamite.

that strange prodigies should be seen in the air, strange hurricanes shake the ocean; with several other frantic predictions too ridiculous to be here related.'[1]

For these offences the prophets were apprehended and bound over to appear at the sessions. On July 4, 1707, the prophets were brought to trial 'at the Queen's Bench Bar at Guildhall,' before the Lord Chief Justice Holt, 'for publishing false and scandalous books, and for tumultuous and unlawful assemblies.'

'The Counsel for the Queen read several sentences out of their books which were, or seemed, very profane; as in particular this: "I will send terrible judgments on this land: I assure thee I have many servants in this city that shall see the desolation of it: many shall be surprised in their own houses: lightnings and thunderbolts shall come upon it suddenly." These and many other things were found as fanatic and ridiculous; and the prophets not having any one prophecy relating to their coming off, they were found guilty, first of publishing false and scandalous pamphlets, and they were forbid their tumultuous and disorderly assemblies.'

In the next Term the Prophets were sentenced (November 28, 1707) 'to be exposed with a paper on their breast at Charing Cross and Cornhill, and to be fined 20 marks, and to be imprisoned until their fine was paid.'[2]

There seems little doubt but that the 'prophetical enthusiasm' had now become the sheerest imposture. 'They gave out that Dr. Emes, a professed Socinian, but supposed an Atheist, by going among the Prophets became a convert to the Christian faith; but dying last Monday is

[1] See the '*Account of the apprehending six French Prophets near Hog Lane in Soho, who pretended to prophecy that the world should be at an end this three weeks, with several other ridiculous prognostications.*'

[2] See '*A Dissuasive against Enthusiasm: wherein the pretensions of the modern Prophets to divine Inspiration and the power of working miracles are examined and confuted by Scripture and matter of fact; in a letter to a person of quality.*' London, 1708.

to be raised to life on Christmas Day at night.' But afterwards they determined to put off his resurrection for a longer time, '*that when it should happen it might be a more convincing miracle to mankind.*'[1]

Another 'miracle' is thus accounted for by one who lived at the time and took an interest in the Prophets. 'That our expectation might still be kept up, notwithstanding the late disappointment (—there is nothing like keeping men in heart, though the Wise Man says that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"), a story of another miracle is set on foot, that one Mr. Byworth, a victualler in Ormond Street, who had been a cripple for many years, was now restored to the use of his limbs by the hands of the prophets. But on enquiry of the man alleged to be cured a very different account was given. He said that two of the Prophets had given him a visit and had asked if he had faith to be cured of his lameness, and did believe they could effect it? His answer was that Almighty GOD could heal him by what hands or means he pleased to assign, and if he had given them such a power he did not question their ability and performance. Here was faith enough to receive the blessing from the hand that had it to confer. Upon this they took him up under their arms, and leading him into the middle of the room, said some prayers over him, and then quitting their holds, bid him stand upon his feet and walk, *which no sooner done than down he dropt.*'—ED.

[1] There is a very humorous account of the affair in two pamphlets printed in the *Harleian Miscellany*, xi. p. 62: 'The Mighty Miracle, or the Wonder of Wonders at Windmill Hill; being the invitation of John Lacy, esquire, and the rest of the inspired prophets to all spectators to come on Tuesday next, the 25th inst. May, where to their exceeding astonishment they may without any prejudice to their eyesight behold Dr. Emms arise out of his first grave and dress himself in his usual habit to all their view, and with a loud voice relate matters of moment, preaching a miraculous sermon, &c.'

APPENDIX II.

ENTHUSIASM IN ITS RELATION TO CREDULITY AND SUPERSTITION.

THE view of 'enthusiasm' in the text may be thought by some a little harsh and unsympathetic. But it must be borne in mind what sort of enthusiasm is referred to. Though the superstitious conceits of the French Prophets were the apparent cause of the 'Letter on Enthusiasm,' there were other phenomena of even a more objectionable character which Shaftesbury had in view. Among his papers, I have found the rough copy of a letter to his brother Maurice, a few years previous to the letter in the text, which seems to me the best possible commentary on, and at the same time a justification of, the Letter in question. I omit part, which would be unsuitable for the present edition, but what I copy is sufficient to indicate, with sufficient distinctness, the religious conditions and the state of intellectual culture with which Lord Shaftesbury was familiar in the society which surrounded him.

'Chelsea, January 19th, 170½.

'Dear Brother,

'When you were last with me here at my evening retreat, out of the smoke and noise of the town, it being then a time that afforded us a short respite from public affairs and gave us an opportunity of conversing intimately and freely as became brothers and friends, you may remember that amongst other subjects you fell upon that of

Superstition and Enthusiasm, the evils of which I had ever been sufficiently convinced of, but never experienced so much as I had freshly done in the persons of some of our acquaintance. I could not then tell you my adventure, which was a very long and sore one; and it was too soon yet awhile to renew the nauseous ideas of what had quite sickened me. I promised you it should be for some other time when I was stronger; and having since recollected myself I here send you an exact relation of what passed, making use only of some feigned names which you will easily know.

'It was but the very next day after my coming hither from the country, when early in the morning, word was brought me of a coach come to my door, with some grave visitants who proved to be my old acquaintance Chrysogenes, and Chrysogenia his accomplished spouse. With them there was a woman in a Quaker's dress, whom I scarce knew by sight, but guessed to be that friend of theirs of whom I had heard so much of late. I received them with all possible civility, and after mutual enquiries of health, friends, relations and the like, I expected when this odd figure of a woman would say something on her own account, or they concerning her and the reason of their bringing her with them. But there was not so much as an offer of this kind, and the deep silence and solemn manner of the woman herself showed me that something more than ordinary was meant.

'Being sat down, Chrysogenes accosted me with congratulations on the account of my late successes in the public. I thanked him; but withal assuring him that if I had been happy in anything of this kind I attributed the good success to Providence only, and the zeal of friends: expressing my gratitude to both, and speaking on this occasion as well as I was able and with that piety I thought due and becoming. This, I found, was exceedingly well received by my visitants; and I took notice it raised some-

thing extraordinary in their looks. They turned often to one another, and as I was speaking I observed they expressed their satisfaction and seemed to confirm one another in the good construction they made of my discourse. This made them hasten, I suppose, to the opening of a scene which they thought with themselves now needed not much ceremony or preparation.

'Chrysogenes began with telling me "that GOD had a great work in hand; that He was resolved to do all by Himself and in His own way, without leaving it to man or doing it by such means as that man might derive anything of glory or honour to himself; that this would soon appear, and that GOD would show Himself in an extraordinary manner; and that He had already revealed Himself to some."

'Much more was said in general after this way; to which I answered still very respectfully, understanding it in the best sense I could, and accommodating it, all that I was able to piety and sound religion, they in the meanwhile continuing to express their surprise and joy more and more; which I could not but take notice of, and turning to Chrysogenes, asked if he thought this discourse any way strange in me, or if he judged of me now at this time by my character of early days and in the heat of youth when he first knew me, though even then he knew very well the aweful impressions I had of a DEITY. And here I appealed to him concerning my much altered character of late years, my greater deference to all things sacred or that carried but the shadow of religion. This he and Chrysogenia with much forwardness acknowledged, adding besides that they had been long assured of this truth, in such a manner as I dreamt not of, they being no way strangers *even to what passed within me.*

'In short, they assured me that this was not the greater of those wonders and mysteries of which I should hear; for that both my late actions for the public and what was done

and resolved by the highest persons in the world, even by the King himself, his late change, his favour towards the honest Party, and amongst the rest towards myself, the breaking of the late Ministry and Parliament—all this was known long before and expressly foretold. I told them that I had often in my life heard them make mention of secret prophecies, and supposed this was from something they had met with of that kind, which they would not find me so averse to now as formerly; but that as to what I said of my own heart none surely could let them know concerning *that* so well as I myself. At this the Quaker woman who now for the first time began to speak, interrupted me in a seeming humble manner, told me that what was said to be so certainly known concerning my heart was from ONE that knew it as perfectly as I myself; which when I objected to with some heat, asking how that was possible, or who that person could be, she said GOD.

'At this the two companions (the old gentleman and lady) pressing upon me both at a time, drew nearer with their chairs, and speaking with an emphasis suitable to some high and important discovery, bid me not be surprised, for they had many satisfactory assurances to give me of the extraordinary character of *that* person (pointing to the Quaker Woman who sat between them). Nor would they conceal from me the wonders and miracles that GOD had wrought in and by her—such as were of greater certainty than either of the Old or New Testament; which Chrysogenes twice pronounced very emphatically, adding that they were MATTERS OF FACT, and that he did not merely believe but *saw* and *knew*. That upon this account they came with the resolution of acquainting me with these things which I should be witness of, myself; and that it was *the Will of GOD* I should be so.

'After this there was a silence of some time whilst they waited, I suppose to hear my answer and knew how this was received. But I was gone a little too far in my

thoughts to recover myself and be with my company immediately. The scene I had in view had made me somewhat more than ordinary thoughtful. I was then reflecting on certain miseries of mankind of which I thought I had the ideas but too plain before me. I had fixed my eyes this while upon the ground, and when I raised them up to regain my company I found them in a manner retired back from me and at a greater distance. Their looks were bent on me with greater attention than ever. Their countenance showed disorder and pain and discovered plainly a doubt of me and some mistrust of themselves as if they had gone too far; not knowing what to judge of this seriousness they had raised in me; till clearing up my brow and assuming my cheerful way I assured them again more than ever by telling them "it was indeed no wonder "to see any one thoughtful as they saw me on the first "hearing of things so strange and of so high a nature: that "as to my own heart it was my wish that all mankind "could know it, and I had often grieved that my intimate "friends who seemed to know it so well now should have "had so little knowledge of it of late when it was not my "good fortune to please the Court. My only satisfaction "was that HE whom they named and was above all did "perfectly know my heart and was a witness of its sin-"cerity: that all I lived for in this world was to obey HIM "and to serve my country and friends; and, as such an "one, it was impossible for me (if I rightly knew myself) to "regret what came from HIM or was (as they assured me) "of the greatest importance to mankind."

'This being spoken by me with a real feeling and with a zeal very apparent, it finished their assurance of me; and they seemed now as people overcome with their joy. The old lady who could hardly sit still in her chair was ready to clap her hands, and in joy laughed out. The Quaker woman smiled, but with a face so unhappily suited to good humour that she expressed a sort of ghastly sweetness.

Poor good Chrysogenes expressed his joy another way: tears came in his eyes and he was in earnest about to weep; which really moved me so that between my pity for him and my horrors of another kind, the women who observed me most could not but discover in me a more than ordinary commotion, which they interpreted (no doubt) as a stronger mark of my being filled with that spirit they wished. For now I saw them turning towards one another, and, after a short whisper of all three, could hear them say "*Who then shall begin?*" each answering, "*Do you.*" Chrysogenes was just then raising his voice with his hand already in action, and a countenance composed to some solemn and long narration, when he was interrupted by the old lady, who made signs to him to observe the Quaker woman, which he no sooner did, but throwing himself back in his chair as one at ease and well pleased, he cried out, "Will she do it then herself? Let it be so then, and in her own way as is best." The Quaker woman in the meanwhile appeared in great agitation, and seemed now as in a double labour both of body and of mind, which when I was considering what it might end in, I saw her draw with some difficulty a pretty big bundle out of her pocket. The others no sooner saw this but they cried out "Will she begin by THE SUBJECTS?" and repeating the question to her, asked if she would so do; to which she nodded only, going on earnestly employed with what lay before her in her lap.

'Hitherto I could understand but little of this by any knowledge or intellectual faculty I had; but now I was to make use of other faculties, the trial being put to my senses. For the Quaker woman having opened the bundle in which there were papers that seemed to contain certain drugs which they called as I perceived the SUBJECTS, presented one to me ready opened, and bid me "observe it well," which I did with great gravity, holding the paper in my hand, and after I had remained a little in this pause,

looking still on what was in the paper, one of them asked me smilingly, and in a very familiar way, "what I thought of it?" I told them with great submission (as to persons deeper-sighted than myself) that I thought I saw a powder. And now, as if some charm were perfected that just began to operate, they all accosted me with new life, supposing me after this, as I imagine, already initiated in their reverend mysteries. The Quaker woman who hitherto had acted the part of a deep reserve, began now to open herself, and spoke to me in a continued discourse, but in such high raptures and in such involved and intricate reasonings that it was altogether impossible for my low genius to comprehend anything. The matters on which she founded her discourse were those contained in the papers; for by this time more papers were produced, in which were displayed the like extracts or quintessences of bodies. From these she asserted that she could produce gold, not, however, without the Divine assistance which was now attained. Chrysogenes here cried out "*'tis done; 'tis done; the thing is over; our eyes have seen it.*" There remained now the use only and employment of it in such hands, and by such instruments as GOD had chosen, and should entrust with it for the good of the world, none being empowered to make use of this any longer than they remained His instruments; for that the secret was of such a kind that if the person entrusted left GOD (as much as to say, if He left them) it would either leave him or he it; which (considering the poisoning practices they told me of amongst some of their adepts) was, methought, a very remarkable threat. In the end it was, told me that I was pitched on as an instrument above mentioned, and as one of the greatest. And hereupon the divining woman began to open more of her revelations, mysteries and prophecies.

'I took the opportunity to break the conversation, and called for some glasses of a good strong wine, which I fancied might not relish ill with the spiritual woman, but

which I am sure was necessary as a cordial for my own stomach after such a discourse and such a mass of villanous imposture and enthusiastic cant. But as if I was born to suffer this day the last extremity and to expire under all the torments of this kind, my wine, which had a little revived me, unhappily revived them too, and by what I perceived had raised the enthusiastic spirit to a greater degree than before.

'The woman began now to speak her mysteries in a higher tone of authority: "That these gifts to her being from the LORD, she ought not to deny Him; that since she was thus privileged, she ought to speak it, and confess and own what came from the LORD to her." Chrysogenes here joining with her, bid her to speak it out freely, since it was no more than what they *knew* and could bear witness to: that "*it was by Revelation that she spoke*," which she accordingly declared was so; and they then jointly assured me that she had from time to time Revelations immediately from GOD, and that this great work (meaning the golden operation) was from the same hand: there being no room so much as for a doubt of these things, which were evident and MATTERS OF FACT.

'Here she began to explain to me the manner of this operation in a natural way by the subjects which were in the papers, and this in such empirical, astrological, bombastic strains, with such fantastic action and change of tones, as made me suffer at once whatever I had suffered at several times from all the quack doctors, almanack-makers, fortune-tellers, or fanatical visionaries I had ever been plagued or provoked by in my whole life. Sometimes there came in ingredients and names of several drugs and poisons, with ambiguous words and broken verses, which seemed like charms or spells, so that all I had ever heard of magic, sorcery, or witchcraft, I imagined to be then before me, and I could think of nothing but the cauldron of Macbeth.

'Having now no other refuge, I began to turn the discourse with might and main towards public affairs, especially foreign ones, where I thought they could have no great handle. But this stood me but in little stead. I was told to my surprise not only of negociations with some of our great men at home, but also of correspondencies abroad, and those too carried on after a very surprising way by messengers that never failed, ran no risk, and were more expeditious than those of kings; from hence and back again as far as Prince Eugene's camp being but the journey of a fortnight; which, when I said might as well have been in so many minutes, I was instructed concerning other agents than man, which might be far quicker than he, though limited also in their motion according to their bodily organs (for bodies it seems they had, and of a vulgar, human form). Many of these sibylline oracles and letters extraordinary, scattered abroad from the cell of our prophetess and conveyed thus to Sovereign Provinces, I afterwards heard read. But so dull and heavy they proved, that, methought, they ill-answered the sprightliness of their sublime aerial messengers. The King of France was doomed as an old tyrant; but in a style that would not much move him (I thought) nor anyone else. The young hero of Sweden, whose love to religion we were told of, was spoken to of terrors and judgments, and commanded to the dread of GOD, which, with more of this kind, might have better suited with the character of that old King than of this young one. Prince Eugene, after kind greeting (as they expressed it), was bid not to fear the French, and it was told me withal that before the letter was written they had intelligence of great agonies and fears that he lay under, from which this had delivered him.

'I was bid be assured that whatever I saw looked melancholy in the public was nothing. All was for the better. GOD was working Himself. He was come nearer

to the world than before. The Princes of the world should know and own Him. The Pope and King of France should fall, and King William should perfect this our deliverance in a most glorious manner. And hereupon they pulled out certain long scrolls which proved to be prophecies and revelations addressed to our good King; and most unmercifully gave them to me to read, which I was forced to do aloud, and afterwards to hear them magnified by my con-disciples, who signified that they came from our grand Sibyl and sovereign Instructress. Viler cant I never read; nor could there well be anything more fulsome, except the extemporary expositions that followed after, and the ridiculous promises and descriptions of the fine world and glorious day which we were shortly to see.

'I began to say something by way of excuse for myself upon my ill constitution, which hindered me from acting any such considerable part in the world as they seemed to expect of me in this great Revolution to come. Here again "*the Secret*" met with me, for I was assured I should be restored entirely by the Sovereign Remedy. And when I asked, I remember, about my lungs, what she thought to be the cause that affected them, she began first by telling me something about sulphur and what the philosophers (*the Adepts!*) taught concerning it; and then told me that I had much of that sulphur in me which could not bear the sulphur that was in the air of London. But that this sulphur within me (and this she said courteously smiling) "*was a token of my being to become a great philosopher!*"—which truly, I thought with myself, I was become already in a proper sense, having philosophy enough courageously to endure this assault of the most raging enthusiasm that ever yet surely broke out into the world, and this too in the persons of some who were my near friends, but whom it would be madness and equal enthusiasm in me to think of ever reclaiming.

'Afterwards the Quaker woman went on to declare to me miracles concerning herself; of voices she had heard in the air when she saw nothing; one voice in particular, which I thought an odd one, that bid her give over her trading and work, which accordingly she did, and discharging all her work-people, who she told me were about a score or upwards, she neglected the matter of her livelihood, and betook herself to this other work above recited, she and her husband (a very obedient one), and this without ceasing, the one working by day, and the other getting up at night to business, whilst the former slept. Whether it was the night or the day that fell to the good wife's share I did not learn: I suppose it was at her choice.

'Many other of her ghostly achievements I was told of; as of her powerful speeches, writings and letters as before; her trials and mortifications, and in particular her fasting, if not forty days and nights as our Saviour, yet at least so long that (as Chrysogenes told me) it could be by nothing but a miracle that she had subsisted as they knew her of a long time. Besides these imitations of our Saviour in this sect of theirs, there was also the healing of the sick, the commanding of the winds and the like; it being as I was told in the last great storm about midnight that one of the society in assistance of our much-terrified female-saint, then working with him, turned to the wind, and in a high tone pronouncing these words, "Wind, be still, and retire to thy center." The wind instantly obeyed. The particulars were confirmed and the miracle afterwards asserted by the whole family.

'It was now that I was told again of the cure I might expect if I could put myself into their hands, and to encourage me I was told of the cures that had been wrought on themselves, Chrysogenes in great zeal standing up and showing himself, as he declared, a living instance of the power of their great medicines; though soon afterwards I saw him in a dying condition, and only saved by the skill

of a physician, a friend of mine, a great anti-adept and hater of their ways.

. . . . . .

'When I came to take my rest it had been better for me I had not rested at all than as I did. Never did I pass such a night as this. I slept indeed, but was so haunted in my dreams with all those spectres and monstrous things I had been conversant with this last day that, as I remember I then told you, it called to mind my childhood, when the nurses and beldames had, as is usual, filled my head with fairies and hob-goblins.

'Being risen both of us pretty late in the morning which was Sunday, we went, you know, to church for the first time of this new year. Thither I never went with truer zeal, in a better disposition or with wholesomer reflections; and what satisfied me still the more, it was by appointment that we were that day to receive the Sacrament together, having had no opportunity of a long time and it being now in a manner our duty, at least for example's sake, on the account of our stations in Parliament. Here we both of us joined in blessing that good Providence which had by reason and education separated us from the impure and horrid superstitions, monstrous enthusiasms, and wild fanaticisms of those blasphemous visionaries we saw abounding in the world, and which had given us on the contrary such established rites of worship as were so decent, chaste, innocent, pure; and had placed us in a Religion and Church, where, in respect of the moderate party and far greater part, the principle of charity was really more extensive than in any Christian or Protestant Church besides in the world; where zeal was not frenzy and enthusiasm; prayer and devotion not rage and fits of loose extravagance; religious discourse not cant and unintelligible nonsense; nor the character of a Saint resembling that of their inspired and godly men and women leaders;—but where a good and virtuous life with a hearty endeavour of service to one's

country and to mankind, joined with a religious performance of all sacred duties and a conformity with the established rites, was enough to answer the highest character of Religion, and where all other pretences to gifts or supernatural endowments beyond those moral and Christian perfections were justly suspected and treated as villany, cheat, imposture and madness.

'Thus, brother, I have performed my promise to you, and have, methinks, in this account, raised a sad monument before my eyes of the burning fury and rage, the dreadful ravage and destruction of that greatest incendiary of the earth—*Enthusiasm*, which is not only able as we see to destroy private persons and whole families, but which, getting head and rising at first from small beginnings, has so reduced even to ashes and desert even the most flourishing cities and countries, overthrown established Churches, violated the most lawful Rites, reversed all that is sacred, profaned religion with blood and cruelties, and in a word, confounded all things divine and human. May the poison of this kind never go further, so as once again to endanger our state, or so as ever to reach the Head of it, our wise King, or those of his Ministry, our good friends whom these enthusiasts vainly count on. And for our own parts who are also alike counted on, may the intoxicating fumes of these pretendedly inspired operators never ascend into our brain, nor their poisonous drugs, their conjurations and real witchcrafts, affect our mind or body as I really thought that they had done mine when I last parted with the assembly. So, brother, farewell! and wishing you the reversed state of our lamentable friends—viz.

'Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano—

'I remain,

'Your affectionate brother.'

'* * * *'

APPENDIX III.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

I. General Frontispiece.

THE general idea of this piece is to illustrate the Stoical maxim, *πάντα ὑπόληψις*, 'everything is *opinion*;' or in another form, *ὁ βίος ὑπόληψις*, 'life depends on the impressions which the mind forms of it.'

There are two scenes in the picture. A harbour and ships and a tranquil sea are the figures of the one; a vase of water, of the other.

1. The meaning of the ships and the promontory and the laughing sea will be clear from a comparison of certain passages in M. Aurelius:

xii. 22: 'All things are mere impressions of the mind, and *these* are within thine own control. Remove then from thy mind, whensoever thou wilt, thy *impressions*; and thou wilt be like a mariner after doubling a cape: around will be calm, and safety, and a tranquil bay.'

id. v. 2: 'How easy is it for a man to drive away, or to obliterate, every impression that is troublesome or discordant, and at once to be in perfect peace!'

id. vi. 52: 'It is in our power to form no impressions about things, and so to be undisturbed in our souls. *In themselves* things have no power to influence or to disturb the mind.'

2. The meaning of 'the rays of the Sun playing on a

vase of water' may be seen by referring to EPICTETUS, *Dissert.* iii. 3.

'The soul may be compared to a vase filled with water, the rays of the Sun falling upon it: if the water is agitated, the rays upon it are agitated also. Thus is it with life and its changing ideas (*φαντασίαι*). When the waters of the soul are dark and troubled, principles and truths are darkened also; but when the spirit is calm; then is calmed also the face of truth and virtue.'—ED.

II. GENERAL FRONTISPIECE OF VOL. I.

(*a*) In the Upper Border of the grotesque work:

In the middle is seen an oval frame, and in it, upon a pedestal (of a form to be distinguished from an altar), a cushion supporting a rayed crown with a sceptre lying by it, and the fasces crossed behind the cushion. Beneath the foot of the pedestal upon the ground lies a lituus or augur's staff, the sympolum or ewer, the patera or sacrificing dish, with the aspersorium or sprinkling instrument.

In the left hand of this oval frame, in the midst of the flourish-work, on a sort of table, is seen a phiol or transparent bottle almost full of liquor, with round bubbles of air ascending out of the phiol's open mouth.

On the right hand in the same manner, a cantharus or jug, with the mouth open and liquor fermenting as when new, the froth rising out and running down as usual.

To the phiol or bottle on the left side of the oval are added the emblems of Æsculapius (viz. his single-stick or rod, standing with the small end downwards, having round about it a serpent twining with the head downwards. Also a cock, an end or two of short bearded wheat, standing up as in a sheaf and tied together. Also a coronet of roses. Between the phiol and the oval appear rolls or ancient volumes, some close rolled up, others half opened. Also pens, stiles, &c. There appears in the flourish-work both

on the right hand and left of the oval some festoons of flowers and fruitage tied together with ribbons.

Answerable to this work as accompaniments to the other vessel or jug, on the right side are a painter's pallat and pencils, a half-wrought bust and instruments of sculpture and measuring just beneath it. Also other mathematical instruments. There are also olive-branches intermixt in the flourish-work both on the right and left.

(β) In the Under Border of the plate:

In an oval which answers to that above, is drawn a Rotundo or Temple of the Pantheon in front, and in the landscape on the left hand a little piece of a building or palace in good repair. On the right a tall tree supporting a vine in front. Below this is drawn a caduceus, standing up between two cornucopias (with fruit, &c.), joined at the bottom as in some of the ancient medals. This latter piece (i.e. the caduceus between the cornucopias) being independent of the perspective, and coming forwards and near the eye is large and strongly touched; the temple, palace, and trees behind being left faint in comparison with it.

On the left hand of this oval is drawn in the midst of the flourish-work three altars of three different forms (a square, a round, and a three-cornered one), close together and touching one another, and over the altars in the air two right hands meeting and clasped.

On the right hand a set of musical instruments, a lute, pipes, harps, and a timbrel or tambour de Basque.

At each of the two ends is drawn a cornucopia reversed; the mouth inwards, and pouring out flowers, garlands, coronets of leaves, corn, &c.

Note that in the mere grotesque work of this under-border there are four pieces essential:—viz. the two storks, which with their wings seem to support the work above and between their almost joining bills (just at the top of the oval framework), the face of an Apollo with large Sun rays

appearing from the hinder part of his head, and below, the oval just answering to this Apollo's face, there is a Diana with a small half-moon on the forehead. The festoons of flowers (suiting with the cornucopias of flowers and fruitage) are also essential in this grotesque part. All here is, as will easily be remarked, in opposite distinction and exact contrariety to the designs, devices, and other work of the Third Volume plate.

The motto, consisting of these two half-words, FEL. TEM. (Felix tempus), is set at the top of the perspective.

(γ) In the middle or lapidary part:

In the very midst of the draught, on a raised tribunal of architecture, appears a Roman Consul, Pro-Consul, or Imperator, in the usual Chair, holding a volume or roll (the ancient book) in his left, the action of his right being downwards, as giving authority to a woman lying at the foot of the tribunal. She wears the plain ancient crown, and holds in her right hand the sceptre of the same kind, and in her left, stretched forward and held up to a convenient height, a pair of scales in equal balance, and of as large a size as she can be well supposed to hold.

These scales being by these means brought so forward and near the eye, are made large, distinct, and strongly marked, so as that in the left scale may plainly appear the Ægyptian systrum (such as is represented in the hand of Isis in the Frontispiece of Vol. III.), a mitre shaped according to the same heathen religion, and divided in the inside more like a horse-shoe or half-moon than the modern mitre. Also a lituus or augur's instrument, crozier-like, but of a less size and plainer.

In the right scale appear the corslet or breastplate of Minerva, discovering the Medusa's head and snakes. Also a caduceus and a lyre.

In the spaces on each hand these two middle figures there appear two several groups. That on the left hand being composed of religionists, votaries, prophets; that on the right hand of mathematicians, philosophers, poets.

On the left hand therefore of the tribunal at the extremity of the piece appears a rock, and in it a cavern, near the mouth of which is seen a Cumæan Sibyl in prophetic passion; her hair dishevelled and standing upright about the forehead, where it is shortest, her eyes haggard and staring, mouth open, hands spreading, and arms throwing from side to side. She appears sitting, but in an unquiet posture; with one knee bent downwards as going to kneel or ready to quit her seat. Next to her appears a Bacchanal, holding up his thyrsus or spear with vine or ivy and ribbon twined about it, the whole figure naked, a tiger's skin only helping to cover middle parts. Of the two remaining figures in this group, the one is in a praying posture, kneeling on both knees, naked above the waist, long-bearded, with face, arms, and hands raised, the palms also opened and turned upwards to that part of the sky where there appears the lightning and thunderbolts breaking out of the cloud. The other figure is in a contrary praying posture, kneeling on one knee, with face, hands, and palms turned downwards, as looking into a dark pit or chasm in the earth, (from whence appears some smoke or vapour ascending), the fingers of his hands being spread and stretched out, the better to express the horror designed. At a distance behind in the perspective appear three statues (of the Term-fashion, running downwards from the breast into a pyramid) viz., Pan, Diana, and Ceres; Diana being in the middle place, and the head of Pan like that of a mere Satyr; Ceres crowned with corn, and Diana noted by the small half-moon over her forehead.

On the right hand of the tribunal appears, in the first place, a Poet Laureate or-crowned with bay-leaves, and in the act of composition with his stile and tables in his hands, and looking up towards the Mount Parnassus, which appears at a distance in the perspective with its divided top, the horse Pegasus and Fountain, as usual. Of the philosophers the one appears standing with his hand up in

an arguing position. Another sits or lies negligently on the ground, intent upon his book or tables, which he holds before him. Another appears with a globe contemplating; another in a like meditating or contemplative action. On the forward ground lie several mathematical instruments as the accompaniments of these philosophers.

III. Single Flourish Plate of Treatise I.

In the midst of the work within a square or oblong we are presented with a view into a prison, at the far end of which the door opening inwards discovers the entry and lets in light. On the left hand of the door within is seen a Pallas, who with her right hand opens it. The opening being not very wide, the light darts in towards the corner of the prison, where on a near ground and on the floor sits a sullen chubbed boy, clapping his hands on his eyes as one angry and frighted at the entrance of the light, from which he hides himself all he can. On the same side with this obstinate blind boy on the outside of the prison appear hung up (as emblems of this blindness), a lamp and torch reversed and extinguished, some smoke arising from them; and underneath this on the ground a mole, also a black beetle, crambling up the side of the prison wall.

In the other corner of the prison is seen another chubbed boy, answerable to the former. He sits dejectedly on the floor. His face and body are turned from the door, his head stooping and thrust out, held with both his hands hard at his ears, with a crying face as if terrified or stunned with the noise and afraid of hearing the voice of Pallas, who seems calling to him as willing to deliver him. On the same side with this deaf boy and on the side of the prison answerable to the emblem on the other side appear hung up a broken trumpet, a lute and flute in the same condition as tokens of this deafness or deadness towards the noise or music. Beneath this on the ground appears a snail or two,

with one crawling up the wall, answerably to the beetle on the other side.

Above all the work, just over the middle part of the prison, in a kind of niche on opening of a scroll-work, appears in front, and of a large size, the head of a woman, with eyes cast down, a dead and melancholy look, a veil reaching low over her forehead to make the darkness of the mind as well as of the outward habit the more forcibly expressed.

In the spaces left on each side the prison appear two landscapes: that on the left hand (in the blind boy's side) representing the Sun shining in the sky; and in the field abroad, at their liberty, two or three boys pointing and looking out with spying-glasses or telescopes, particularly towards the Sun. On the right hand (answerably to this), on the deaf boy's side, appears another landscape, with the same number of released youths, hearkening to music, and dancing to a shepherd's pipe, the shepherd, with his hook beside him, sitting hard by on a hillock and playing to them.

IV. Single Flourish Plate of Treatise II.

In the midst is placed a square panel in which is seen a part of a city; close on the near ground an Æthiopian of a black complexion, standing on a little elevation, and about him, both near and far off, appear the masqueraders and mummers of the Carnival, at whom the Æthiopian is pointing and laughing, some of them doing the same at him in return. His head is turned hitherward, not only as showing more contempt, but that his full face and laugh may appear the more distinct.

On the left of the panel is seen a graceful, natural boy or genius, of a liberal countenance and free air, sitting with his back close to the oval frame. He has the cap of liberty on his head; in his left hand a painter's palate, in

his right a pencil, with which he is seen painting upon a great cloth which reaches from the top to the bottom of the work, in order for the more room, and presents to view the sitting figure of an Orpheus, playing on his lyre, the creatures assembling about him, some being of the fiercest sort, as a lion, also a bird or two perching overhead.

On the right hand another such painting boy or genius, but ungraceful and stooping; his hair rough, no cap; on his painting-cloth a Mars, naked, with sword and shield, trampling on a conquered enemy. On his helmet is seen a Chimæra or Dragon, vomiting flames.

Beneath all, on the right and left-hand borders of the floors below are placed, under the handsome and mild genius, two olive branches, crossed and tied; under the contrary genius, crossed in the same manner, two swords.

At the extremities on each hand stand two Term-statues—that on the right being a Mercury with his winged helmet; that on the left a Medusa with snakes; the former having over his head, hanging down from the capital of a pilaster behind him, a festoon of flowers; the latter a large chain hanging in the same manner. And above all, on the capitals themselves, are placed, on the Medusa's side, a wolf couched and grinning, and on the contrary side a lamb lying quiet.

V. SINGLE FLOURISH PLATE OF TREATISE III.

In the midst is seen an open balcony window or door of a house in regular architecture, discovering within, hung up against a wall, a little on one side (as in perspective) a large looking-glass and frame of the fashionable sort, more oblong than square, with the string and tassels appearing at the top, and the two nails or hooks at the bottom supporting it. Just beneath, upon a kind of table, plinth, or pedestal, running parallel with the glass, appears an open book, set with its back against the under part of

the looking-glass frame. On one side of the book a pen and ink, on the other side a leaf or sheet of paper lying negligently. Above the window or door appears, let down in the architrave, a large stone medal with two faces, the hither face as like as possible to that of the philosopher Socrates, the further face being that of a young hero (an Alcibiades or a Xenophon) with the mouth open and brow bent, to express the impetuosity of the character and the fire of youth in action.

On the left hand of the great looking-glass is seen, in a separate panel of grotesque, a boy, well proportioned, natural, genteel, standing almost in front, and well poised on his left leg and hip; his right coming before with an easy tread. His face turns towards his right hand, in which he holds up a little higher than his head a small oval looking-glass, looking fixedly into it, with his head raised and turned accordingly, his arm being pretty much stretched out as well as raised. His left arm is held off from his side, his hand coming upwards and pointing with his forefinger to his left pap, which he almost touches with it.

Answerable to this, on the right hand of the great looking-glass, is seen in a like separate panel of grotesque a less comely boy, standing in a timorous posture, his knees bending inwards as if knocking together in the passion of fear; his left hand holding such another small oval looking-glass, but downwards, and at full stretch, his head turned strongly away from it, to the contrary side, with a crying face, and his right arm crossing his body with an open hand, held downwards against the glass, as putting it away from him or hiding it from his sight.

Over the head of the frighted youth hovers a set of harpies and evil genii with bats' wings and dragons' tails, the faces still human. These strike at his face and eyes, and seem to buffet him. One of them, as the principal of the crew, sits perching in a bold manner on a dead

tree close by him. This is a plain Harpy-form, that is to say, a woman's face and breast, the rest of the body an eagle's or vulture's. On her head is seen a modern crown, and in one claw, held up like a hand, a sceptre, also of the modern form.

On the left hand in the air, behind the clever youth, are seen the same evil genii or spectres, of a much less size (at a distance), flying away in confusion.

The sky on the fair youth's side is fair and clear; on the ugly youth's side dark and cloudy. The prospect on the one side open and distant; on the other side encumbered with wood and thicket.

Over the head of the triumphant youth, in the middle of the top flowerish work, is seen a coronet of laurel, with two palm-tree bows crossed, and over the head of the contrary beaten and buffeted youth are seen, after the same manner, two large rods crossed, with whip-cord or thongs tied between the rod-handles.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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